



IN TOUCH

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For Men ISSUE 28

DAVID BOWIE

PHOENIX

**the 'brotherly love' of
THE CHRISTY TWINS**

**the making of pornstar
JACK WRANGLER**

**exclusive photos
GYMNASTS TOGETHER**

**'Midnight Cowboy' author
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IN TOUCH

For Men

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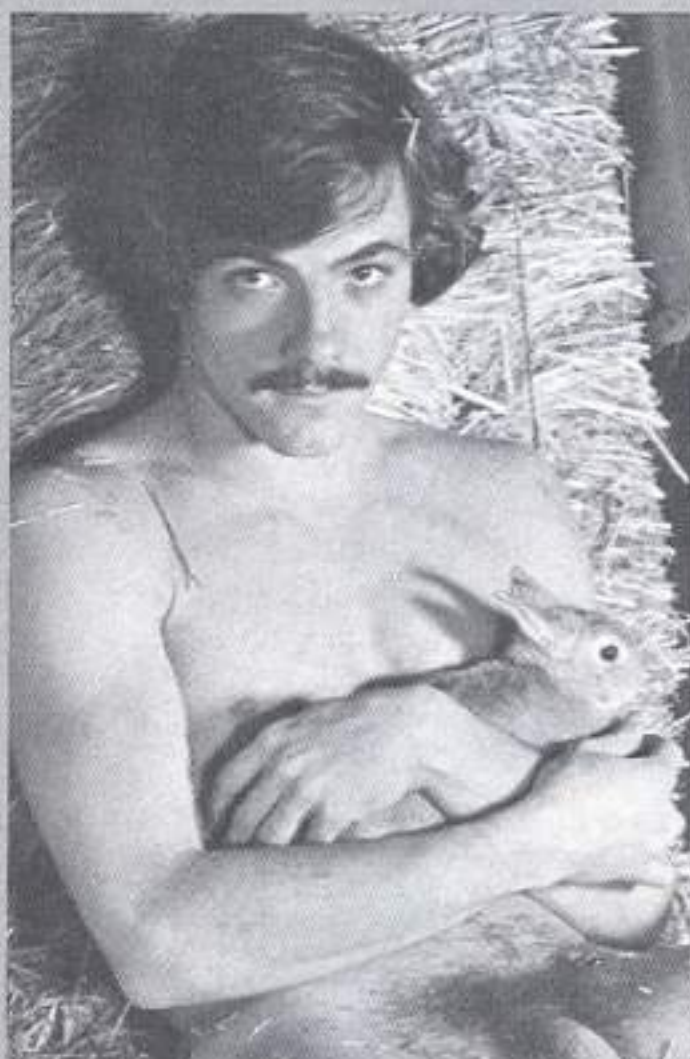


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IN TOUCH

PUBLISHER
Frank Roedel

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Phil Townsend

SENIOR EDITOR
Bob Johnson

MANAGING EDITOR
Roger Duhn

ART DIRECTOR
Tom Gora

ART PRODUCTION
Ed Lewis M. Hart

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Tom Hill (213) 466-6333

SUBSCRIPTIONS
Gloria Haber (213) 466-6335

Correspondents:

NEW YORK:

Vito Russo (212) 691-1753

SAN FRANCISCO:

Bob Kiggins (415) 621-8039

CHICAGO:

Bill Lumen (312) 327-3523

ATLANTA:

Steve Warren (404) 237-6767

LOS ANGELES:

Ron Englert

MIAMI:

John Saunders

PITTSBURGH:

Christopher McGlynn (412) 481-3562

BOSTON:

Joseph Cain

WASHINGTON, D.C.:

Frank Akers (202) 554-5398

NEW ORLEANS:

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PHILADELPHIA:

Joseph DeMarco

LONDON:

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PARIS:

Peter Adams 1-326-1309

SYDNEY:

Martin Smith 02-212-5699

TORONTO:

Bryan Crown (416) 486-0530

MONTREAL:

Tim E. Taylor (514) 933-3262

BERLIN:

K. Hiller

VANCOUVER:

Robert Twelvetrees

Advertising Representatives:

CHICAGO:

Bill Lumen (312) 327-3523

KANSAS CITY:

Michael Rarrick (913) 677-0639

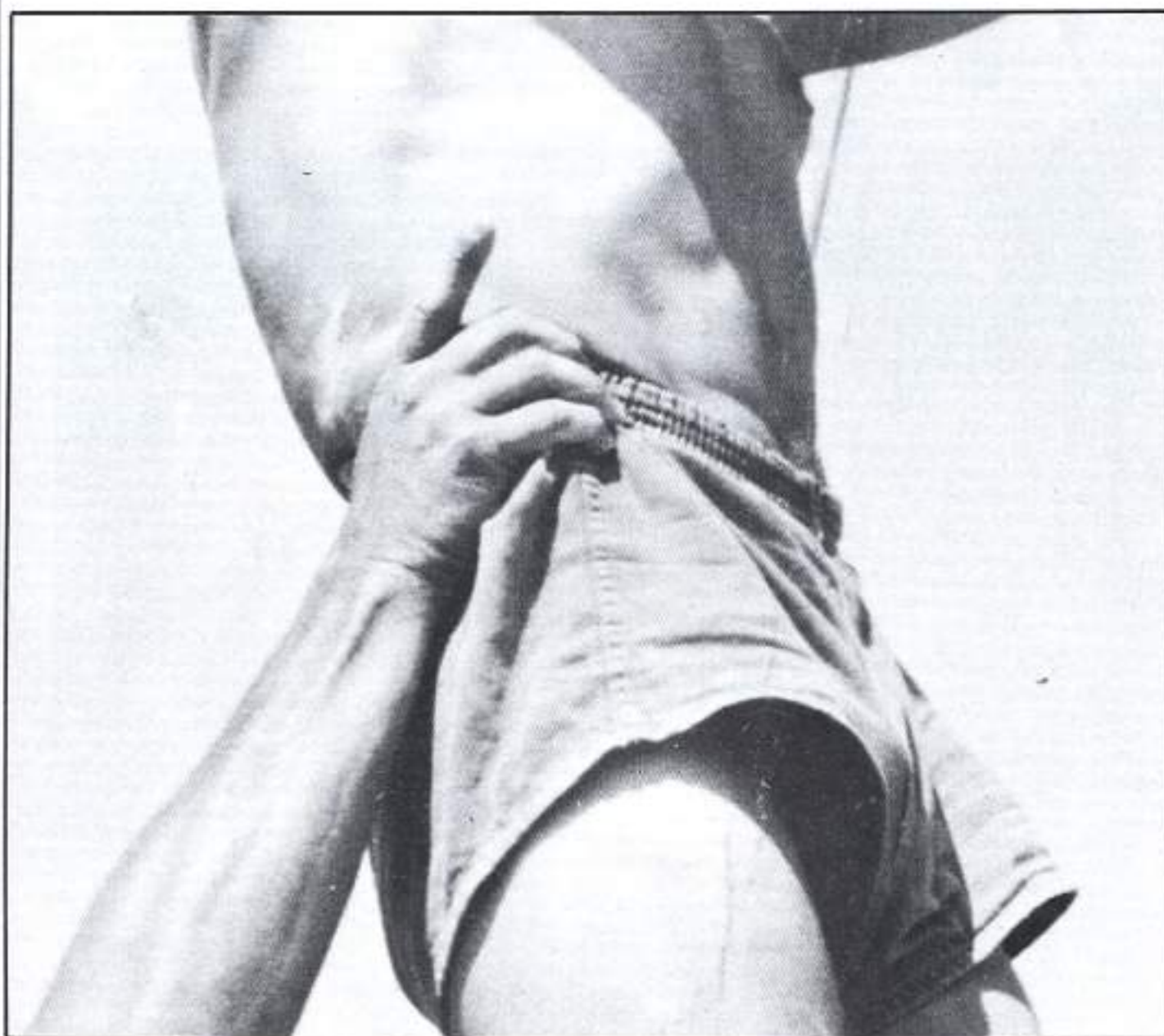
SAN FRANCISCO:

John Thomas (415) 563-2727

WASHINGTON, D.C.:

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In Side



Gymnasts Together

Photo by John Ceons

We've got a lot to make your temperatures rise during these cold months before spring turns our fancy to what looks to be *IN TOUCH*'s hottest summer yet.

For starters, we've got our usual three nude full-color features. British photographer Dudley Carver is back with us this time around with Jeffrey, a scaffolder who really makes the grade, and resident photographer Hy Chase is here with two hunks — a farm boy named Blue and a body-builder named Buddy. Oh yeah!

If your temperature's not already boiling, get a load of our inside look at the creation of porn superstar Jack Wrangler, a real self-made man, or our double profile of those amazing, identical Christy twins who've brought new dimension to the real meaning of brotherly love.

For viewing, we've got some shots of gymnasts you've probably never seen photographed like this before. We shot them the way we saw them — together.

Personalities we've got too. Rock superstar David Bowie is here in words and pictures, and "*Midnight Cowboy*" author James Leo Herlihy

spends the eve of his 50th birthday with us, discussing getting old, among countless other things.

For travelers we take you across Canada, with special reports from our men in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver. And if you'd rather stay stateside, then travel to where the boys are tan and fit year 'round — Phoenix.

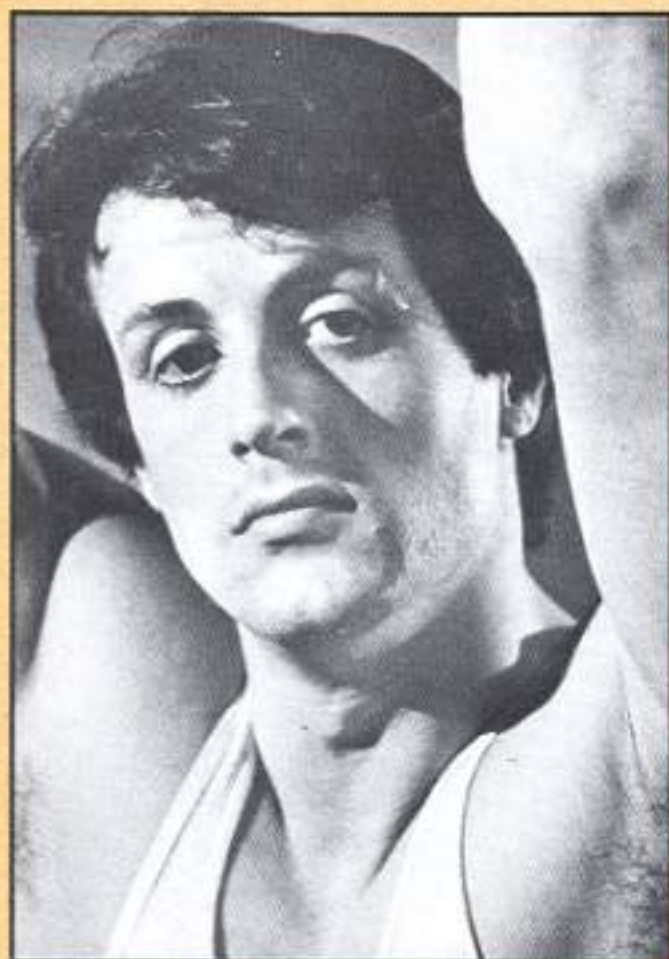
We've got some new treats in this issue too. A new section called "People" will introduce you to men from all walks of life, like *Village Voice* columnist Arthur Bell, and other fascinating men from coast to coast. And we think you'll like the cartoons of Doug Krohn, who joins us as a contributor this time around with his comic view of our lifestyle. And, as always, we've got columnists from more than 15 major cities across the U.S. and the world telling you what's happening anywhere you go to find nightlife. Wherever you go, you can keep *IN TOUCH*.

...

FILMS & MUSIC & ON THE TOWN & BOOKS

films

Everything you've heard about UA's *Rocky* is true. It is one of the best films of the year. And it is the dark horse to beat for the Oscars. It's a small, personal film about a down-and-out boxer who gets one chance at the bigtime, and Sylvester Stallone, who wrote it and stars, emerges as one of the most promising new faces Hollywood's seen in years. In these days of big-scale epics with multimillion dollar budgets and casts of thousands of screaming extras, it's



Stallone in *Rocky*

nice to see a little picture make it in the big league. The film probably succeeds so well (thanks to director John Avildsen) because it gives the audience what it really always wants—the chance to root for the underdog and see him emerge on top. Making a picture that satisfies that desire isn't as easy as you think. See it.

Everything you've heard about *King Kong* is true too. Yes, there really is some \$22 million up there on the screen, though with all that money you'd think they could have given us more realistic crowd scenes in New York. It's still worth the price of admission to see spectacle like this and even though it'll never match the original for sheer imagination and delight, there's just not no getting around the draw of this story of beauty and the beast. Jessica Lange gets the plum role and Jeff Bridges is great as the hero who tries to rescue her from the beast. But the problem may be the beast itself. Obviously awesome in its technical powers, perhaps we become too close to the beast, too closeup in wide-screen to really accept him as a beast which truly menaces beauty. Too realistically he goes through the gamut of facial expressions and movements until we no longer fear him—not for beauty's sake or for the city of New York. Lorenzo Semple Jr.'s screenplay does a fine job of updating the original, and John Guillermin is certainly up to the task of putting it all together, but it somehow misses the mark. Perhaps it's just that if you loved the original, you're going to be awfully hard to please when it comes to Paramount's remake.

Francois Trauffaut's *Small Change* is a small picture indeed. Even if you loved Trauffaut's *Day For Night* and *The 400 Blows*, you're not necessarily going to get off on this one about the trials and tribulations of being young. It just seems to hang there, waiting for a hook of a story, which never comes. And even though Trauffaut has no equal when it comes to handling children, it still just hangs there.

Considering all the pros and cons I'd heard, I really didn't know what I'd think of *A Star Is Born*. You wouldn't be wrong to say a lot was riding on this \$6 million epic by Barbra Streisand, who stars, gets exec producer credit, wrote a song, and it's said even edited the film. There



Streisand in *A Star Is Born*

was a lot of well-publicized friction during the filming, but never mind, it works and the film is a delight. If you like Streisand—go see it—she hasn't had this kind of vehicle since her first, *Funny Girl*. She looks terrific and sings even better, even if some of the songs go begging. Kris Kristofferson is just as great, and I don't understand all the fuss about

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his voice. He may be a folk singer, but he does it all here, including some heavy rock (sounding exactly like Neil Diamond's "Hot August Night"), and does it beautifully.



Kristofferson

Writer Frank Pierson (*Dog Day Afternoon*) gets his first chance at directing, and though you never know with a Streisand movie just who directed what, and somehow pulled it all together. This updating (and third remake) of the story about an unknown who achieves stardom while the man she loves (and who puts her there) loses stardom and his life, brings a lump to the throat and a tear to the eye — and any film nowadays that does that is worth seeing.

—John Roberts

music

Bobby Womack is the master philosopher of romantic hindsight. His lyrics have undeniable appeal to those who keep telling you what they should have done to preserve the good things they keep losing, those who know the value of everything the moment it is lost, who love their home but never get there and miss everything for fear of missing something. No one talks it better.

Home Is Where The Heart Is (Columbia) is not prime Womack, though it is certainly familiar. Interestingly, two of the most pleasing tracks are Sam Cooke's "A Change Is Gonna Come" and "We've Only Just Begun," both of which demonstrate the talent in separation from a philosophy that is growing redundant.

Much in black music that passes for passion is merely concept with a pulse. The message of the heart is in the sound and performance, the lyrics very often a cant of attitude. Side Effect's *What You Need* (Fantasy) is a sterling example of the artistry of delivery in the absence of substance or delicacy of feeling.

But the hip banality of lyrics for those who live by their hats and hips and the rationale which keeps them in fashion, cannot diminish the brilliance of Wayne Henderson's sumptuous production and Donald Cook's orchestrations.

Henderson's own "Keep That Same Old Feeling" is a showpiece of musical articulation in the absence of a message. The vocal quartet's Helen Lowe is neatly showcased on "S.O.S."

Side Effect's admirable musical range is met with greater variety of material and expression by The Dramatics on *Joy Ride*. "Finger Fever," produced by Tony Hester, has gotten the airplay and the dance following, but producer Michael Henderson is also represented here with "Be My Girl," an elegant elegy challenged by producer Jimmy Roach's "I Got Carried Away" track.

Between these tracks are ample demonstrations of a solid group as intent upon what it is saying as how well it can be expressed.

The Moments do not appear to be as solidly integrated a body of talents as The Dramatics, though they are coincidentally more attractive. If *Moments With You* (Stang) consisted only of side two, it would be a loss, but every track on side one is a rare wedding of music, lyrics and performance in exploration of the human romantic experience.

"With You" has been well exposed, but each of the side one tracks explores with exquisite delicacy the true, tender and fearful feelings which are more often submerged in the wailing lament of less articulate blues. Significantly, all of these tracks were produced by one extraordinary lady, Sylvia Robinson, and if that's what the sensitivity and sen-

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sibilities of lady producers can produce, it is what we need a very great deal more of.

The other tracks in this set are "I Don't Cry Out Loud," "I Could Have Loved You" and "I Don't Want To Go." The titles tell a lot about their insight. All share in common the collaborative genius of songwriter Carol Sager.

The Four Tops are great survivors in the record industry and it is no accident. They keep fresh and lean with the changing winds while retaining a distinctive sound and soul. Catfish (ABC) includes numbers like "Disco Daddy" to play to the trends but has the integrity to include songs of Tops' maturity like "Love Don't Come Easy."

Michael (not to be confused with Wayne) Henderson, who produced The Dramatics' "Be My Girl," which he also wrote, sings it on his solo debut album, Solid (Buddah). I preferred The Dramatics' version. His "Valentine Love" he performed better on the last Norman Connors album, but this former bassist for Miles Davis is too roundly talented not to prevail for a long time now that he has made this nonetheless impressive solo breakaway.

The soundtrack album for Gladys Knights' Pipe Dreams (Buddah) is orchestrally richer thanks to the participation of producer, arranger and conductor Dominic Frontiere, but surprisingly uneven given the thematic unity one expects a film to impose.

The film and record producers have wisely made their bid for an Academy Award with "So Sad The Song," though the title track is no less satisfying and richer in content. "Follow My Dreams" and "I'll Miss You" are also winners. The up-tempo tracks appear to have little more purpose than to have demonstrated the star's versatility in her film debut. None are equal to past upbeat hits.

Caliente (A&M), fronted by saxist Gato Barbieri, is a pleasing amalgum of '50s liquid jazz and sweeping movie music majesties with a commercially sound undercurrent of heavy dance beat, sentimentalized "cool" with contemporary insurance.

At very best, its tracks are elevator music for hip agency buildings, an outlet for closet romantics and a smooth background for the early morning hours with lovers who like

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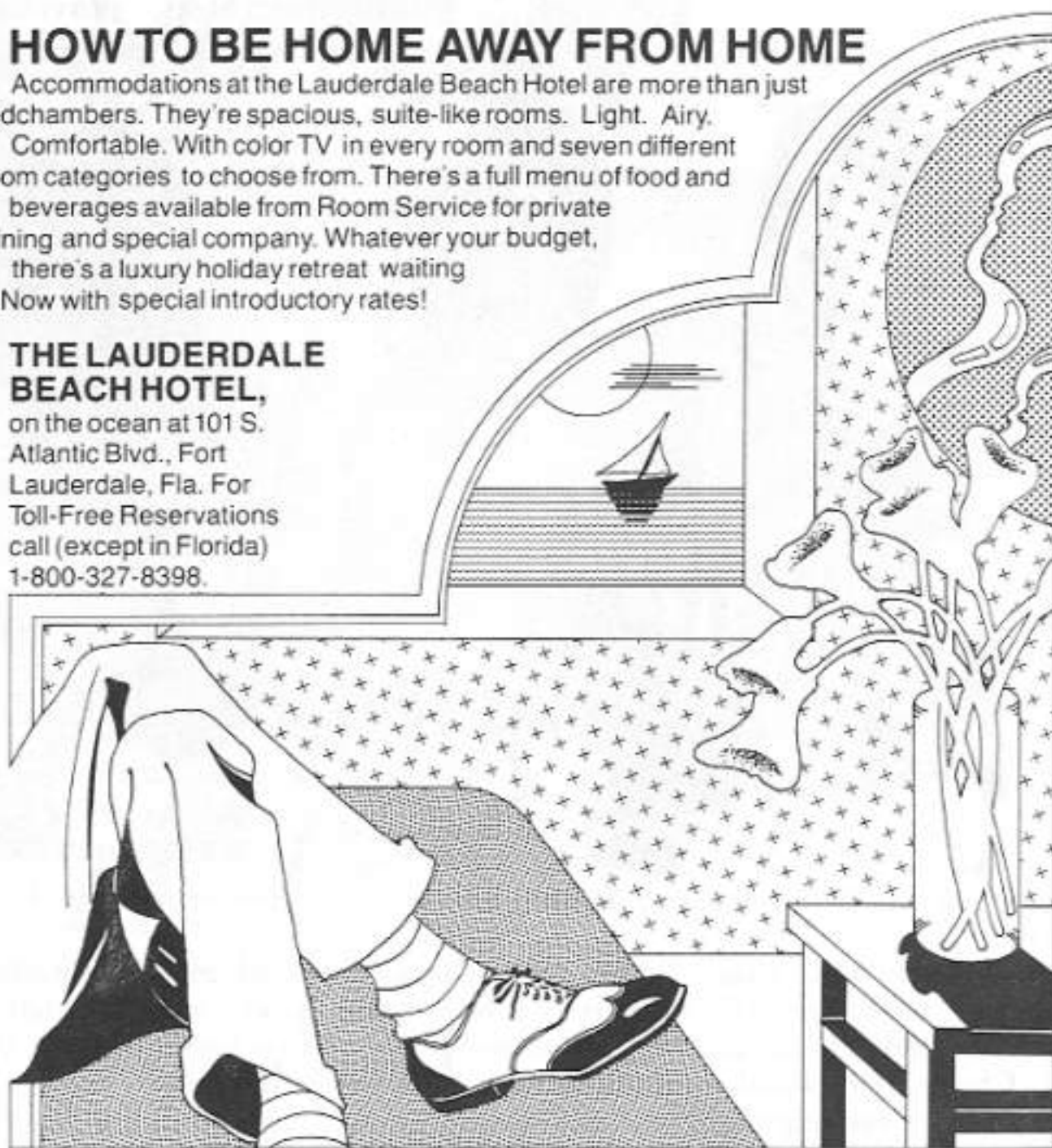
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to talk about solar energy long after you are heated up for more visceral thermal action.

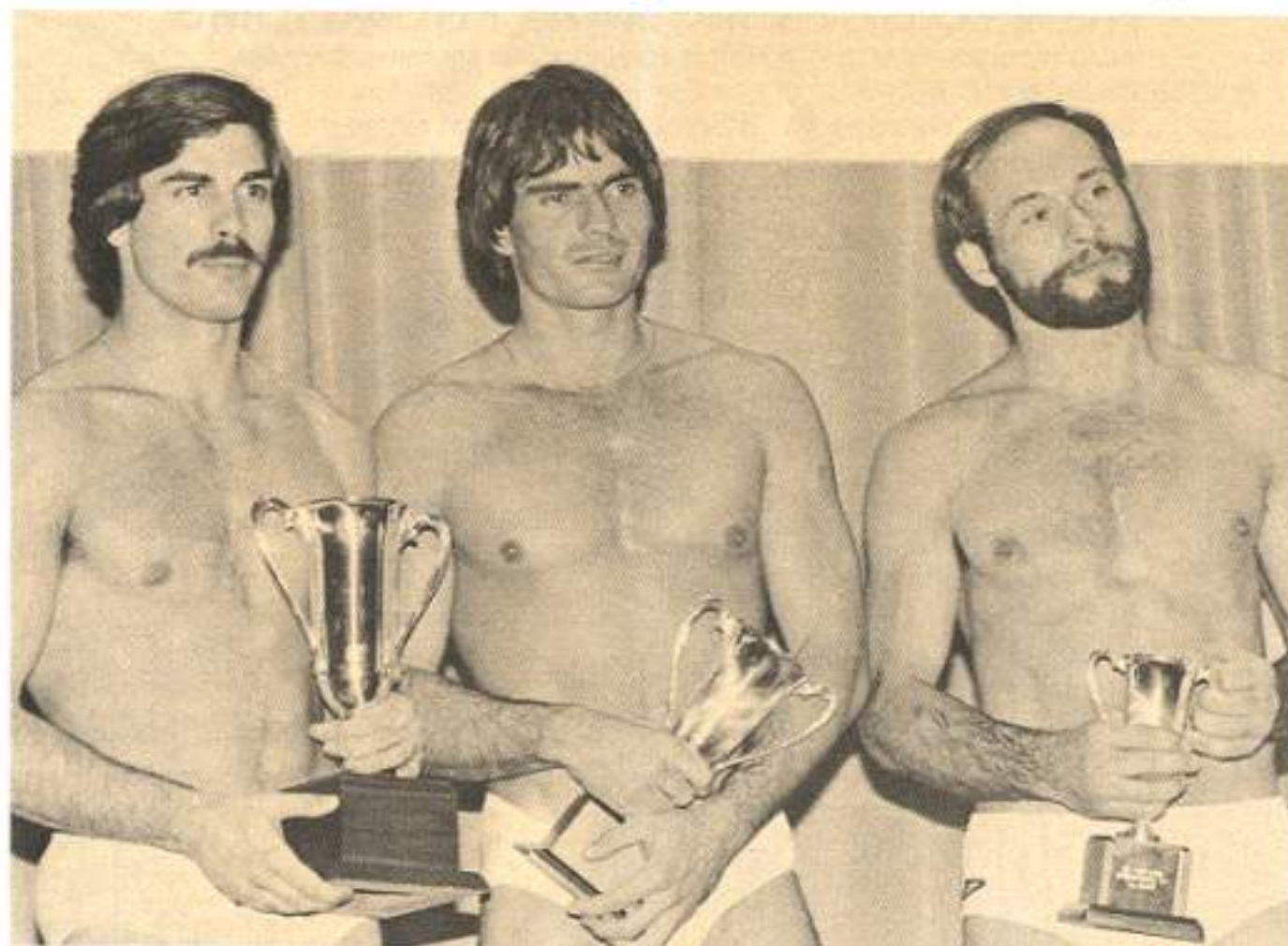
There is just enough Latin flavor for those long, languid rolls. For the more inventive, "Los Desperados" should prove an inspiration, but "Don't Cry Rochelle" may be the only track that you would care to enjoy in a standing position.

This Is Niecy (Columbia) introduces breathy Deniece Williams, who has a good voice that lacks some requisite distinction at this point. "Free" owes more to Jerry Peters' electric piano ripples and the best provided by Maurice, Verdine and Freddie White than to her smoky caress of the lyric. "If You Don't Believe" is good, too, but this wholly listenable album would require you to invest your own memories to give it lasting currency.

—Damon West

on the town

chicago



Mr. Club Baths Art Karopoulos (left), 1st runner-up Richard Bernard, 2nd runner-up Jim Densmore

Photo courtesy Mark Zimmerman, Chicago Gay Life

The Mr. Club Baths International '76 Awards were held here at the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel and what might have been an exciting night resulted in an almost six-hour bore.

Twenty-six beefcaked beauties paraded down the runway in swimsuits, evening attire and street wear. The sights were stimulating, but the men were, unfortunately, required to briefly speak to the audience in a "self-expression" period.

Here, their macho images were often shattered when their nervous Minnie-Mouse voices squeaked about such "meaningful" hobbies as weightlifting and jogging.

Boston's Art Karopoulos, a 23-year-old Gemini, was selected the title-holder, Miami's Richard Bernard first runner-up and Houston's Jim Densmore second runner-up.

Weighing 153 pounds at 5'9", Club LaGrange's Karopoulos is an unemployed P.E. teacher. Obviously money was tight as the winner sold his prize, which was a Casablanca trip with a ship cruise in the Canary Islands, to another contestant.

Second prize was a week's vacation in Colorado's Bunkhouse gay ski resort and third prize was round trip airfare to any continental U.S. city.

The evening's major problem was its length. It took a crew 45-minutes to set up singer Frannie Golde's band. When she finally appeared, her microphone kept falling.

The contest's highlight, however, was Gotham, who were outrageously effective hosts, providing well-

harmonized musical numbers, with their quick wit and patter. After about five hours through the show, they commented, "We feel we should be waiting for Jerry Lewis to come in with the final totals."

One end note: Randy Adams, scheduled to represent the Club Detroit Baths, broke his leg and was replaced by John Converse. Currently living in New York, Converse mentioned he is pursuing a modeling career with an east coast agency. Most audience members were unaware, however, the contestant has another career he failed to mention: nude male modeling for San Francisco's Fox Studios.

After an exciting opening week as reported in the last issue, Dingbat's returned to catering to the bar's decidedly straight clientele. Although the management states they "welcome everyone," the sizzling disco-restaurant was reportedly dissatisfied with its switch over and halted all gay promotions one week later.

Numbers, a former black straight disco, opened late last fall with capacity weekend crowds stomping on the plexiglass dance floor. About a month after its grand opening, the signs were removed, the doors bolted and the New Town establishment now stands mysteriously dormant.

Problems still enshroud Broadway Limited and its relationship with the gay community over its alleged clientele mistreatment. The situation has further exploded with the bar's management filing a lawsuit against *Chicago Gay Life* newspaper, its publisher and editor; a phone-line commentator, and the writer of a letter to the editor which appeared in the paper. Customers now journey into the disco-restaurant with intimidation.

Harlow's opened in late December with shoddy opening night festivities. Before its demise and eventual closing, it was formerly known as the Trip, a plush near northside bar-restaurant.

The new owners removed the restaurant, turning it into the sparsely furnished Bell-Boy Room. The upstairs disco was unfinished at press time and the entertainment lounge, featuring some unknown singer named Mila Ines, consists of Judy Garland pictures slapped on the walls. The pub has great potential, but better execution is needed.

—Bill Lumen

ON THE TOWN

(continued on page 8)

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miami

As the winter tourists flock to South Florida to escape winter, the gay scene expands, with all kinds of entertainment.

Several new discos have opened in and around Miami, ranging from the most elegant to the rough trade clubs.

hotels to cater to a gay clientele. The Poop Deck Restaurant has become a center of activity there and the cuisine is expertly prepared and served in casual elegance, also by a staff of "hunks."

After dinner, the action moves to the Lower Deck Disco, which features a huge dance floor, a bi-amp sound system, a 900-light computerized light show, and four copper top bars including a 45-ft. long, curved, sunken bar that frames unique underwater poolview win-



Bruce and friend at Cheekers

The most elegant is CHEEKERS, located in Dania, just south of Fort Lauderdale and north of Miami. It's the creation of Sharon "Cheekers" Valverde. She offers a touch of class that is a first for South Florida for gays. CHEEKERS is billed as "une Boite de Nuit," because it is more than a disco, more than a restaurant and more than a lounge. It seats 500 for dinner, and can hold over 1,000 for dancing. Dinner is unforgettable, but one has a problem keeping an interest on the food because of the good looking waiters. They've been hand-selected for looks and serving talents. A night at CHEEKERS is a night to be remembered.

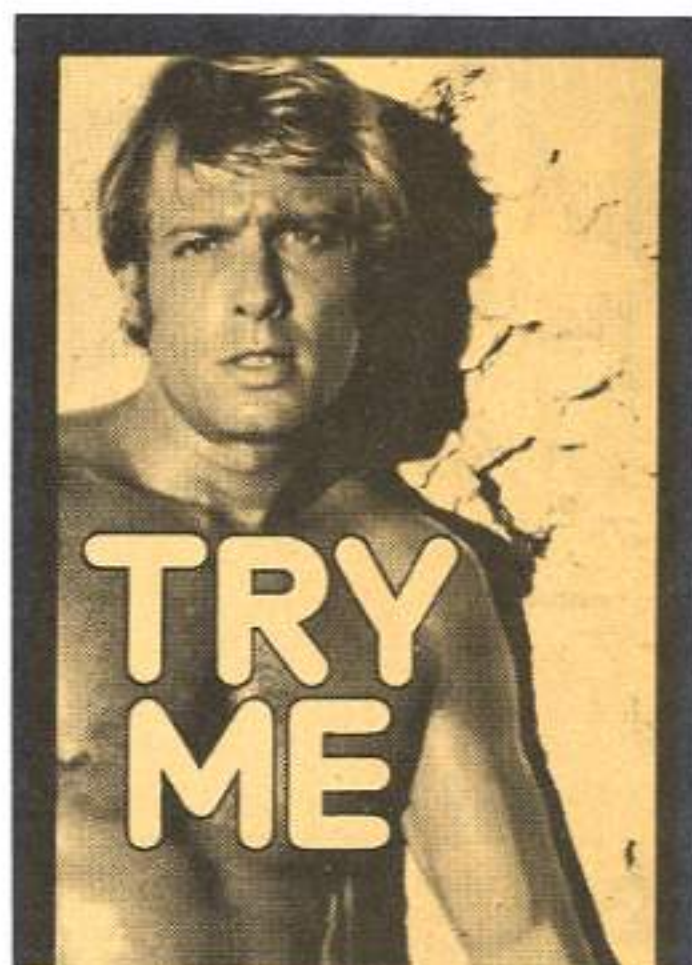
"Where The Boys Are" is at the Marlin Beach Hotel, directly on the Atlantic Ocean in Fort Lauderdale. It is one of the first South Florida

dows. Groovy guys, from 18 years on, with most of them in tight-fitting pants and wearing the latest European styles, can be found there.

There is a great deal of street action in Fort Lauderdale on South Atlantic Boulevard, with cruising into the early a.m. On weekends there are many sailors on the streets, both U.S. and foreign, on weekend passes. Lately there's been a crackdown by police because the male hustlers are becoming so bold. But if one's careful, he can find what he's looking for.

Another disco just south of Fort Lauderdale is The Copa, catering to a young crowd. Plenty of action, loud music, and cruising in the parking lot.

The boys in Fort Lauderdale gather at The Gym Baths, 901 S.W.



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27th Ave. It's a popular spot for men off the ships docking at Port Everglades. Usually the sailors have only a few hours in port, so they rush to the pleasures offered. It swings 24 hours a day.

The newest theatre in South Florida is the Sunrise Musical Theatre, seating 3,000 and costing over \$6 million. Feb. 7-12, Jerry Vale with Caterina Valente; Feb. 14-20, The Paul Anka Show; Feb. 21-27, The Sergio Franchi Show with Dana Valery and Pat Cooper; Feb. 28-Mar. 5, Shirley MacLaine; Mar. 7-13, Totie Fields; Mar. 14-20, Liza Minnelli; Mar. 21-27, Don Rickles; Mar. 28-Apr. 3, Englebert Humperdinck; Apr. 4-10, Tony Orlando and Dawn.

It's now estimated that there's several hundred thousand gay people living in the Greater Miami Area, so there's action for all, along with entertainment.

—John Saunders

atlanta

Atlanta's theatre critics are getting organized—collectively, if not individually. We've formed an organization called Atlanta Circle of Drama Critics. The name, which abbreviates to ACDC, was suggested by yours truly and adopted unanimously!

Victor Lanoux, star of the French sleeper, *Cousin, Cousine*, has never played a gay character in his 15 films and numerous stage roles; but he's willing to. "Why not?" he says. "I like homosexuals. It's no problem." He looks for variety in his parts: "I don't do a thing that I did before," he explains in uncertain English. For that reason, he wouldn't do a sequel to *Cousin* if there were one; but he has his own theory about what happens to the lovers after the end: "I think they will live together and have children. Then she will meet another man and he will meet another girl. I don't believe in 'eternal love'."

Ben Vereen, in town to do his super show at the Fairmont's Venetian Room, jokes on stage about people thinking he's gay because he wears an earring. He explained the real reason to me later: he had his ear pierced in 1969 when he was doing "Hair" on Broadway, as a protest against all that was going down at

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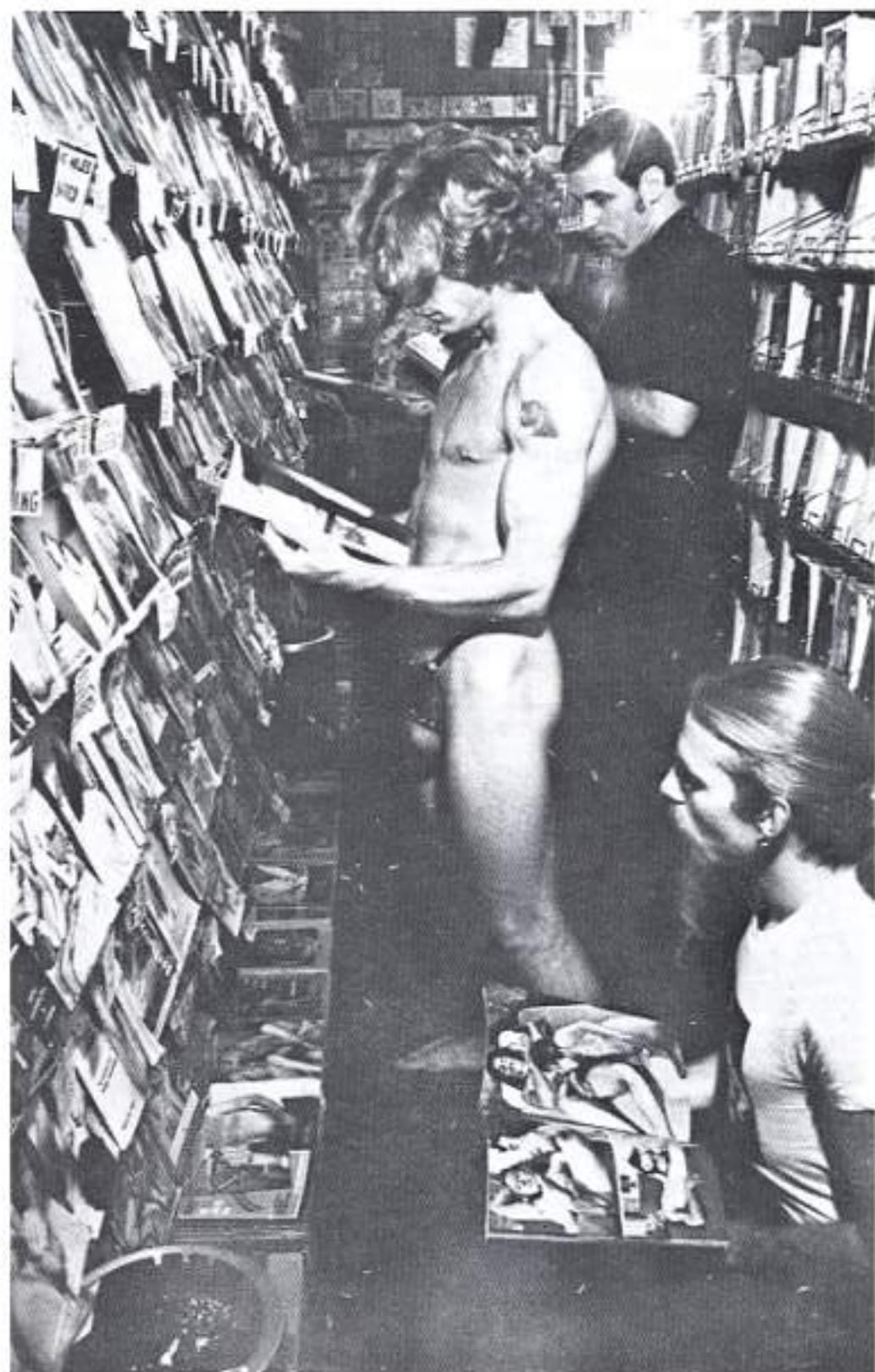
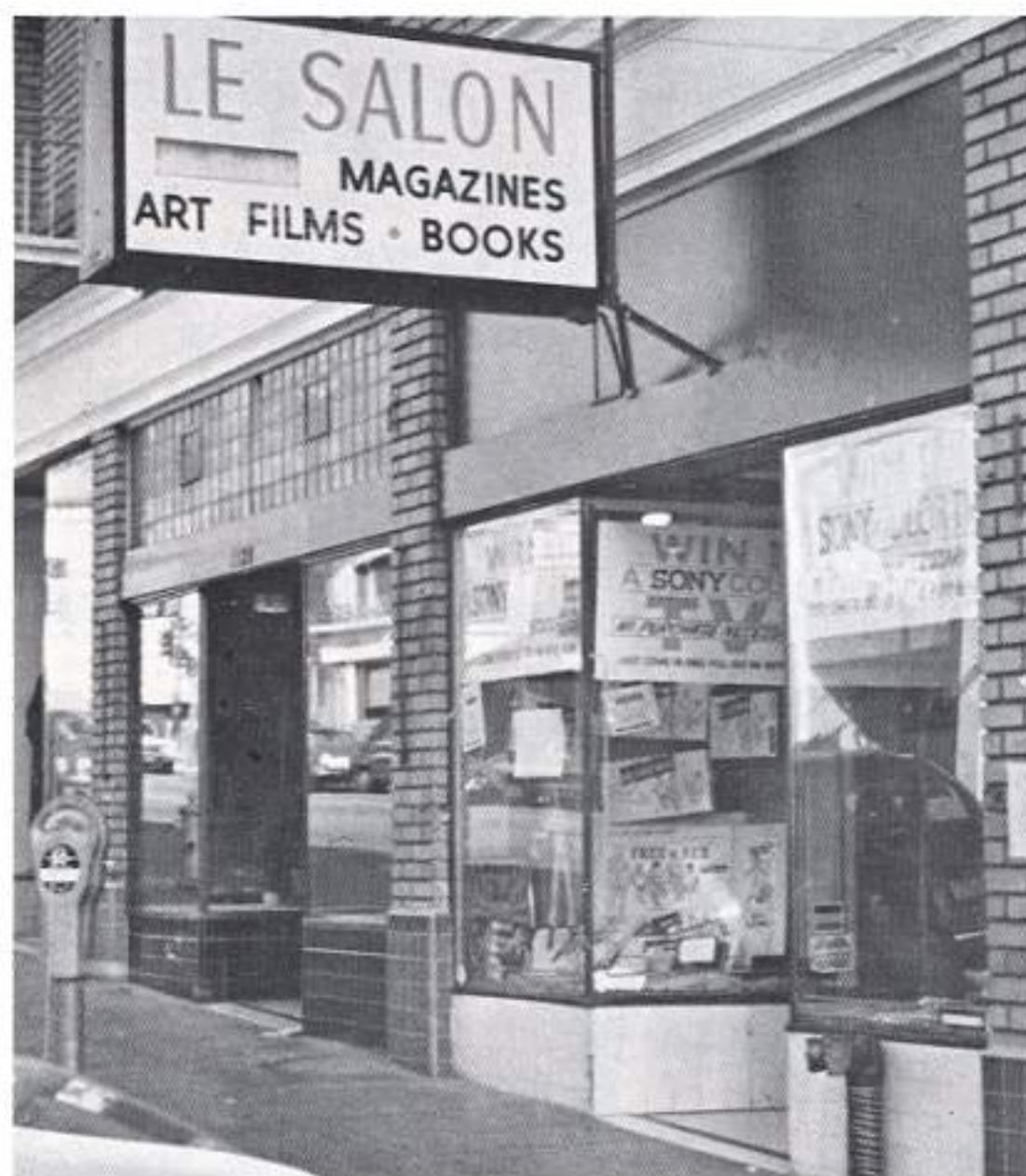
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the time. "I could have let it heal," he says, "but I realized we have not yet reached that goal as a nation . . . harmony and tranquility in my lifetime."

Imogene Coca, who was delightful (much more so than her husband, King Donovan) in "Plaza Suite" at the Midnight Sun Dinner Theatre, says she enjoys the frankness of today's TV shows — "when they're funny" — but that she never felt inhibited in the '50s, when she and Sid Caesar did "Your Show of Shows." One instance of personal censorship she recalls came when she was doing a "strip number." She wore a man's overcoat that came to her ankles and only removed the belt; but the censors said it was too much for TV. If you think you remember the sketch, you might: it finally got on a year later.

Van Johnson is at the Midnight Sun this month, in "Send Me No Flowers." In March, they'll have Myrna Loy and Jean-Pierre Aumont in "Barefoot in the Park."

If I hadn't met Jessica Lange, I might have thought she really was the dippy starlet she portrays in *King Kong*. 'Tain't so. She's intelligent and quite pleasant, and enjoys telling about the line she refused to say. It

ending with, "If nothing else, you're too big for me!" Producer Dino De Laurentiis fought with her, calling it his "favorite line;" but Lange stood her ground and won.

Hypnotist Sandra Senness followed an unusual path, from the Las Vegas Tropicana to Atlanta's Sweet Gum Head, where she does one show a week, Tuesdays at midnight. Meanwhile, she's trying to establish a psychic research center here. She got into the gay scene, she says, to relate better to gays who came to her for help; and now she loves it. "I'm a drag queen at heart," says all-woman Sandra. Asked if she can "cure" homosexuality through hypnosis, she reports, "Why cure it? I don't consider it a disease."

The Winter Play Season was incomplete at presstime; but Loretta Swit is doing "Same Time, Next Year," Feb. 15-27; and James Daly will be here in "Equus," March 15-27. Alliance Theatre is in their run of "Hedda Gabler," starring Dana Ivey, through Feb. 19. A new play, "Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," plays Feb. 24-March 12, followed by Shaw's "Misalliance," March 17-April 2. "To Kill a Mockingbird" opens April 7.



Jessica Lange and "big" friend

was in the scene where she tells the 40-foot ape that their romance won't work. The script, she says, called for her to give him a series of reasons,

Academy Theatre just closed "Waiting for Godot;" their next show, Athol Fugard's "Blood Knot," opens Feb. 25 for five weeks.

Agnes Scott College, where the debs go to earn their M.R.S., is presenting Vaughn-Williams' opera, "Riders to the Sea," on March 3. They'll be visited by Joan Fontaine on March 28, with a lecture presentation called "My Favorite Roles."

The city is sponsoring a competition for independent, non-commercial film- and videotape-makers, with \$1,000 available for prizes. The winners will be shown at the High Museum, March 18 and 19. On the 20th, Ed Emshwiller will be there to screen and discuss his own films.

Hiroyuki Iwaki will conduct the Atlanta Symphony the last two weekends in February; Music Director Robert Shaw returns for the March concerts; and Eduardo Mata conducts the first two weekends in April. Among the guest soloists in this period will be violinists Pinchas Zukerman and Kyung-Wha Chung and pianist Leonard Pennario. On March 26, Symphony Hall will be occupied by the Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre.

The Ringling Bros., etc. Circus is at the Omni through Feb. 20. Liberace plays at the Fox, Feb. 19-20. In March that great old showplace will host The Lettermen, Maynard Ferguson, Tony Bennett, Czech Philharmonic Orchestra and Victor Borge.

—Steve Warren

washington, d.c.

"Let My People Come" came at last, bringing with it the same mystique that surrounded its two-year run in New York: although the salacious revue has been playing here since November, it had never officially "opened!"

Not only is the show a turn-on, but it also makes a tendentious case for sexual forthrightness which this country still needs to hear. Two duets, one male ("I'm Gay!") and one female ("And She Loved Me") brought a surprising lump to my throat as did the opening phrase of the Act I finale, "It takes a lot of fear to build up a wall" . . . O' brothers and sisters, ain't it so!"

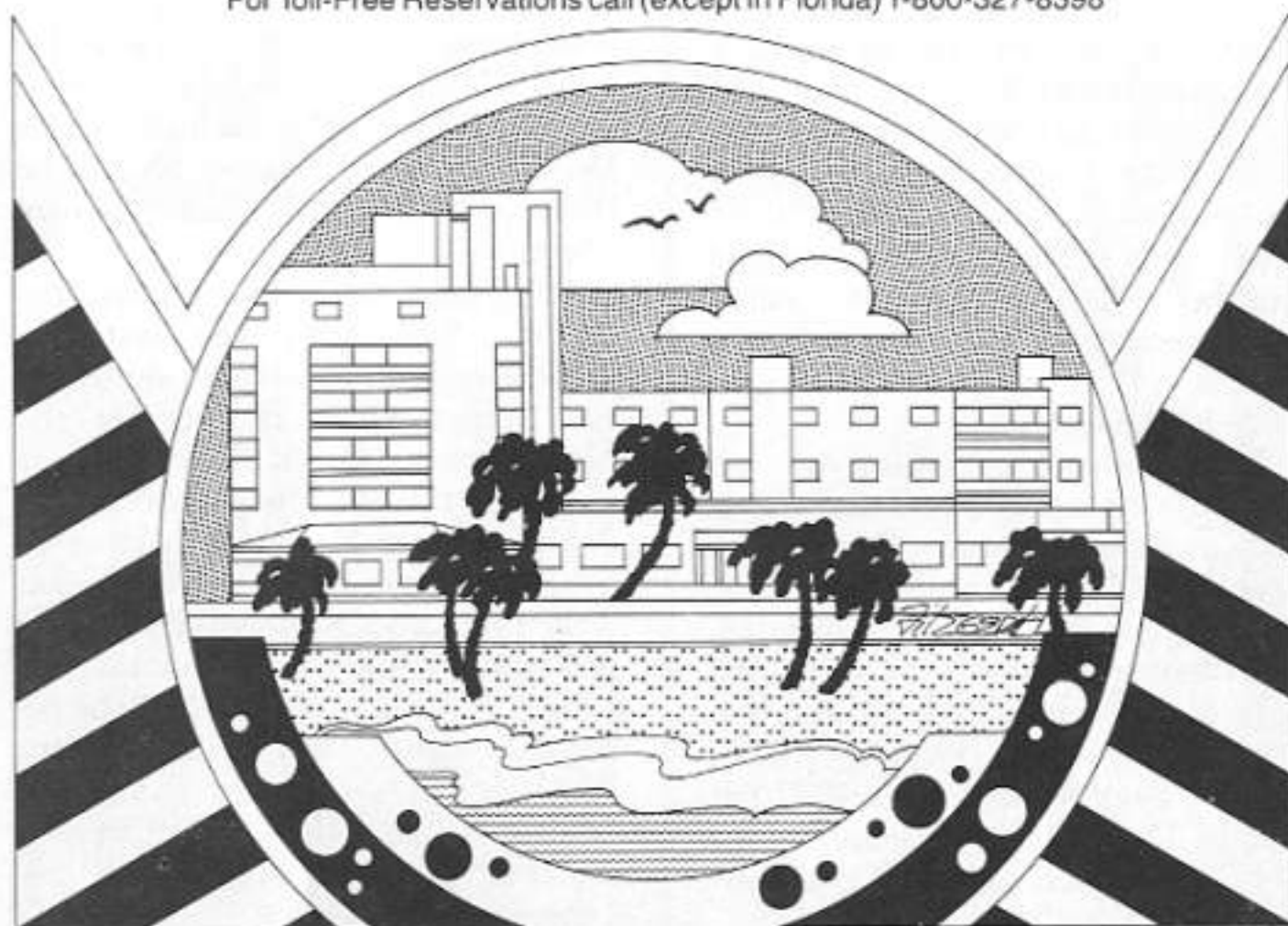
Then, with mixed sadness and pleasure, there was the final offering of The Waaay Off Broadway cabaret theatre. Mama's Boy's in "Hot TV,"

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a "trashy" (their own tongue-in-cheek dub) revue, rates off the scale for slickness and professionalism. These six disturbingly attractive young men and their equally attractive female companion, Cassandra Peterson, are phenomenally skilled performers, a fitting finale for a night spot which has been a favorite for many of us for a number of years.



Mama's Boys

Waaay Off Broadway has brought some fine entertainers to Washingtonians. Because manager Dick Robison hates swan songs, he is hinting at "something new" for the future. No sad songs, then, just high hopes.

The Folger Theatre Group's production of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" was an endearing one, performed by a winsome ensemble melded by director Jonathan Alper who also imported New York tenor Joseph Michael Hume (The Celebrant in Bernstein's "Mass") to portray Balthasar and play the harpsichord during scene shifts; it didn't always work, but when it did, it was delightful.

But Alper's true talent lies in the realm of fashioning a fine acting ensemble. This cast had such obvious fun with the material and with each other, that Shakespeare's characters seemed so authentic as to totally dissolve the proscenium arch which separated them from us.

For the second time in five days, I found myself clapping to the rhythm of dance music at the end of a performance, for the curtain call consisted of an elaborately choreographed dance. The other instance was at the ringdown of "Saturday, Sunday,



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Monday," Eduardo de Filippo's garlicky (you could actually smell the Ragu cooking!) Neopolitan comedy at Arena Stage.

The play is about the family ritual of preparing (Saturday), eating (Sunday), and recovering (Monday) from Sunday dinner. Here too, director Norman Gevanthor demonstrated a specialty in ensemble-making. And, whaddayaknow — the curtain call was a dance around the kitchen, the audience keeping time to the music.

Folger and Arena are the closest approximation Washington has to real indigenous theatre. Although a more subtle "star system" is employed (at Arena in particular) than on Broadway or at the Ken Cen, these two theatres are our staples when it comes to solid fare.

Arena continues to slap some stiff dramatics down on its boards, presently, the first out-of-New York production of David Rabe's "Streamers," a pulverizing tale of male relationships in the tight confines of a military post. The confined barracks evokes a telling metaphor of the untenable confines placed by an xenophobic society upon the natural flow of affection between people, especially men. Expression of these feelings, so austere forbidden as it is, makes murder the tragic alternative in Rabe's play. David Chambers' profoundly directed production causes aching — deep down, which will last a long time, uneased.

Arena's season unfolds through the spring with Lillian Hellman's "The Autumn Garden" through March 6, "Catsplay" by Istvan Orkeny, March 11-April 24, Maxim Gorki's great classic "The Lower Depths" opening April 4, and finally, Christopher Durang's "A History Of The American Film," May 13-June 26.

At The Folger now, "Mummer's End" by Jack Gilhooley, the wildest comedy ever staged there, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," beginning May 10, will bring their season to a close.

The New Playwright's Theatre is evolving its own outrageous musical revue. The first installment was "Sirocco; A Hot, New Musical Revue," from which I came away demolished, and the new version (now on the boards) is "Bride Of Sirocco."

Back Alley Theatre's brash version

(continued on page 67)



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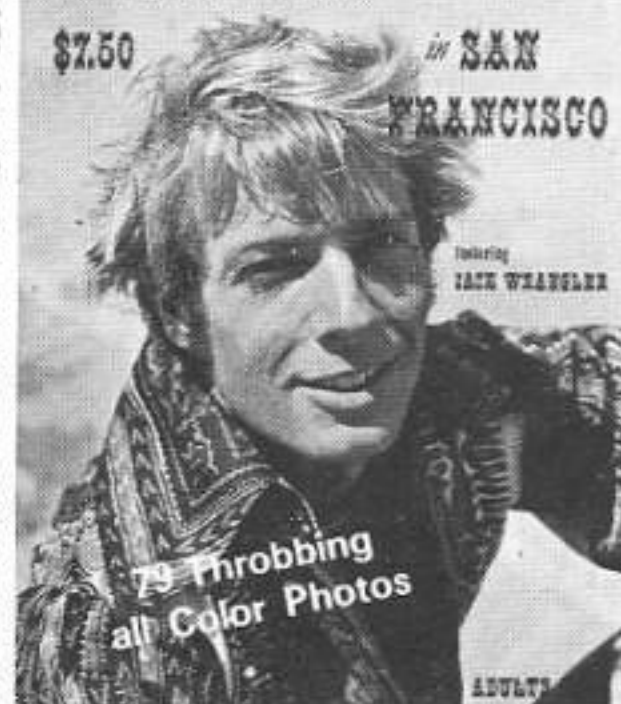
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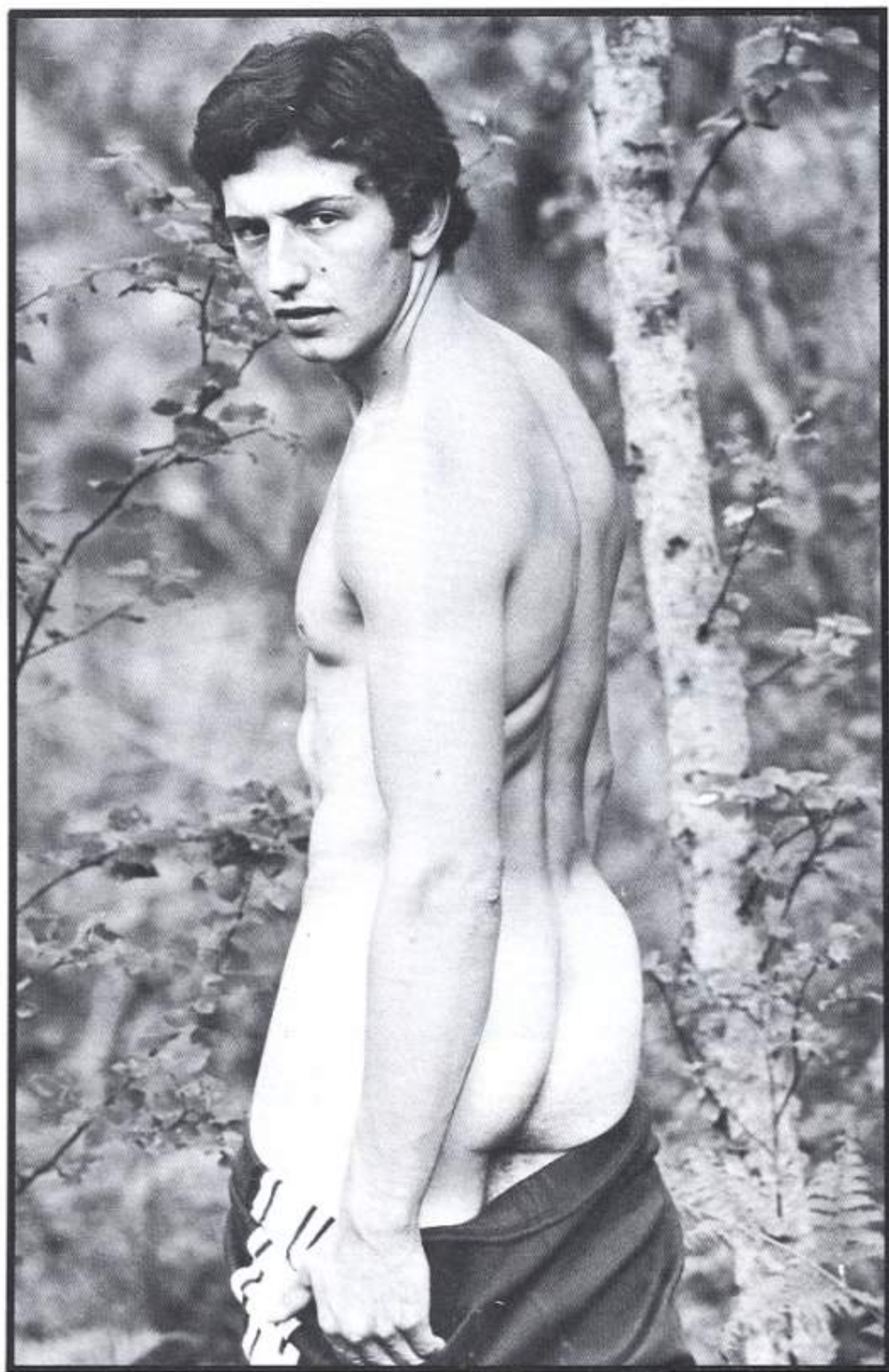
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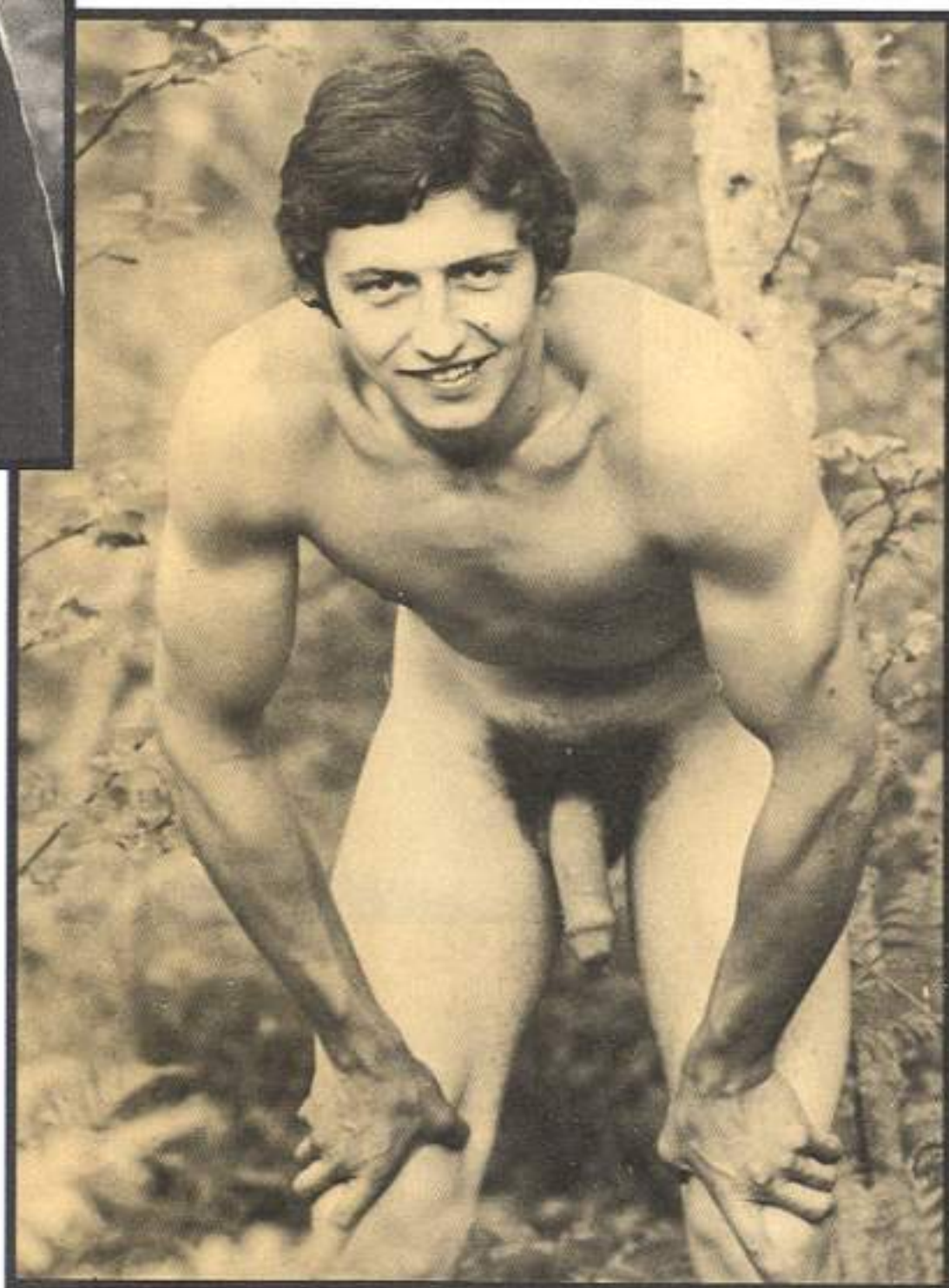
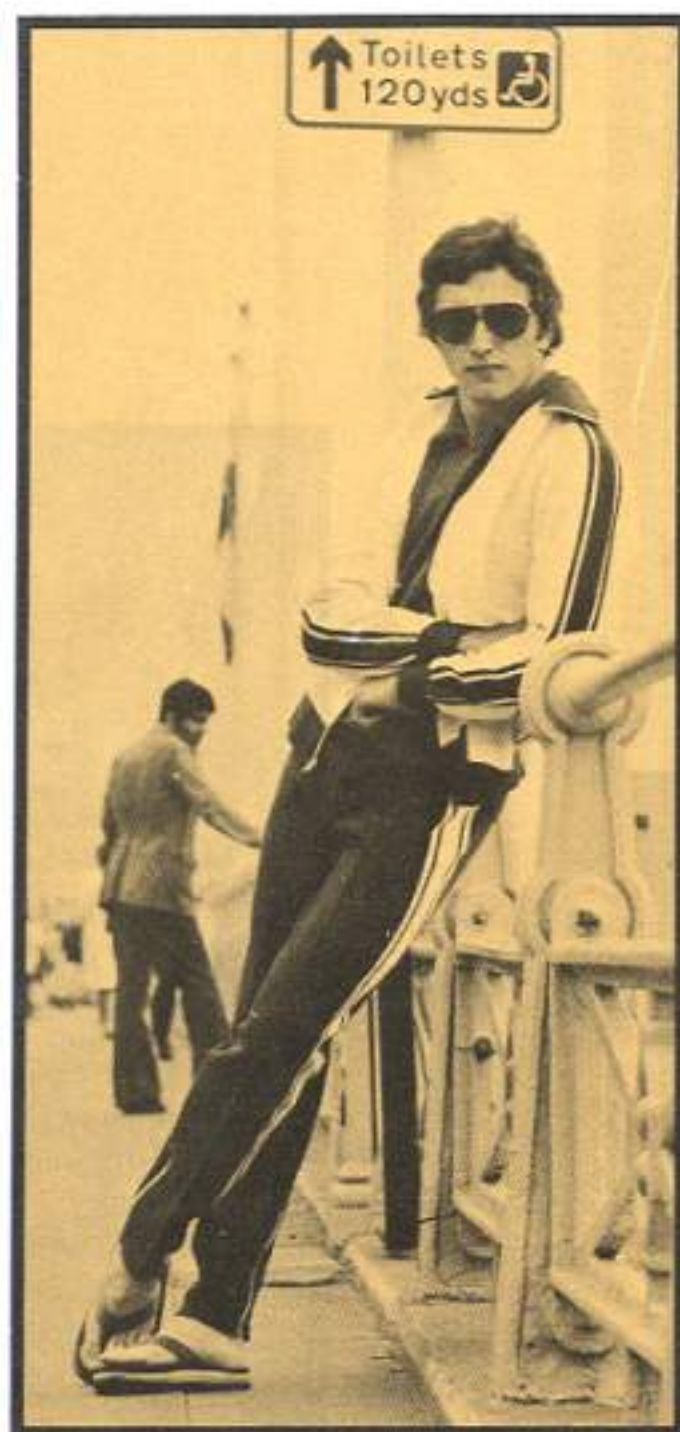
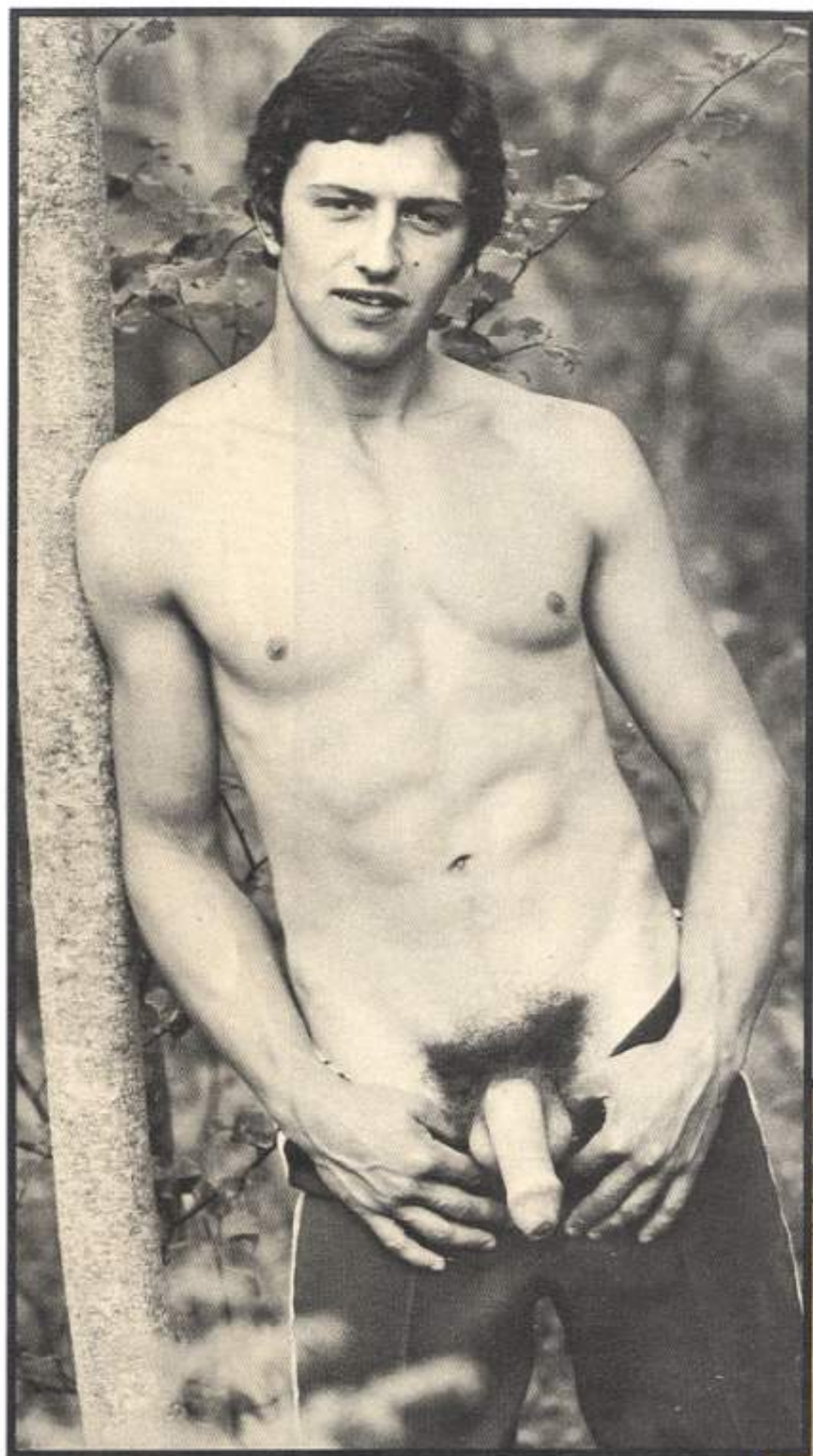
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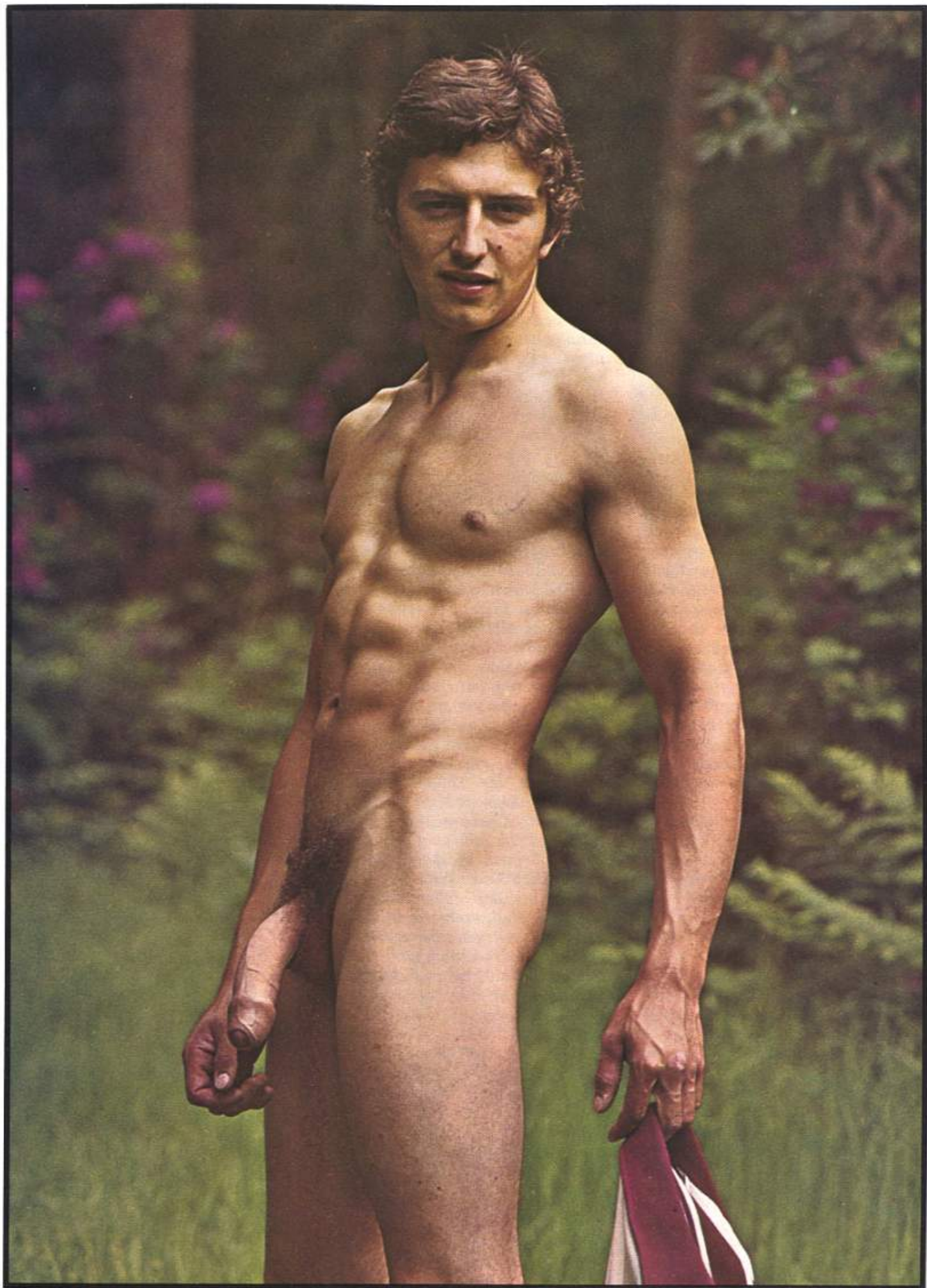
Jeffrey

Photography by Dudley Carver

Jeffrey. He stops traffic in summer at work as a scaffolder. And like the others in his hazardous profession, that's when he's stripped to Levi cutoffs. Well that's how *IN TOUCH* contributing photographer Dudley Carver caught sight of him. Needless to say, Dudley tagged along on Jeffrey's day off — which wasn't easy since he works almost seven days a week for his trade union. But tag along he did, and found Jeffrey relaxing — at Brighton's Palace Pier and at Sussex Wood, which is about 18 miles north of Brighton. Jeffrey, who lives just outside London, let us tag along too.







interview.

On the eve of his 50th birthday, the author of 'Midnight Cowboy' shares his thoughts with us

By Richard Stanley

For many film-goers *Midnight Cowboy* marked a turning point in cinema mores. With the impact of gritty reality, *Cowboy* elicited an overwhelming response in 1969 from an audience already emotionally raw. Here was a story with a contemporary social conscience — a point of view whose big-screen debut had arrived at last. Awards also arrived: Oscar nominations for both its stars, Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight, and Oscars for Best Screenplay, Best Director (John Schlesinger), and the biggest plum, Best Picture.

Midnight Cowboy was pivotal for its author, James Leo Herlihy, as well. At a time when group consciousness was on the rise he began to turn inward instead, on an expedition in search of the self. Ironically Herlihy again played the role of artist as seer, a herald of the "me" oriented 1970s.

The middle of five children, he grew up in a devoutly Catholic Detroit family. After high school he enlisted in the Navy. His overseas orders were dated 12 August 1945, but the war ended on the 14th. He saved enough money to attend Black Mountain College in North Carolina after his Navy stint. During his year at Black Mountain he wrote his first novel. His instructor told him he would never earn his living as a writer; he suggested taking an aptitude test to avoid wasting more time. Herlihy did, and the results pointed in the direction of writing, or even acting. He packed his bags for California and was a resident actor and playwright at the Pasadena Playhouse. There his first play, *Streetlight Sonata*, was produced. The leading man became ill on closing night, and Herlihy played his part for one performance. He was then 23 years old.

Later he wrote and produced more plays on both coasts (*Moon in Capricorn*, *Crazy October*, and, with William Noble, *Blue Denim*) between jobs a dishwasher, wrapper of paper picnic plates, a calibrator for guided missile systems, a stock broker's assistant, and a carnival huckster charming snakes and reading minds. His stories ran in magazines and were collected in 1959 under the title, *The Sleep of Baby Filberston and Other Stories*. *All Fall Down*, a novel, appeared in 1960 and was a hit best-seller. A film version of *All Fall Down* followed the successful transition to celluloid of *Blue Denim*.

In the early '60s Herlihy returned to the stage as a performer in Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story*, and he appeared in the film *In The French Style*. While travelling extensively throughout the United States in 1964, he developed the theme for *Midnight Cowboy*, which was published the following year. A second collection of short stories, *A Story That Ends With A Scream*, appeared in 1967, followed by three one-act plays produced in Boston and New York under the umbrella title *Stop, You're Killing Me!* A novel, *Season of the Witch*, was published in 1971.

A frequent campus lecturer, Herlihy confesses he is still fascinated by people at society's periphery: the hustlers, pimps, and deracinated on the move. Astutely attuned to the subtly-unfolding nature of contemporary moods, he speaks with authority and insight. IN TOUCH'S Richard Stanley spoke with him recently at his rustic, hilltop home in Los Angeles on the eve of his 50th birthday.



1930, Age 3



1952, Age 25

THE

IT: You mentioned that you are happier now than ever before. Why?

JH: Of the artists, writers, teachers and psychologists of my generation, many of us were engaged in consciousness-raising enterprises even though we didn't think of it that way at the time. For my part, I was a sexual revolutionary, and I never saw myself that way because there was nothing going on called the "Sexual Revolution." The work I did as a writer for television, for the theater, and the novels that became movies and the work that many of my generation did actually had some effect upon the generation that came after us. In the mid-'60s at the point at which the character of the new people became apparent to me I was in my mid-30s. I think I would have sunk into one hell of a depression if there hadn't been these people. I'm much at ease with, in concert with the generation who matured during the late '60s through now than I am with my own generation now, except for those few who, like myself, were the revolutionaries. The thing outside of myself that has made my world better is the cultural change that became really strong and apparent in the late '60s. I've always had some thought in my mind that wouldn't it be nice if people were this or that, but it wasn't a very serious expectation that the world was ever going to change. And it did, and that just knocked me the fuck out. . . .

IT: You've lived in Los Angeles and New York, two oases of that type of person. Do you think it's changed much in between?

JH: Yes. I travel a fair amount. I have friends all over, and I find that the culture is really changing. Enough people are taking on the new ways and values that there just isn't any longer the kind of loneliness that there used to be for people like me. As far as L.A. goes, I think of California as not only a separate state, but a separate country. I think of it as a unique culture, an avant-garde culture for better or worse. It's years ahead of most other places. When you want to see what the future is like you'd do well to come to California and take a look. I'm not saying we've arrived here, but we're in a state of motion, a state of experimentation that is advanced.

IT: L.A. has a reputation for its "plastic people." Do you find Angelinos "plastic?"

JH: That's all connected with materialism. Materialism is mushrooming now while it's on the way out. We're having the last explosion of it. The plastic man is the man who has been created by the capitalistic culture, whose years are severely numbered now. What we're experiencing is like the last reel of the great American cowboy picture. It's the big shoot-out with everybody grabbing for the treasure. It's the last big expression of that kind of materialism in the Western World. Whether the Third World is going to have to go through that, I don't know.

IT: There's another far-advanced side of L.A. too.

JH: Yes, it's the consciousness raising focus, and it's always been stronger here than other places, which is not to say that other places are not big pockets of the same phenomenon. But it characterizes California more than other places. The consciousness raising shows itself here in lots of ways. It's no accident that est, Arica, Esalen, and the psychedelic movement were California phenomena. They used to say back in the '40s when I first lived here that there were 200 more religious sects in California than in all the rest of the United States combined. That's evidence of quackism, you could say, but it's also evidence of a serious inquiry taking place in the population about the nature of existence and about the ways we inhabit the place.

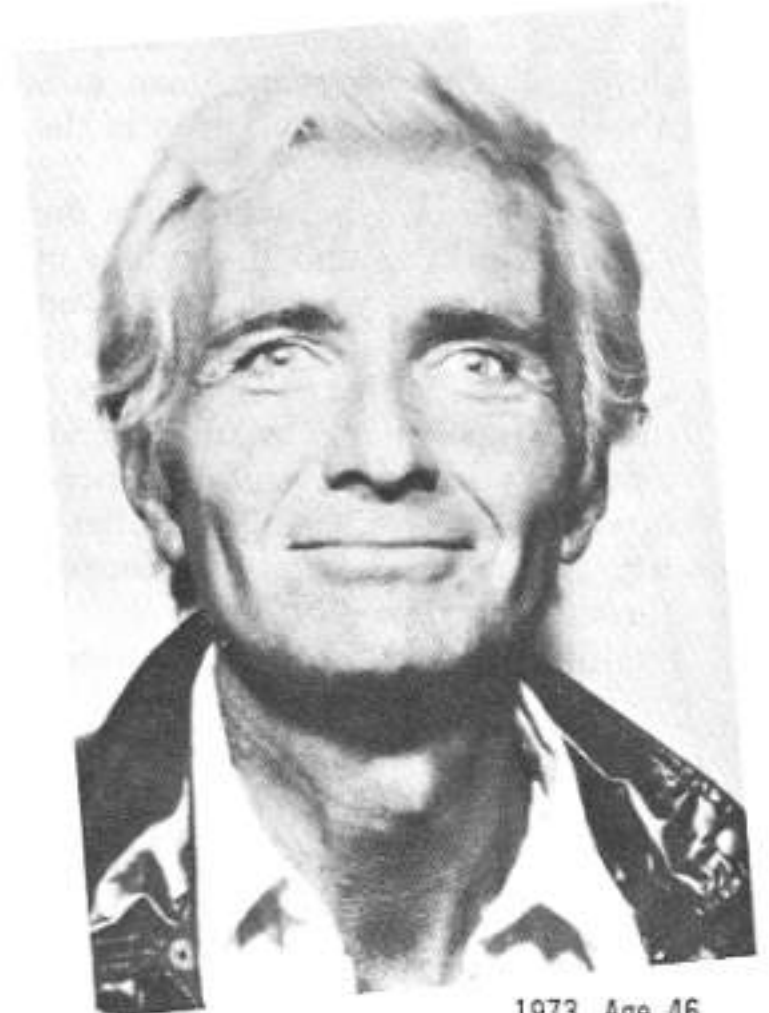
(continued on page 87)



1968, Age 41



1965, Age 38



1973, Age 46

Bayard Taylor, laureate of the Gilded Age, was also author of America's first gay novel

Following the Civil War, the United States entered into a period of industrial expansion and economic growth. Fed by immigrants from the social and political unrest in mid-century Europe, America expanded in a period of great hope in an apparently unblemished future. The great wealth of the nation was established and concentrated in the hands of a small group of wealthy capitalists, who, with their wives, devoted themselves to lavish display and the acquisition of culture.

This is the period known as the Gilded Age, from its taste for goldleaf and ornate decoration, a period marked in American literature by the satire of Mark Twain, who looked somewhat nostalgically back at a simpler America in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*, or by the more sophisticated ironies of Henry James, who knew the world of the very rich, but who escaped to England in 1875 to write his increasingly enigmatic studies of love and lust among the upper crust.

Most American writers stayed at home, however, and contributed to the creation of a singularly dreary body of "official" art, not unlike the Academic or Salon painting which flourished at the same time. Longfellow and Lowell were the poetic spokesmen for the age, the "Schoolroom poets" as they are now called, because they live on only in the gift book and the classroom. America's unofficial poet laureate during this period was a man now almost totally forgotten, even in the schoolroom.

But Bayard Taylor, laureate of the Gilded Age, was also the author of America's first gay novel, *Joseph and His Friend* (first published in 1870). The book mystified those readers it did not repel, but it is still a landmark in the history of American literature, one which well justifies a trip to the local library to consult their dusty copy.

Unlike Melville, who treated homoerotic attraction in several of his early novels and alluded to repressed homosexual passion in many of his works, but who never showed a functioning homosexual relationship other than in the allegorical terms of *Moby Dick*, and unlike Whitman, who sang "the love

of comrades" in his poetry but declined to identify himself as a homosexual and made a number of changes in his verse to conceal their sexual nature, Bayard Taylor made surprisingly few concessions to public morality and taste.

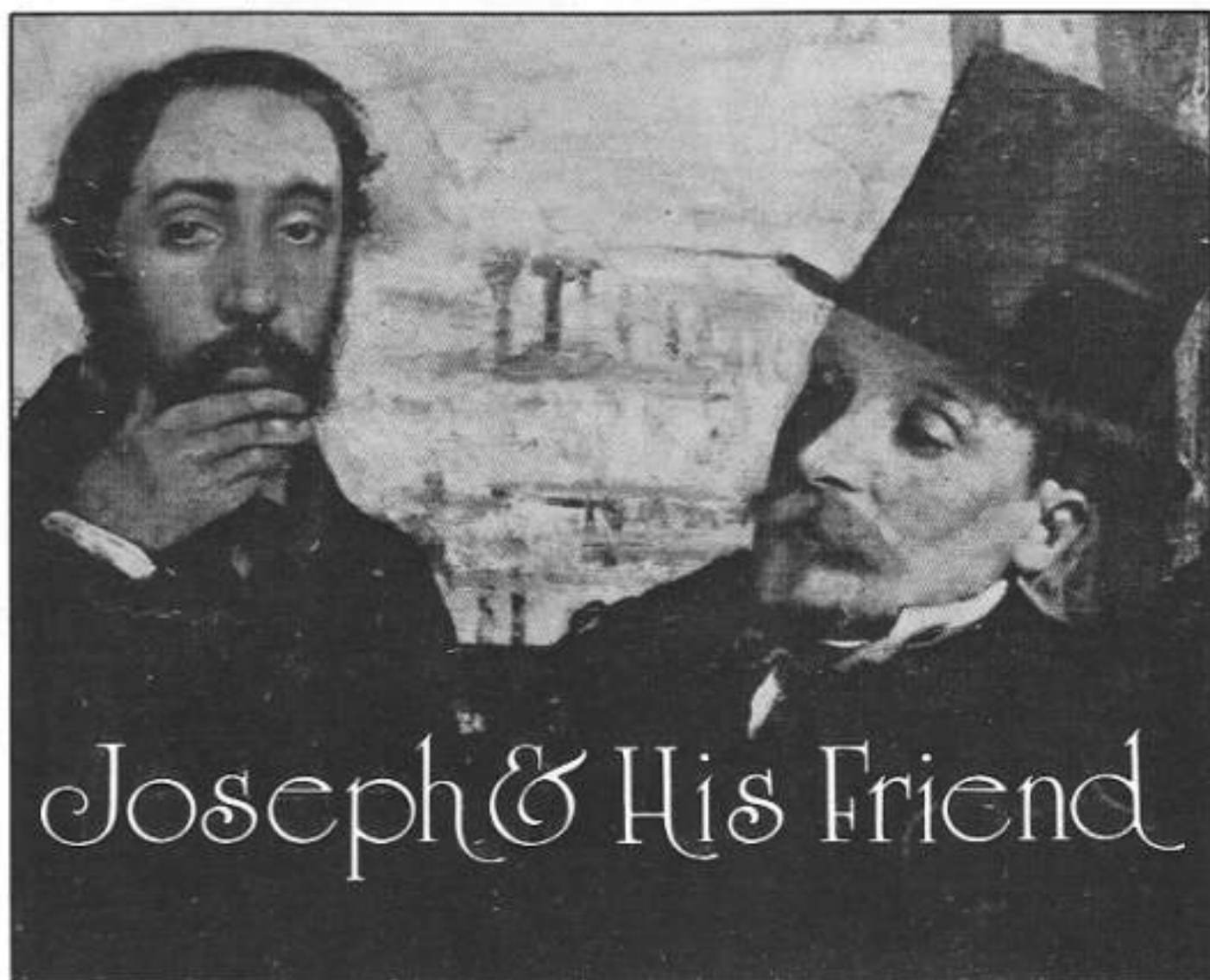
By the time Taylor's novel was published, the author was 45 and had to his credit at least 8 popular travel books, 4 volumes of poetry, and 3 novels. He had spent a year in the diplomatic service in St. Petersburg and was considered the most popular speaker in the lyceum lecture circuit,

Friend "another study of rural life." One critic calls it an "indictment of rural poverty."

Taylor's intentions were, however, stated clearly in the preface and on the title page. Twice he quotes Shakespeare's Sonnet 144, which begins "Two loves I have," citing the third and fourth lines,

The better angel is
a man right fair,
The worser spirit a
woman colour'd ill.

His novel is an elaboration on this



By Robert K. Martin

earning the (for the time) considerable sum of \$5,000 a year in lecture fees. Taylor's adventures abroad gave him the material for most of his lectures, and he was as exotic as he was popular.

For his novel of love between men, though, Taylor returned to the subject matter he knew best: life in southeastern Pennsylvania, where a quiet, conservative Quaker faith survived only a short distance from the urban cultural center of Philadelphia. He called his novel "A Story of Pennsylvania" in the subtitle, thereby confusing a number of people who apparently never read the novel. *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*, a standard reference book calls *Joseph and His*

theme, a young man torn between two lovers, the "better" a man, the "worse" a woman. And his preface declares his intention to demonstrate "the truth and tenderness of man's love for man, as of man's love for woman." Only Whitman had dared to make such a statement prior to Taylor, to declare the equality of homosexuality to heterosexuality, and in so doing to imply the superiority of homosexuality.

Taylor's novel probably had a significant influence on his age. It is difficult to know now since records of the period are hard to come by. (It was certainly reprinted in book form at least once, and was published as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*.) But Taylor seems to have been in contact

with all the leading intellectual figures of his day, and was, we know, a friend of Melville's. In his novel he created a classic model for the homosexual hero that would last well into the 20th Century. Joseph Aster is "shy and sensitive," an orphan living with his aunt and attached to his dead mother, cut off from the larger community, frequently depicted by Taylor as "coarse" and "rude."

The first section of the novel thus depicts our sensitive young man as he yearns for companionship. But, and here Taylor shows exceptional insight, Joseph's timidity and awkwardness are not failures in themselves, but are the product of a social and religious attitude that has taught him to reject his own body, that "they tell me to despise." Joseph senses the goodness of his body and rejects the attitude of his community for the "comfort and delight" of the body.

His extreme loneliness leads him to an engagement with Julia Blessing, a scheming, vain gold-digger. But on his way back from Philadelphia, where he is engaged, "All at once his eye was attracted by a new face," a stranger in the train, whom he cruises: "Joseph dropped his eyes in some confusion, but not until he had caught the full, warm, intense expression of those that met them." The train is derailed just at this critical juncture, and Joseph awakens in the arms of the stranger.

It is fascinating to notice that Taylor's description of two men cruising each other could be written now. Its accuracy is striking. But, for whatever reason, Taylor could not write a realistic scene of the conclusion of the cruising, and had instead to rely on the almost-comic device of the derailment.

Philip Held (his family name is German for "hero") becomes a spokesman for a much more conscious homosexuality than the rather vague yearnings of Joseph. He explains to Joseph "there are needs which most men have, and go all their lives hungering for, because they expect them to be supplied in a particular form." Lacking a "form" for the expression of their love, "most men" (!) settle for an exclusively heterosexual life and remain permanently unsatisfied. Philip becomes Joseph's mentor, and, in-

cidentally, the first fictional spokesman for gay liberation in American literature.

Nonetheless, Philip allows Joseph to marry, giving him a message of faith on the eve of his wedding, "There is no faith between us that need be limited, there is no truth too secret to be veiled. A man's perfect friendship is rarer than a woman's love." Joseph does marry, disastrously, and the plot then concerns Julia's ever-increasing wickedness, as well as a series of parallel subplots on the theme of hopeless love.

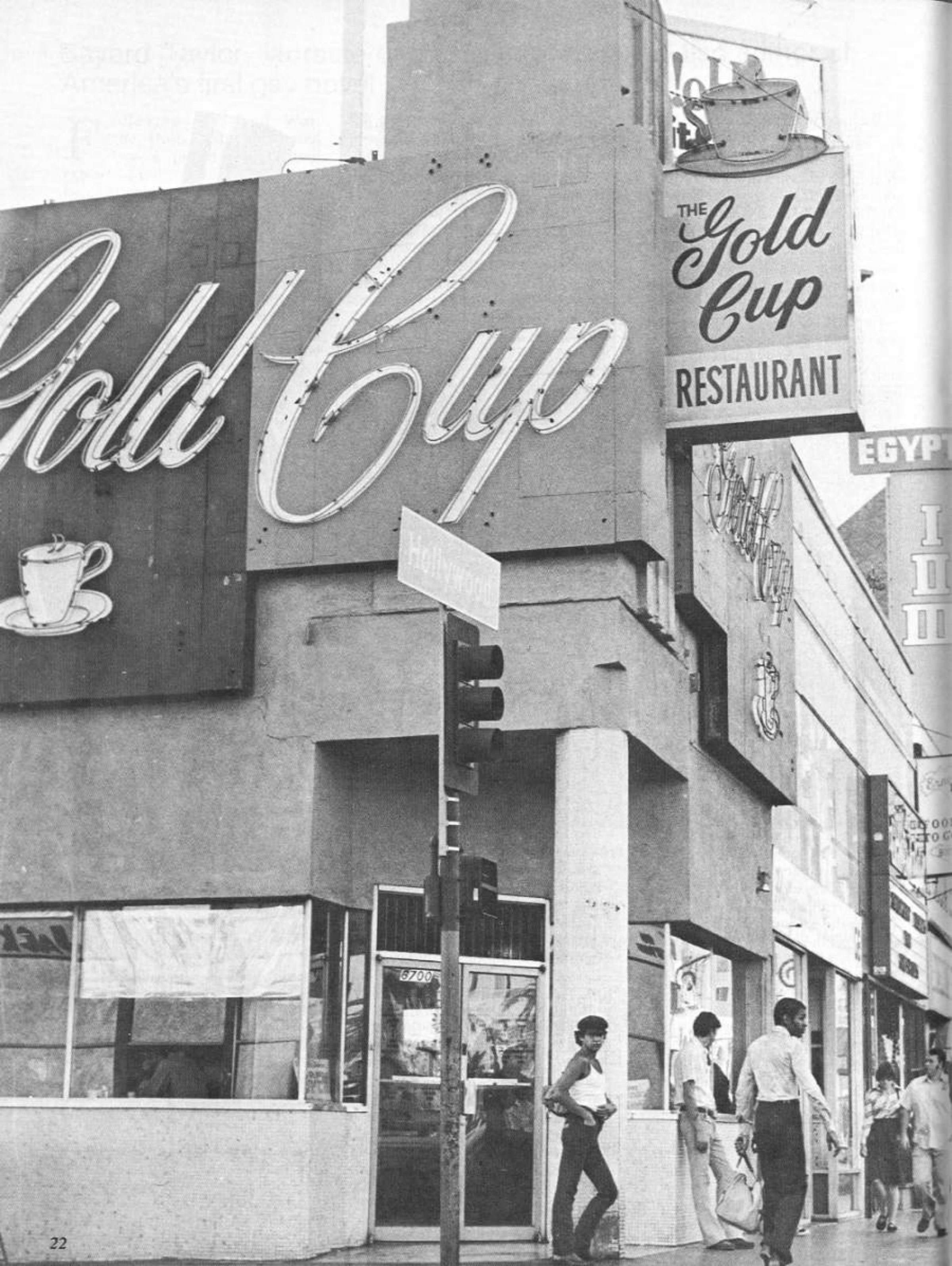
Philip's confidence in the future is unshaken, however, and he declares fervently "there must be a loftier faith, a juster law, for the men — and the women — who cannot shape themselves according to the common-place pattern of society — who are born with instincts, needs, knowledge, and rights — ay, rights — of their own!" The language is extraordinary. In an age when homosexuals were not mentioned at all or seen as repulsive sinners, Bayard Taylor created a hero who would defend the right to be different, different from birth on, and who would declare that those people who are "different" have rights. Philip's belief in the future has not yet been justified. One hundred years later the "rights" of gay men and women are still in doubt. "The world needs," says Philip, "a new code of ethics . . . But it would need more than a Luther for such a Reformation."

Joseph goes off to the West, in search of the valley of which he and Philip dream, an Eden-like place of contentment, where their love could finally find expression. They believed such a place might exist, and went to America's frontier to find it, just as Bayard Taylor travelled to California, Africa, India, China, and the Middle East, in search of the Happy Valley, the place Melville had called Typee. Joseph is surely Taylor's spokesman when he reports what he has learned, once he finds the valley, in San Francisco: "The freedom we craved is not to be found in this or that place. Unless we bring it with us, we shall not find it."

Taylor's insight is brilliant. Nineteenth century (and later)



(continued on page 88)



A seedy greasy spoon on the corner of Las Palmas and Hollywood Boulevard is their home, their place of business, and their last resort

By Jeff Watkins

They were born with gold in their mouths . . . not spoons but cups . . . and they gravitated together, pulled by instinctual forces, to the one place that described themselves and their dreams best.

Hollywood. Glitterwood. Today tarnish encrusts its Art Deco beauty and robs those gems that made the '30s and '40s sparkle. Movie stars have fled the hucksters. The Boulevard looks like a moveable freak show. Its primary attraction, the fiercely beating pulse of contemporary Hollywood, is the home of these children of the "hots." It draws them like a vortex from all corners of the country, as if some referral organization has scouted them out and sent them over.

They are kids, from 15 to 25, roughly. They are hustlers and The Gold Cup, a seedy greasy spoon on the corner of Las Palmas and Hollywood is their home, their forum, their social center and their last resort.

Hollyweird. Walking down the Boulevard might depress the less worldly. Stores hawk illicit head goods or flat kitsch souvenirs, tout cheap sex thrills and sleazy food. One or two elegant clothing establishments still try for a prestigious facade. They won't last. And all these desperate businessmen stand at their doors like gaunt ribbed mongrels, waiting for customers; the places stand empty.

Not The Gold Cup. It is Mecca, swarming, shouting success, crammed from opening to closing with freshly laundered young bodies and the windowshoppers who hunt them. An atmosphere of determined hyper good spirits flows out the front double doors. A force of suction draws you inside. Like a new member of the elite club, you accept in fascination. Swept past groups of elderly marks eyeing merchandise parade

from positions of haughty glory against smudged walls, past the sensuous dark predator flashing his sinister black leather eye patch, past that smiling and leggy boy/girl, you enter.

Gold everywhere . . . or dirty yellow. A counter to the left, window booths right. Is this a family party in one, several fathers with their sons? No, the smiles are too lusty, laughter too suggestive. That bald guy spiders one hand high on his 15-year-old charge's leg. The kids loves it.

It means dinner.

**'It is Mecca,
swarming,
shouting success,
crammed . . .
with freshly
laundered
young bodies and
window shoppers
who hunt them'**

Bobby hugs his coffee cup at the bar, rolls hazel eyes and tosses a long lock of fine hair away from delicate cheeks. "That little guy there made \$300 last Tuesday. He's lucky to be chicken still." Eyes rapid as whips, Bobby darts a wry look at the robust waitress complaining to her tables, in top form. He is 20, already too old for this game. But being a member of the Gold Cup family, he knows the scene.

"See, they come from all over. Home is rotten, their families hate them gay or straight. They get here and want a fast buck. On their way to golden California some old man had

picked them up and told them about the place. They find out."

Margo the waitress shouts orders. Harried and dramatic, she flourishes, slaps a prancing queen out of the way, transforms mundane reality into a fabulous scene. Bobby nods towards three crusty youths in leather who stare seductively from their booth. A butch friend joins them, bragging loudly. Bobby knows.

"See 'em? They think they're straight. The game means nothing but money, says they, and the rest . . . well, they don't care too much for it. Yeah? Bull! Hustlers today, trade tomorrow. Some are yokels, in from the farm. They fall hard, get took 'cause they don't know nothing. But they catch on quick and take over."

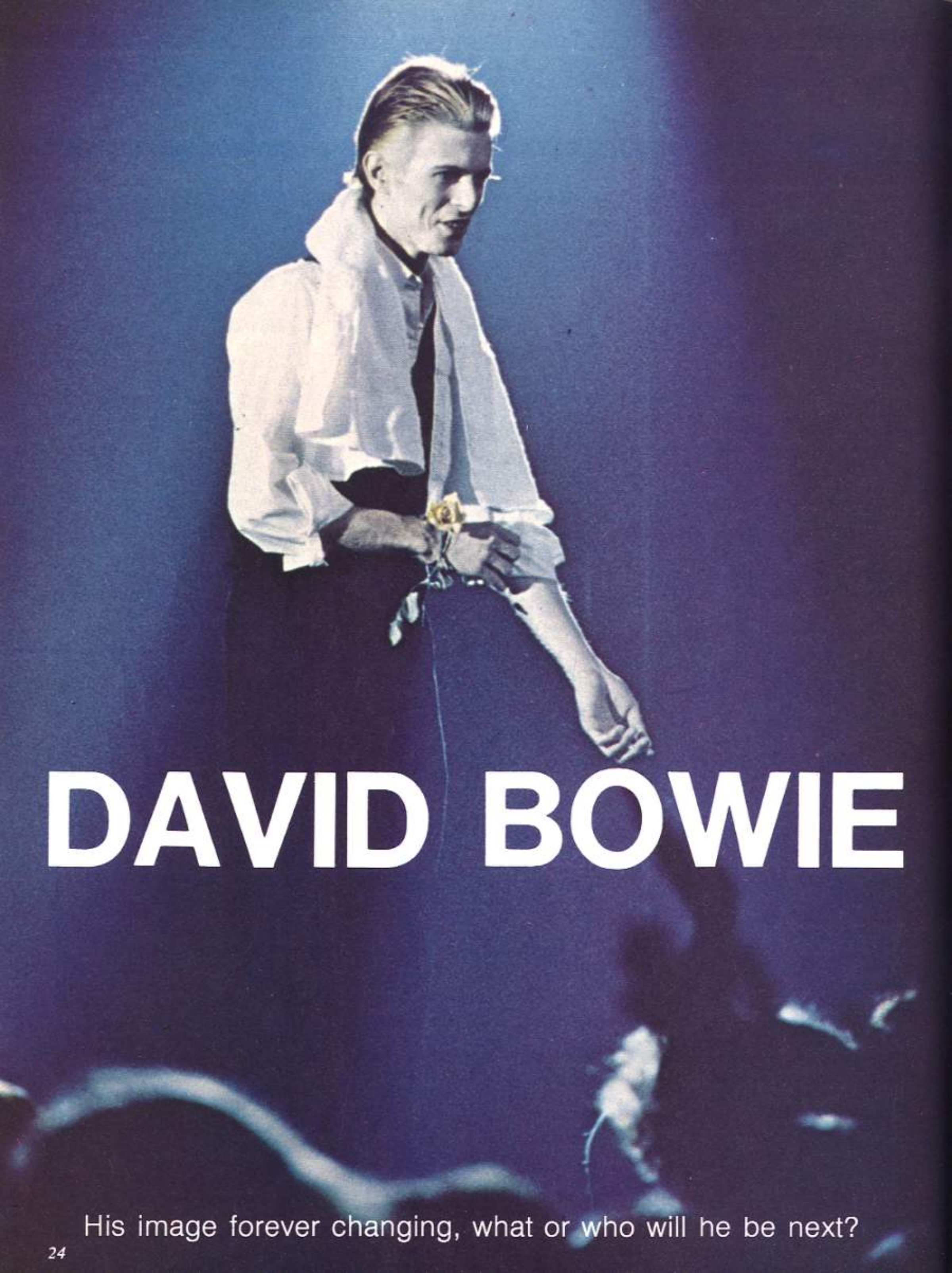
In perpetual motion, a parade of flesh marches back and forth between door and backroom where pinballs clang their aggressive chorus. Pants applied with spray guns exhibit the proverbial hardware. Handsome young faces display ancient eyes. A lofty aquine black scoops two busty girls into his arms. Even ladies try their luck here. Adonis, spectacular in faded jeans and ripped T-shirt sweeps by. Heads turn in awe, but snap back instantly. Bobby has seen him there a lot.

"He's one of the beauties. Thinks Cecil B. DeMille still lives in Hollywood, waiting to find him. He looks forward to a starring role in the remake of "Queen of Queens." While he waits he pays the bills by coming here."

A dark, middle-aged john sits on Bobby's free side and begins his line. He is intense but gentle, Bobby needs the work. Screams erupt from a corner booth.

Two lovers go at it with desperate glee, ripping silky shirts. With

(continued on page 83)



DAVID BOWIE

His image forever changing, what or who will he be next?



Words & Pictures by Dagmar

Who is he? His image is forever changing. He has been called a male impersonator. That's amusing. A schizo. That's less amusing. A chameleon. Well, he certainly doesn't blend into the background! As for the talk about his split personality: I don't think it's split. He is playing with us, for us. Let's not forget that he himself said, "I am an actor, impersonating a rock star." All the different roles he plays are just aspects of his multi-faceted personality, extensions of David. With every change of image he signalled another step in his development. His fans could hardly keep up with him. They would show up at his concerts

as passe look-alikes. And finally make bets what his next hair color would be. But you can never anticipate Bowie. He still manages to surprise us. And we love it.

Everything about him is sexy. Sensitive hands. Fragile body. By no means weak. The strength and power are there, where he wants them. His eyes are beautiful and strange. Odd coloring. He focuses on infinity. Maybe, when he looked into the mirror as a small boy, the strangeness of his eyes triggered his fascination with space. Ziggy Stardust . . . and his ultimate fantasy, "The Man Who Fell To Earth." The male-female signals he sends out simply attract everyone. Male and female.

He surely smiled at Elton's public confession of bisexuality last fall.

He's been married to Angie for a long time now. They have a cute little son, named Zowie. Angie still looks very much like David. Visconti said they look like each other in drag. And then there's the story about that boutique in London, where Angie bought two suits (designed by Kansai Yamamoto, who later made all his costumes) for Bowie, after trying them on — "We have the same bodies" she said. And all the time the salesgirl thought that Bowie himself had been in the store.

On stage Bowie uses mime techniques he learned at the beginning of his acting career. He even has variations of songs, like "Panic in Detroit," where he boxes in red gloves with an imaginary opponent. One night I saw him win, exhausted, perspiring; the next night he didn't want to fight. Defeated before the start, he took off the gloves. It made the audience cry.

The "reincarnation of Judy Garland" (as he has been called in England) can look frail and vulnerable, but he's really tough. His own strictest critic, he works to exhaustion and expects the same from his musicians. During rehearsals for a new show or record, he goes without food and sleep for days. No wonder he collapsed on stage at Radio City Music Hall. And did it so well that most of the audience thought it was part of the act!

Backstage he is shy and quiet, distrusting the press. But he's warm and friendly with his fans (sorry, they call themselves "devotees" I was told in Philadelphia during his concert at the Tower there). He can discuss nail polish with one girl, hug another, lightly touch a boy who's been sitting in rapt admiration of his idol and make him cry. Ecstasy.

Liz Taylor met him after a concert in Los Angeles. She hadn't managed to get backstage during intermission because of the crowd. But when she did, she asked for an autograph. He was embarrassed she paid so much attention to him. They talked film — his second passion after music — and he gave her some of his records. She told him how impressed she was with his work. He was pleased, and rightfully so. He has accomplished quite a lot.

Born in Brixton, England, a suburb of London, not really poor, but not rich either. He dropped out of high school to study sax and

Buddhism, tried to work as a commercial advertising artist, but gave up and turned to music instead. His first band was called "David Jones and the Lower Third." He dropped the "Jones" to avoid confusion with another D.J. and called his band "David Bowie and the Buzz." Playing mostly blues. Bob Dylan was his great inspiration and idol then.

He's come far since his first LP (a solo venture after the band fell apart), "Love You Till Tuesday." "Honky Dory" caught all the critics' ears and praise. But it was surpassed by "Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars." He was called a genius and the "Elvis of the '70s."

That was in '72, the year he started touring with the Spiders and played Carnegie Hall, wearing the kind of costumes that revealed everything and made people ask whether "it"

was real. ("It is" says a reliable source.) On stage he performed near-fellatio on lead guitarist Mick Ronson (via his guitar, which Bowie played with his lips, kneeling in front of Mick). The erotic vibes sent out to the audience were absolutely tangible.

In February of '73 he played two nights at Radio City Music Hall. The wall of people standing, packing the aisles to the stage, was so impenetrable that even the tough New York ushers gave up trying. There was more make-up in the audience than on the stage. Bowie's costumes were incredible, and became forerunners of fashion. Like the patterned tights, cut off at the thighs, and without feet. Yamamoto sat in the first row, wearing an outrageous red fake fur coat, smiling at his fashion-show-show on stage.

Bowie would have given more concerts, but there was always a time problem. He doesn't fly. Simply refuses to. He only travels long distances by train or boat. By train he went to Russia, an event immortalized by photographer Lee (yes, 3 e's) Childers, on the Red Square. They almost got arrested there, probably doing something forbidden

For a while he was very much preoccupied with the thought of a Rock Star dying on stage — being torn apart by fans or simply being electrocuted. He feels he's a likely candidate. "Rock and Roll Suicide" echoes his mental confrontation with death. Then came the day when Bowie announced he was retiring. No more tours.

When he returned to the stage, his image had changed once more. No more make-up, an austere stage, lit only with blinding white lights. He performs in a spotlight, a yellow rose, tossed to him by a fan, tied around his left wrist. And 20,000 sit spellbound. It's Madison Square Garden. And he did it again.

Even though he has not toured for awhile and his film got mixed reviews, he remains a Star. Distant, mysterious, a little frightening, yet shining, intriguing and fascinating.

What or who will he be next?

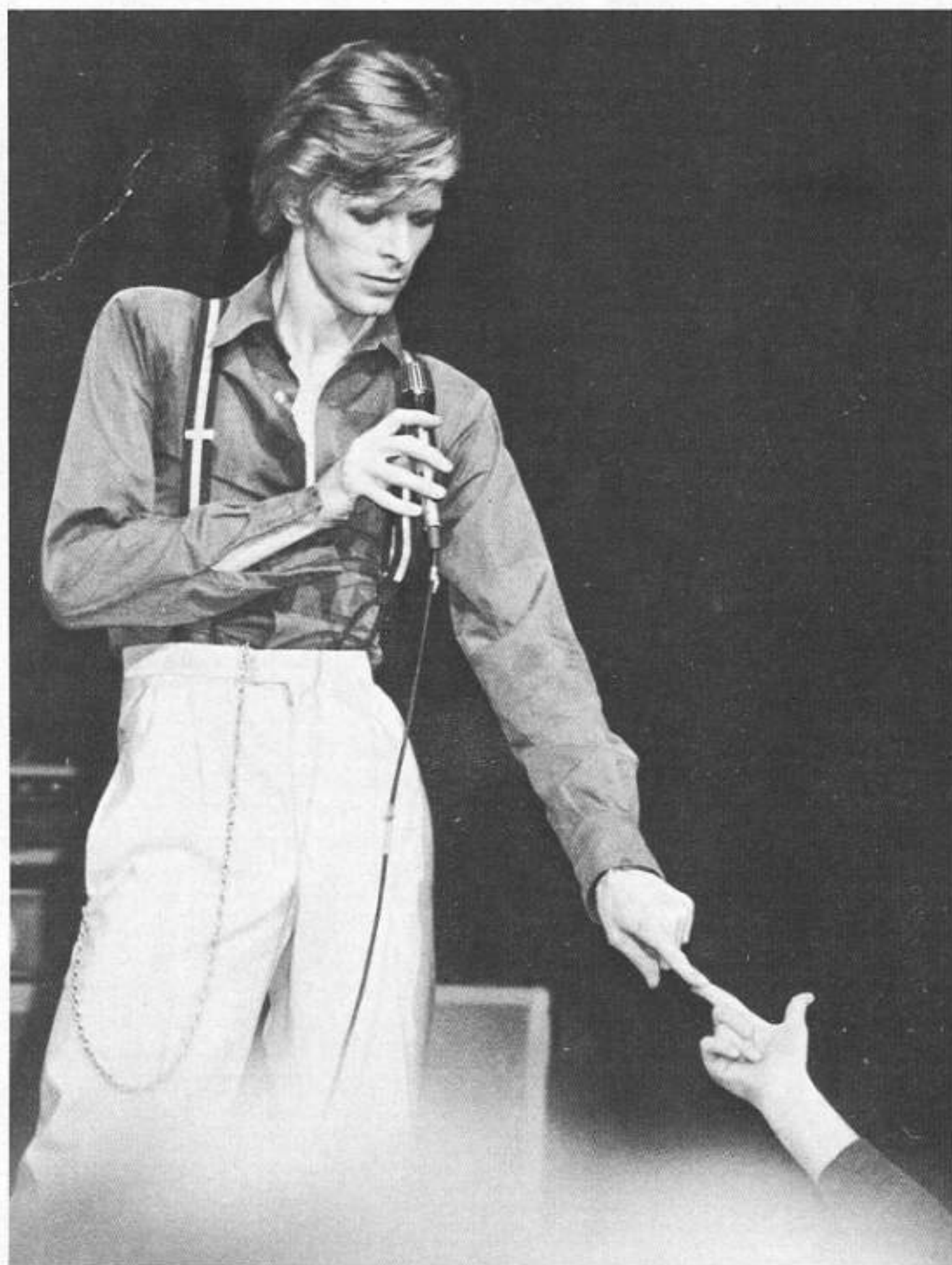
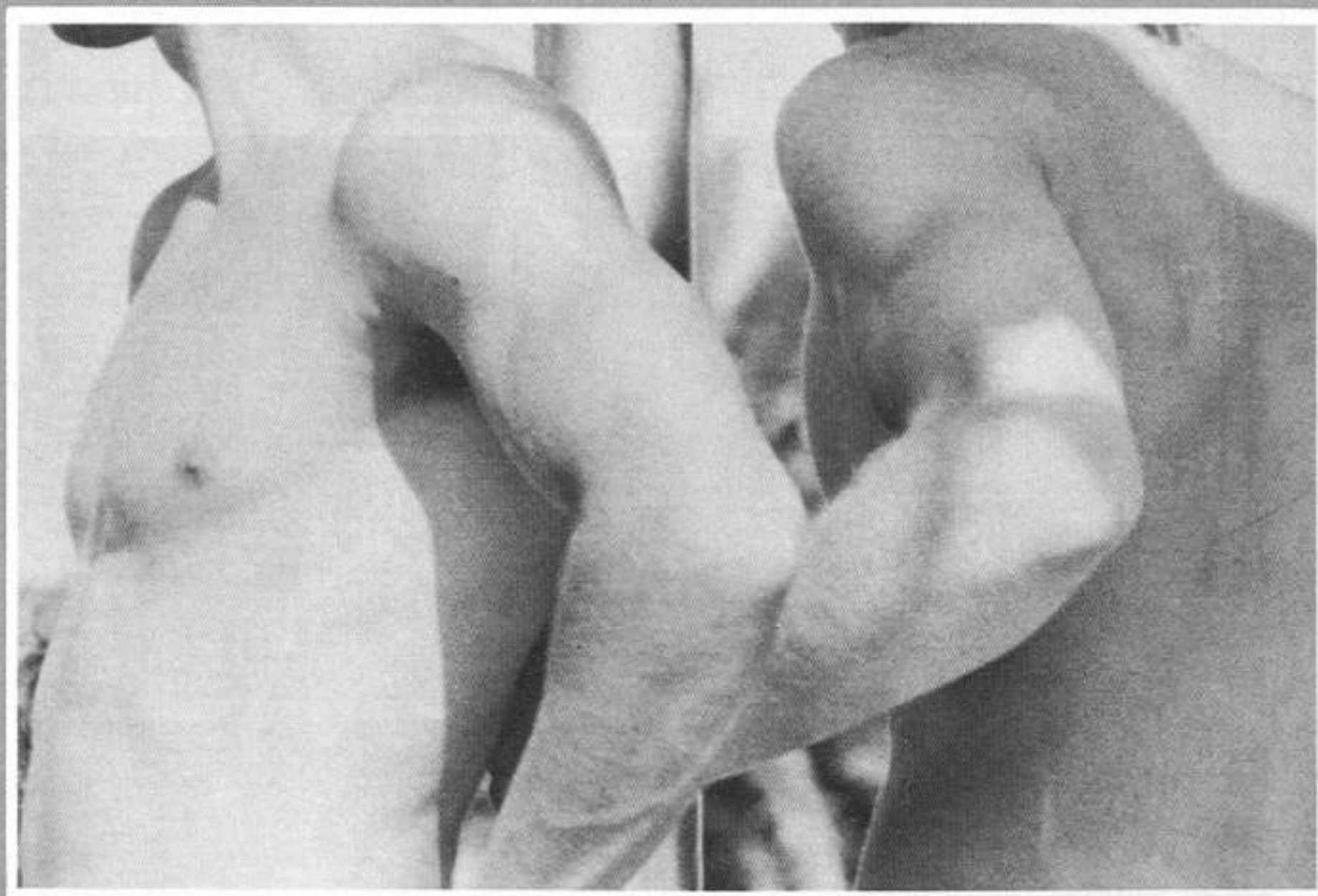


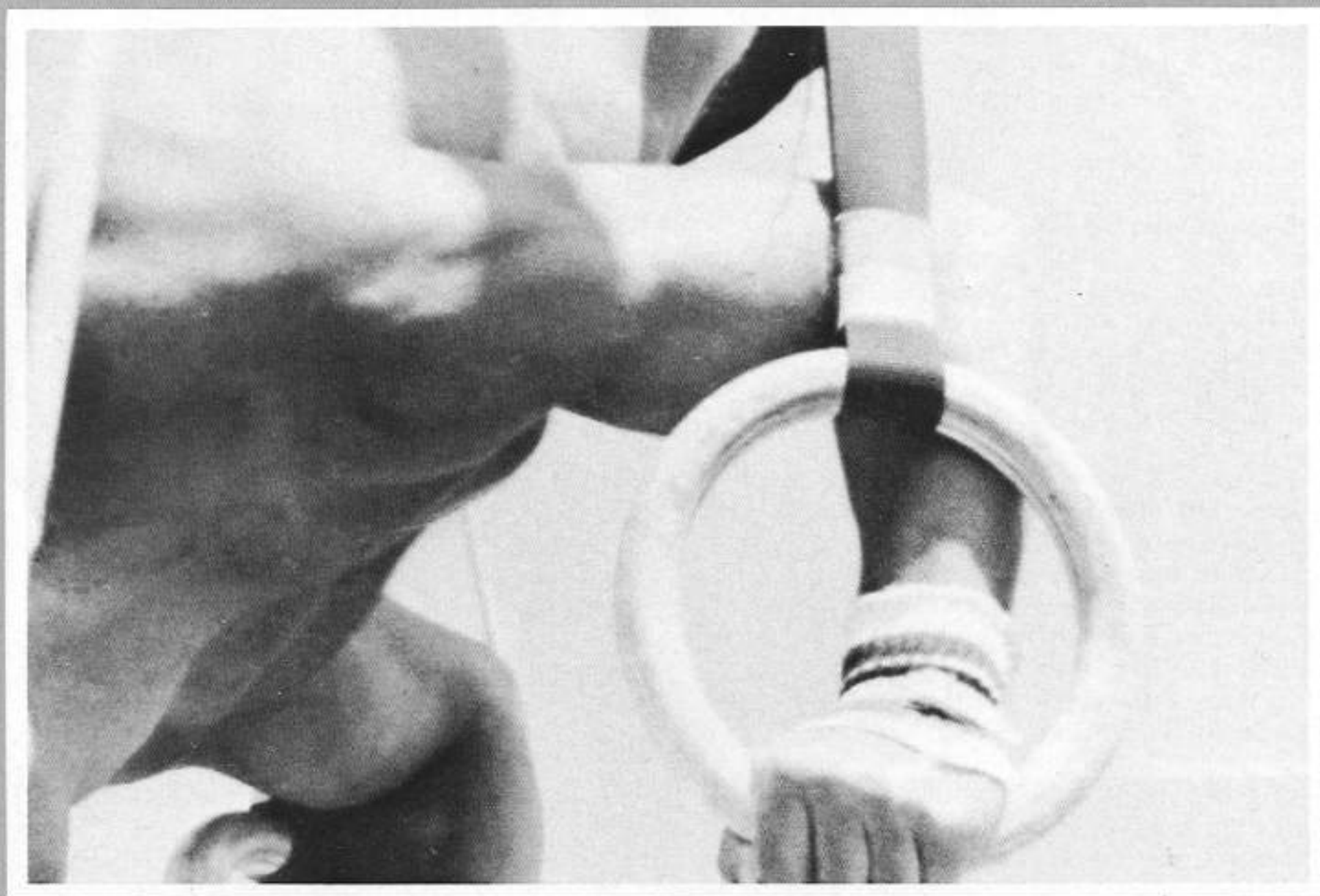
Photo by John Michael Cox Jr.

GYMNASTS TOGETHER

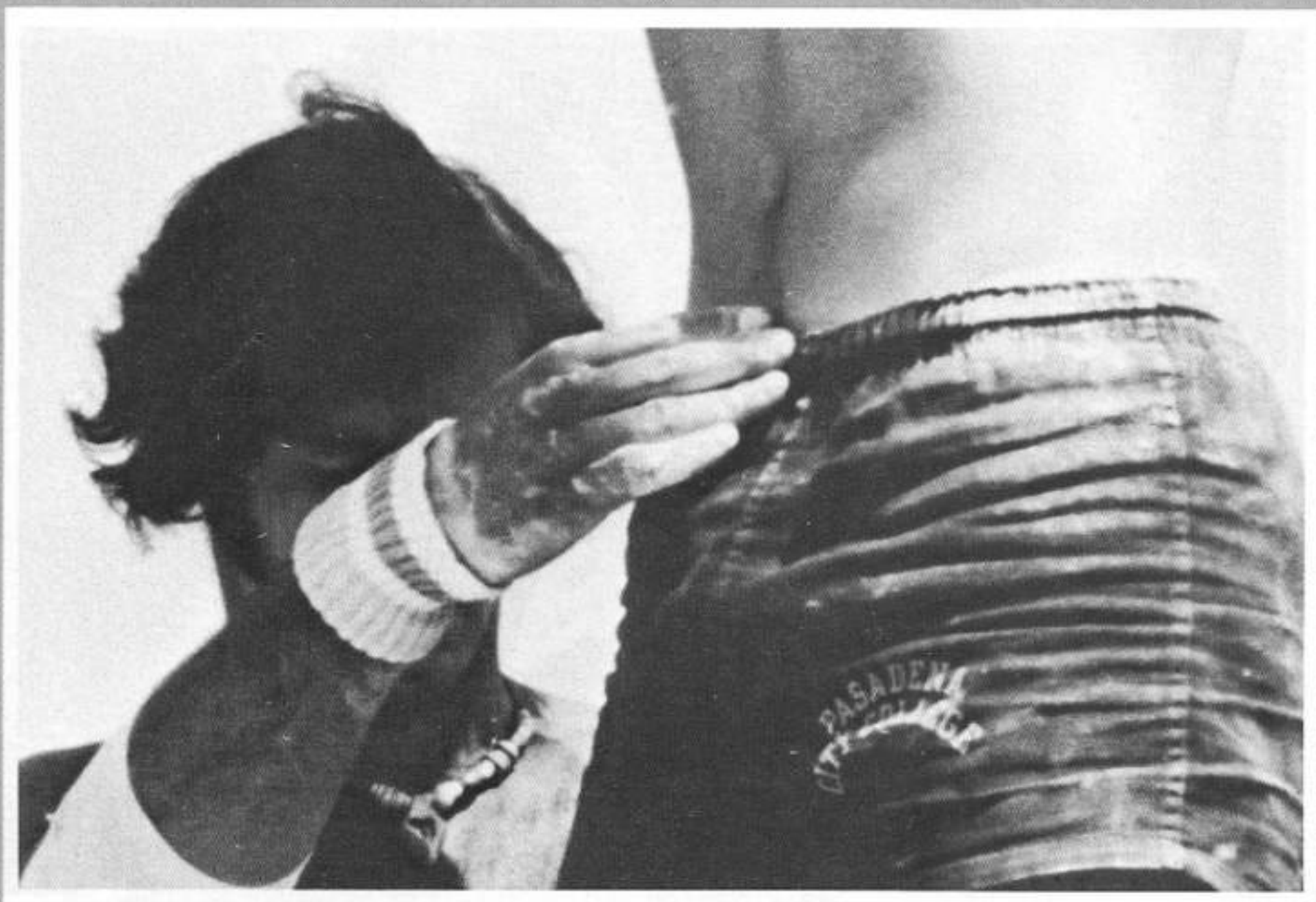


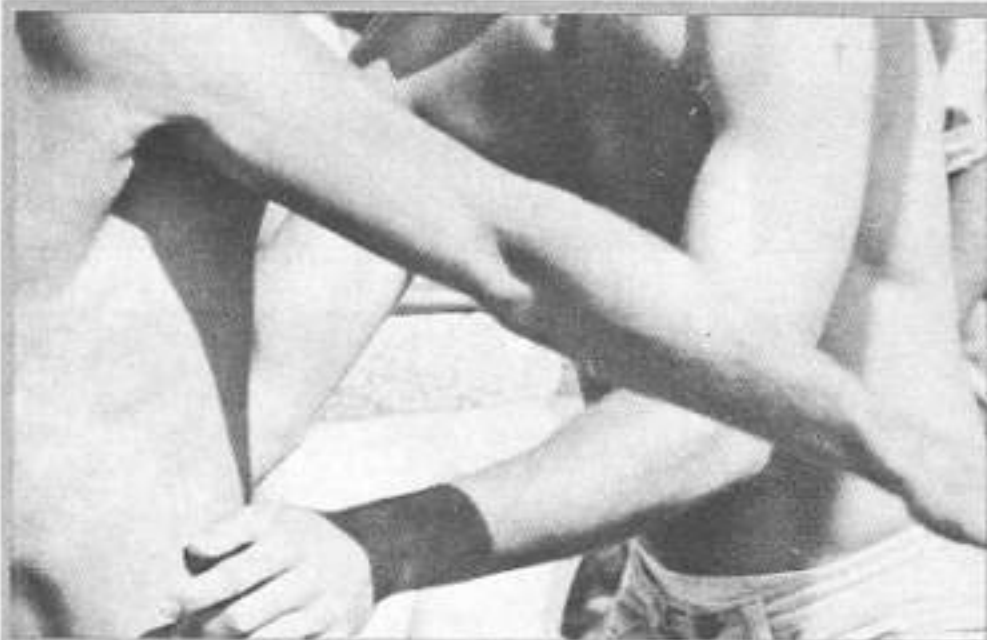
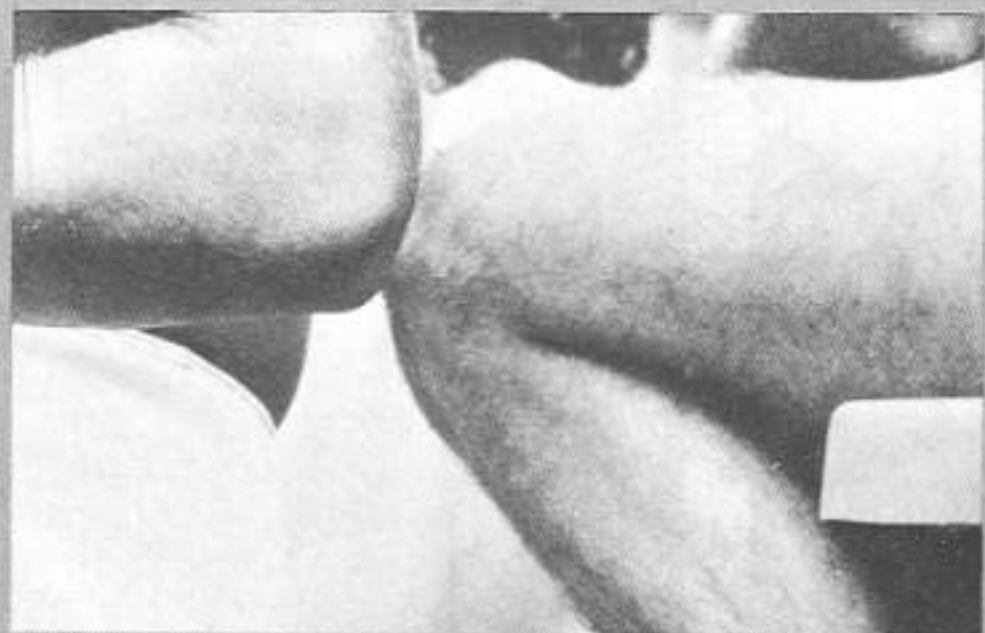
Photography by John Coons

Every year they come together on the beach at Santa Monica to show their stuff. Gymnasts. Young, fit, and most of all, friends. This year *IN TOUCH* was there to capture the elusive world of athletes together. Touching. Helping one another. Gymnasts together.









VANCOUVER

CANADA



Words & Pictures by Richard Savage

"This country's turning into a buggery club!" That's what some Conservatives screamed when the liberal prime minister, Pierre Trudeau, introduced his consenting adults law in parliament years ago. But with Gallic indifference he persisted and the public either agreed or didn't give a

damn. The majority simply shrugged it off and Her Majesty's first minister created no more real controversy than he would have by proclaiming Pickle Week.

When it was put to a vote, either the opponents were suddenly converted or they whiffed the air around the ballot boxes and Trudeau's

remark that "the state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation" became law as well as axiom. Closet doors were cracked wide from Newfoundland to the Yukon. The solitary trapper freezing in the far bush could kiss his dog without first checking the outhouse for the RCMP; a tugboat skipper could ball

the cabin boy without making waves; and ordinary guys could shut the door behind them, get it on and not worry about archaic, puritanical statutes that had left them previously vulnerable to blackmail, harassment and sociological guilt.

Even before this, there weren't enough fruit salts (excuse me) in Canada to quiet the rumblings in Vancouver and one man dared do something about it. Gangling, loud, witty, brash, unpredictable Randy Knight stormed the police stations, bowled over opposition and brazenly opened the first gay club, The August. He did it with hatpins and sealing wax, damned little money and one hell of a lot of balls. More than anyone else, he gave gays a new sense of identity and became the Carrie Nation of the K.Y. Set.

Now middle-aged, retired and afflicted with a surface respectability, he remains the one man whom gays have to thank for their liberation, not that many of them care. Forget windy apologists, wordy aesthetes and psalm singing militants. They're the rear guard, active as they are in Vancouver. Randy carried the banner in a parade of one while the rest of us closed the shutters and served tea. When lighting a candle in Canada, baby, stick up a long, hard one for Randy Knight.

Vancouver has since gained a place as the Mecca of the West. For years old Birk's clock at Granville and Georgia was the city's raunchy rendezvous. Hustlers would stand under it, waiting for someone to drive up and nod an invitation. Then it was around to the alley, settle the price, agree on the action and split. Things aren't the same any more. The cheap stuff has moved its curb service and the higher priced ass in blazers and business suits has all but disappeared from hotel bars. It used to be the Georgia, Devonshire or Hotel Vancouver but not any more. Sure, you may run into the hundred-bucks-a-throw trick on the rare occasion but don't count on it. Those were the guys who made their living on their stomachs and are now as passe as spats or high button shoes. Hustling has scattered, hit the streets, like a handful of buckshot dropped on a marble floor.

Half that old hundred bills used to be for the bod, half for discretion. It just isn't necessary any more. In a way it's too bad. They were talented professionals who knew how to walk,

talk, listen well, empathize and thoroughly satisfy. Many were masculine geishas and served well. There was rarely a need to smuggle them in the back door or usher them out of it. They had a pride in their work and no matter what they might have been thinking, one was always made to feel wanted. Now he's lucky if he's made to feel tolerated.

So where's the action now? Well, the Dance Machine (a semi-gay disco) attracts not only available gays but often willing straights (usually for a price, of course) who haggle around the \$20 mark. With the old pro you knew what you were getting: versatility. Many of these guys can't even pronounce the word and you may end up with a wooden Indian whose entire inventory of delights begins and ends as he lies and looks at the ceiling.



Street prowlers, shop window dawdlers and intense young men propping up buildings are common to every city everywhere but for quick pickups it's MacDonald's on Granville. These are the bargain basement kids who have newly arrived, may be broke, playing hookey, runaways, or either climbing up the ladder or slipping down it. Most have less conversational ability than a turtle but provide a last resort sex when the sidewalks curl with boredom. Some are nice guys who are pushing the panic button; some are castoff chicken; some are dirt trade. Most all are unfortunately uneducated and suffocatingly shallow. Many are looking for an easy ripoff and it's

wise not to let them know too much, see too much or hear too much.

And unless you have a credit card at the VD clinic, remember that all the meat under this Big Mac's golden arches is not government inspected, 100 per cent pure! Think about those old government training films and if you must, siphon some petrol from the nearest Jeep and douche.

Unless it's cold enough to freeze the nuts off a Volkswagen, Third Beach and Kits Beach may jolt you with their frankness. That movement behind a log is more likely to be a threesome than a wildebeest settling down for a snooze. Al Bowie held a job he detested for six years so that he could waddle down at lunch and take his binoculars!

Vancouver is quite literally one of the world's beautiful cities, vibrant, stretching toward cosmopolitanism and excitingly varied. A lean-hipped wrangler from the Cariboo rubs shoulders with a turbaned Sikh; a baroness in chinchilla buys the same perfume at Hudson's Bay as does a sleek, high fashion model in a cashmere shawl.

Scenically, Vancouver is ideal unless you hit the rainy season and can't find the islands for the heavy dew. The Pacific Ocean washes along miles of beach where incredibly attractive people admire each other and themselves in the summer sun. (Wreck Beach is nude and if you could rent out the bushes on the hill you'd be rolling in gelt.) The northern sky is held up by high mountains and to the east lies a rich and fertile plain. Often in December one can stroll in slacks and sweater along the shore and not be more than 20 minutes away from where skiers are racing down hundreds of inches of snow or tucking into hot rum toddies in front of a crackling fireplace.

Most tourists head first for Gastown. That's where the city was born a hundred years ago and is now a combination of rested charm, delightfully unique restaurants at low prices, boutiques and specialty shops. That's on the one hand. On the other, there's the Times Square syndrome: East Indian junk, panhandlers and rummies stumbling up the gutter. Time was when the kid selling jewelry from a tray on the street had crafted it himself. Now most of them are hawking Hong Kong trash and looking the other way when you ask about it. For

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MONTREAL

CANADA

By Timothy E. Taylor



In 1535, the handsome French explorer Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence River and became the first white man to visit what is now Montreal. He was surprised to find a large settlement of Indians in the midst of some very festive celebrations. Not one to be left out of things, he and his crew joined in the fun. Montrealers have been celebrating with visitors ever since.

Considered one of the three most beautiful cities on the continent (along with New Orleans and San Francisco) Montreal has an international reputation for its fine food, its friendly people and its warm European ambience. Montreal is the

largest French-speaking city (three million) in the world after Paris, and according to the newspaper, *Gay Montreal*, there are 500,000 Montrealers of "gay" persuasion. So, there's plenty to choose from. And you needn't worry about the language barrier. Most gays here speak English and, even if they don't — your high school French, some sign language and "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?" will suffice.

The heart of the city is the corner of Peel and Ste-Catherine, Montreal's answer to Times Square, though not nearly as raunchy. Montreal couldn't be laid out more conveniently to suit the gay visitor. Virtually every bar, disco restaurant or

cafe that's any fun is located within a few blocks of this corner.

The Peel Pub, on the northwest corner, is a gay tavern that sells beer only, and is packed to the rafters every night, with a few bewildered straight businessmen thrown in for good measure. Further up Peel Street is PJ's Cabaret — one of Montreal's oldest gay bars featuring nightly dragshows. Tacky, but fun. Nearby, at 1225A Crescent Street, is Androgyny, Montreal's only gay bookstore. Gay-owned and operated, and the perfect place if you have any questions.

The park near Peel and Ste-Catherine is called Dominion Square and it's an oasis of greenery in the

concrete jungle. In winter, it's desolate; in summer it's very cruisy all hours and is the early gay meeting place before the bars. It's also the late gay meeting spot after the bars. Late in Montreal is very late indeed. The discos close at 6 a.m.!! A popular after-hours restaurant is the Briton restaurant on Ste-Catherine near Guy Street. Cecile, who's been a waitress there for 20 years, is the darling of the after-hours set and a legend in her own time.

Not far from Dominion Square are two of Montreal's more expensive hotels. The Chateau Champlain, adjoining the park, is Canada's tallest hotel and resembles a Swiss cheese. There is also the Hotel Bonaventure with its spectacular roof-top gardens and year-round outdoor swimming pool. (A hot air pocket is suspended over the water which permits swimming even in sub-zero temperatures.) Some very beautiful people splash around in that pool. The hotel shares the pool with a health club next-door. The club itself isn't gay, but some of the members are ready, willing, and able. The Hotel Bonaventure is right on top of Place Bonaventure, an immense shopping concourse which is part of Montreal's "Underground City" (more on that later). Thousands of people wander through daily, but weekday afternoons are best. Stick around long enough and you're bound to meet some dashing young Frenchman who'll show you 'round the town.

Le Vieux Montreal, the city's historic and old quarter, is a must. Don't miss the Notre Dame Church with its goldleaf and gold trinkets sent by Louis XIV of France. Around the corner is the Chateau de Ramezay, where Benjamin Franklin spent an occasional evening. Seriously, if you do like churches, Montreal is the place for you. There are over 400 churches in Greater Montreal — more churches than in Rome!!

Plan to spend at least a day or so in this part of town as there is lots to see and do. On Ste-Helene Street, the first YMCA in North America was founded in 1851. It's no longer there, but the new one on Drummond Street, if one can call that tired old building new, is still very popular with gay visitors. Most of the action is on the top floors, so govern yourselves accordingly. Insist on having a good view. You will — both inside your room and out!

Back in Old Montreal, in Victoria

Square to be exact, stands a statue of Queen Victoria as a young queen. Mercifully, the jokes about that poor, green statue are finally dying down. While you're there take a look at the Art Nouveau fencing near the subway entrance; a gift to Montreal from Paris at the turn of the century. A few blocks from Place Victoria is the Sailor's Church topped by a statue of the Virgin Mary facing the waterfront. However, you would be hard-pressed to find a sailor there now. You would be better off at the Neptune Tavern on rue de la Commune, a quaint rustic old place, that is the headquarters for several of Montreal's bicycle clubs like the Iron Cross or Kimo. They all look tough, but they're very friendly. The more leather you wear in this place, the more popular you'll be.

The heart of Old Montreal is Place Jacques Cartier, bounded by



cobblestone streets, outdoor cafes and beautiful boys. A very popular area for gays and straights. No actual "gay bars" per se, but the beautiful boys do abound and subtle eye contact is the order of the day.

Most Montreal gay bars and discos are located on Stanley Street, one block west of Peel along Ste-Catherine Street, which is the main drag. There's something for every one on Stanley Street. For the leather-and-denim crowd, there are two floors of Trux, located at 1424 Stanley. In the same building, but downstairs, Le Mystique, a quiet piano bar. Actually, not so quiet. It's always crowded. Sunday afternoons are absolute body-to-body crush. You'll love it.

Further down the street on Stanley is all disco. Le Jardin, at 1258 Stanley, is the current favorite, an excellent light show, top disco sound

system and for men only. Right beside it is the Limelight, Canada's No. 1 disco. The Limelight attracts a mixed crowd (gay and straight) and most of them are very young (16-23). Right beside the Limelight is Hollywood, which is for both gay men and women, but there are more of the latter. A few feet down the street is the Lorelei (mixed), the Cabaret Milord (gay) and the Rendez-vous Bar (gay).

Two other popular bars are on Ste-Catherine Street itself. At 2112 Ste-Catherine is the Rose Rouge which attracts an older crowd. At 968 Ste-Catherine is Studio 1, another popular disco which stays open until 6 a.m. on the weekend. (The Limelight also stays open until 6.) No admission charge at any of the bars, except the Limelight (\$1-\$3).

The bath scene in Montreal is very quiet thanks to fires and to the raids of the Montreal Police Department. Only two baths are open as I write this. The Crystal on St. Denis, isn't very much fun. No orgy room and all doors must be locked at all times. You cruise the corridors or you don't cruise at all. There is also the Colonial Baths on Colonial Street which is overpriced. Admission is \$8 for a roomette. Attracts a seedy older crowd. There is the occasional exception, of course, but you're taking a chance.

The two best bets for outdoor cruising (besides Dominion Square) are Lafontaine Park in the east-end or Mount-Royal in the heart of the city. If you get tired walking around Lafontaine Park (it's huge), there's a bar called the "1160" across the street at 1160 Sherbrooke Street East. It's very gay and very French. As for Mt. Royal, it's not the entire mountain, but only certain parts that are actually cruisy. They're called the Swish Alps. Where are they exactly? It's a closely-guarded secret. Find out when you get here.

Also in the east-end, not far from Lafontaine Park, is St. Denis Street, Montreal's bohemian Latin quarter, an area very popular with the French college crowd. Some of the city's best French restaurants, cafes, boutiques and art galleries line this street along with the curved exterior staircases in front of many buildings. These staircases are unique to Montreal. They were very common half a century ago and allowed for separate entrances to each floor while providing greater space inside. They also

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TORONTO

CANADA

By Bryan Crown

Dear Otis,
I promised to give you the lowdown on Toronto before you come for that long overdue visit.

Toronto isn't a big city, but for its size it's great. We're in a running battle with Montreal for the dubious honor of being Canada's largest city but, as you know, size isn't everything. The total population is about three million. The gay population is estimated at nearly 500,000. That's probably a bit high; 400,000 is more like it.

In any case, it beats Kinsey's one-in-ten all to hell. There must be a reason for it. Probably the biggest and best is the free-and-easy lifestyle we can have and the freedom from hassles by officialdom. In short, it's one of the best cities to be gay in. That's not to say that you can make it right on the street . . . there are

Instead of telling you about all the bars, clubs and baths, both good and bad, I'll just fill you in on the hot spots. The best of the discos is The Manatee. It's also the most popular . . . always has been and probably always will be and for all the best



limits in any environment, but it is free from the raids and general harassment gays in other cities experience.

reasons . . . good music, easy atmosphere and lots of beautiful males . . . hot, humpy, hunky; poulet, chicken, rooster. Take your pick!

One humpy to go, please, hold the onion! The Manatee is not the fanciest place, doesn't have a license for booze, which accounts for the under-

18 boys, and can be packed at times to immobilization. It's still number one. They had to close recently for a few weeks to replace the floor . . . we stomped it to pieces. Discos come and go; our Manatee swims on forever.

There are other good ones such as Bimbo's and May Gay, both near The Manatee. Most of the action takes place in this area . . . along Yonge Street between College and Bloor streets. On the fringe of this district is Studio II, a new disco palace with great possibilities. Further south from Studio II is Jo-Jo's, which does have a liquor license and a restaurant on the ground floor called Les Cavaliers. Around 10 p.m., part of the restaurant converts to a piano bar, also very popular. It's too bad they don't give singing lessons though. Indecent assault on your ears can be too much. Charlie's, officially the St. Charles Tavern, is on the ground floor of the May Gay and a friendly watering-place. It's just been redecorated . . . 'bout time, too!

The baths are as packed here as in any city. The Club is good, but the hottest is the Richmond Street Health Emporium, one of the largest steamers on the continent.

Toronto boasts of having the largest percentage of beautiful boys of any city on the continent. Sometimes I believe it's true. They're everywhere. Not all will follow you home, but maybe that's your fault. The subway is very cruisy besides being fast, safe and clean. The best of any. If you like playing out-of-doors, try Queen's Park (around the provincial government buildings) or meet your meat in the ravine at David Balfour Park. It's not as safe as it was once due to a few redneck roughies, but still pretty good on soft summer evenings.

Shopping is great, especially in the Yorkville district. This old village section of the city in the Bloor and Bay streets area has been reborn as an exciting collection of stylish boutiques, art galleries, sidewalk



Photos courtesy Convention & Tourist Bureau of Metropolitan Toronto

cafes and smart hotels. It's also a super place to stroll and cruise the cafe folk or, when your feet give out, vice versa. Shopping is the best in the land . . . a world-wide selection of the last word in fashion and accessories.

In addition to being the business and financial capital of Canada, Toronto is home to a wide variety of arts and entertainment groups. Foremost are a world-class orchestra, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra headed by a young and dynamic music director Andrew Davis, an internationally recognized classical ballet company, the National Ballet of Canada, and the Canadian Opera Company. Other music, dance and theatre groups abound. The city is a major tour stop for continental and international performing arts companies as well as being a proving ground for productions en route to Broadway stages. The Royal Alexandra Theatre, O'Keefe Centre and St. Lawrence Centre headline the list of first class theatres.

By the way, our summers are great and the winters aren't too bad. We do have snow but it doesn't last long in the city. Mind you, in the country it's a different story. You never mentioned that you're into shushing down slippery slopes . . . some of the best in southern Ontario are just an hour away. For water sports we go to one of the city's cruisy pools (especially the Eglinton) or to Toronto Islands. They're in the lake, natch, about a half-mile offshore and we have our own navy (ferries, three of them) for the 20-minute ride. The view of the city is great, the beaches are good and although there's a lot of family picnicking, the gays have sort of taken over a part of the Islands called Hanlan's Point. Ironical, eh? You wouldn't believe the action there. It's hard to stay out of the bushes. Again, a free, easy and warm place to be.

Fortune calls Toronto the most exciting and chic city on the continent. That's high praise considering the competition but I think we can live up to it. The overall lifestyle is a blend of easy excitement and constant turn-on. But you'll have to experience that for yourself. So pack your gear, come on up and enjoy, enjoy! You'll be glad you did.

the 'brotherly love' of THE CHRISTY TWINS

By Jeremy Hughes

Photography by Robert Shaw

Identical twins, they are the quintessential Southern California golden boys

In their hearts of hearts, they are, first, last, and always, surfers. The fact of their twinship, their unique physical relationship, their porno film and modeling careers — all secondary to the feel of the board beneath bare feet, catching the right wave, riding it to glory. And, to their many fans, for Tim and Chris Christy it is strictly type-casting.

Just turned 23, sandy blond-haired, blue-eyed, 5'11", about 150 well-moulded pounds (Chris, the older, carries a few pounds less than Tim), broad-shouldered and narrow-waisted, fresh, open-minded, bright, single rings on both their right ring fingers, animated, quick to smile and laugh, born and bred with the sound of surf in their ears: unquestionably the quintessential Southern California golden boys.

Their start in films came about, as a matter of fact, when they were asked to contribute their expertise to the authenticity of a surfing film then in its work-print stage. The next step was into the technical end of filmmaking as water cameramen, then the inevitable move into performing itself: both together in such features and loops as *Everything Goes*, *Incest: Brotherly Love*, *Busy Bodies*, *Pleasure Point* and *Twin Reflections* and Tim (without Chris) in *Station to Station* and the more recent *Star Trick*.

Inseparable for the first 21 years of their lives, they are no longer together. But until they reached their majority, from the time of their conception, they lived in the closest intimacy, an intimacy even most

other twin brothers would have difficulty conceptualizing. Reviews of their films, reporting such plot devices as "the Christy twins open the picture in each other's arms and orifices and spend the next 21 minutes in brotherly love," conclude that "the twins never let up . . . in their obvious passion for each other."

Assigned to interview them, cautioned only to avoid any direct questions regarding their mutual sexual inclinations or activities, I first did a little research on identical twins (which they are, except that Chris has slightly smaller eyes and a pronounced rightward curve to his cock). Learning that they developed from the same fertilized egg and have exactly the same set of hereditary genes, are of the same intelligence and with similar interests and abilities, I determined to test out their perceptions of each other.

The procedure I adopted was to interview each separately, taping their answers to an identical set of questions. Nothing unusual in that, except that I specified they have no contact between the two interviews (not difficult, as Chris was down at San Diego State, studying marine biology), and, as an extension of the standard interviewing technique, asked each how he predicted his twin would respond to the questions.

(Editor's Note: As set up below, each twin's own answers are set in regular typeface, with his hypothesized answers as to how his brother would answer set in italics. Tim's answers are on the left, Chris's on the right.)

IT: What do you like best about yourself?

TIM

(after a long pause) Well, I would say being physically fit, because with being physically fit you can attack any problem that comes along.

Chris would say something to do with being, uh, open-minded. Sort of take people as they are.

IT: What do you like least about yourself?

TIM

My greatest fault is not thinking things out totally, and concentrating on the specific thing for a long time . . . so I don't get the best out of the situation at the time, whether it's school or other people or a job.

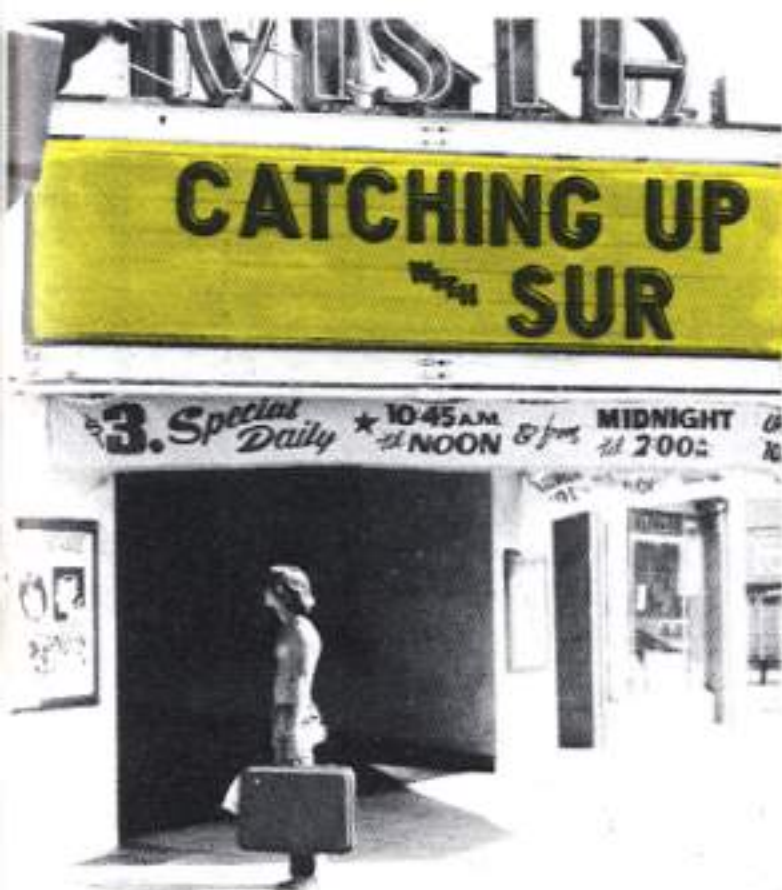
I would say the same thing. My brother Chris is, I think, a little less mature than I am . . . He would say he doesn't think out things to the point where he gets total comprehension of what is happening at the time.

IT: What do you like best about your twin brother?

TIM

That Chris is willing to try anything and everything that comes along, and he's usually pretty liberal in his thinking. He's just open-minded.

That I'm willing to give a helping hand. It doesn't matter what, and for how many times it's happened in the past. I still help him out.



CHRIS

Tim would probably say his free-thinking. He's willing to try anything.

That would take a couple of days, to think that one out. (long pause) Well, my openness to try anything, whether I like it or not.

CHRIS

He wishes he was a little bit more forward and not let people just run over him. I know he'd want to push a lot more. But he's improving tremendously, compared with what he used to do.

I've got a semi-inferiority complex, which I'm coming out of . . . willing not to go with the usual crowd, what society's thinking. I have to learn to think things out, if they are right or wrong for me, not for what other people are thinking.

CHRIS

That I'm not so scatterbrained about doing something, that I think things out more. I'm more of a solid person in that aspect. I do things, knowing the consequences.

Tim is so apt to try and please people, and do what they want to do. And he's so much into that, that that's what I really like about him, that he's really considerate of people. And he worries a lot about them.



IT: What do you like least about your twin brother?

TIM

That he doesn't think things out. He gets himself into binds where he could get out of them if he just used his head. And also he's a little more nervous than I am. He's jittery.

I used to irritate Chris, by doing stupid things, making faces, doing weird things, faces or sounds, just bugging him. Y'know, we had our own bedroom, for us to live in, and I used to just get on his bad side.

IT: What is your favorite time of day?

TIM

Morning. Early morning. Because the color of the day, I think, is about the richest it can get. In L.A., naturally, it's a lot clearer. It's sort of like a crystal clear type thing, because there's no smog in the morning — hardly any.

Chris would say the morning, too. We surf a lot, and that's the best time.

IT: What is your favorite way of dressing?

TIM

Completely casual. Like those Mexican white cloth pants, linen I think, and a loose shirt like this, no buttons, you don't have to worry about buttons. All you gotta do is worry about thread and a needle to sew up any rips.

I would say the same for Chris. But if society today was the way it should be, it would be hardly any clothes at all. Completely naked.

CHRIS

Tim would probably say that I'm too closed-minded. I won't see his side of the idea, and go my own way, and it pisses him off, sometimes.

Tim is too scatterbrained. He's got to get a little bit more on the track. People take advantage, and that's what I don't like to see. I like to see him more forceful.

CHRIS

I'd say Tim'd say it'd be the morning — but also the night. He likes the morning, to get up and go surfing or something like that. But he likes the night, too. He likes to do a lot of partying.

Morning. Basically it just seems quieter, and a lot fresher. The day hasn't grown old. Plus that's the time I like to get out in the water. There's no one around.

CHRIS

I don't think Tim would probably want to wear too much. Probably a bathing suit, if he had to wear something.

Probably nothing. Y'know, that's the only way to do it. I mean, the body's nice. You can't beat it!



IT: What is your ambition, the biggest goal in your life?

TIM

Just to live comfortable. I don't need anything expensive. To have a house of my own in the mountains and one on the beach. I'm into surfing and skiing, so then I could go skiing in the wintertime and surfing or scuba-diving in the summertime.

Chris's goal in life would be to have himself a house on the beach, and music, and a comfortable life, where you don't have to rely on anything, or much of anything. To lead more of a free life.

IT: What do you like to do to pass the time? Any hobbies?

TIM

I like to make things out of driftwood. I'm getting into photography now, but that's very expensive. I like interior design. A hobby of mine is going through shops and looking at things.

Chris likes art. Not painting, but crafts. He does a lot of things with shells, and just handicrafts. And, when he has time, he's into macrame.

IT: What has been the high point of your life so far?

TIM

Belonging to a Beach Club! We've belonged to a beach club ever since we were ten pounds, and we got to just do what we liked, like you always do when you're kids, when you don't have to worry about anything. No, I guess the highest point would be my brother! Because I always had somebody to play with, and it was more or less like two pups growing up, nothing but fights and playing around.

For Chris, maybe moving down to San Diego. Yeah. That was the first time, about a year ago, that he moved down there, to college, that he was really on his own . . . and the first time out is always the best experience.

IT: And how about the lowest point so far in your young life?

TIM

I bought a boat, and it was in sad shape. It had dry rot all over it, and we had to sand off four, five layers of paint. It was a mess! So I said, "Oh, Chris, wouldja help me out? Try to sell it for me?" And he had a helluva time trying to sell that fucking boat!

Trying to sell that boat was probably Chris's low point! He end-

CHRIS

Tim's big goal would probably be to get enough cash where he could be on the water, and also have enough cash to go skiing as much as he could, with no problems. He likes both.

Just to be happy with what I'm doin', which, right now, is being as close as I can to the water. Love water. Don't care what I do.

CHRIS

Tim likes surfing, scuba-diving. And woodwork. We both like to work with our hands a lot. My problem is we've been separated for a while, and I'm not too sure what he's into right now.

I'm making sort of like reliefs, with shells. I take a lot of shells, and get a piece of driftwood, and I make designs . . . I make mobiles. I'd like to do some coral work.

CHRIS

Tim would probably say the same as I, that it was meeting our manager, Vince.

Meeting our manager, Vince. He's given me direction, knowing what I want to do. Before I met Vince I was just in my teens, up in the air. Now I'm getting a lot more mature in my thoughts. It's been a very dramatic turning point in my life.

CHRIS

I can think of a lot of Tim's low points. His lowest point was probably a purchase he made on a sailboat. It took him a year to get out of that one!

Last November. In September I moved out of the house for the first time away, to go to school in San Diego. I wanted to do it all by

ed up giving it away. And he was just in misery. That was his low!

IT: What makes you laugh?

TIM

Anything. Anything! Feeling good. Watching people. Just anything.

Chris would say about the same.

IT: O.K., so what makes you cry?

TIM

Seeing someone in a really bad situation — I'm referring to movies and things like that, because I haven't seen too much in my life that made me cry. People in distress, generally.

The same thing with Chris.

myself, to be free. So I've been living on \$160 a month, going to school and washing dishes in a restaurant.

CHRIS

Tim would say the same as I. I'd bet he said the same thing on that.

Anything. Anything that comes up stupid. If someone laughs at it, and I don't think it's funny, I'll laugh at it just to laugh.

CHRIS

Tim would cry if someone he likes took advantage of him. Because he likes everybody. And he just can't stand it. And that's making him more not to trust other people so much.

People who have taken advantage of me, where I felt for the person. Someone hurting you like that. Someone dying that I'm really close to. That's obvious.

Reviews said they "open the picture in each other's arms and orifices and spend the next 21 minutes in brotherly love."



IT: Is there anything that really bugs you, sends you up the wall?

TIM

People being inconsiderate of other people. People trying to get on other people's backs for things that are totally irrelevant.

Chris gets bugged by seeing people abuse other people's privileges,

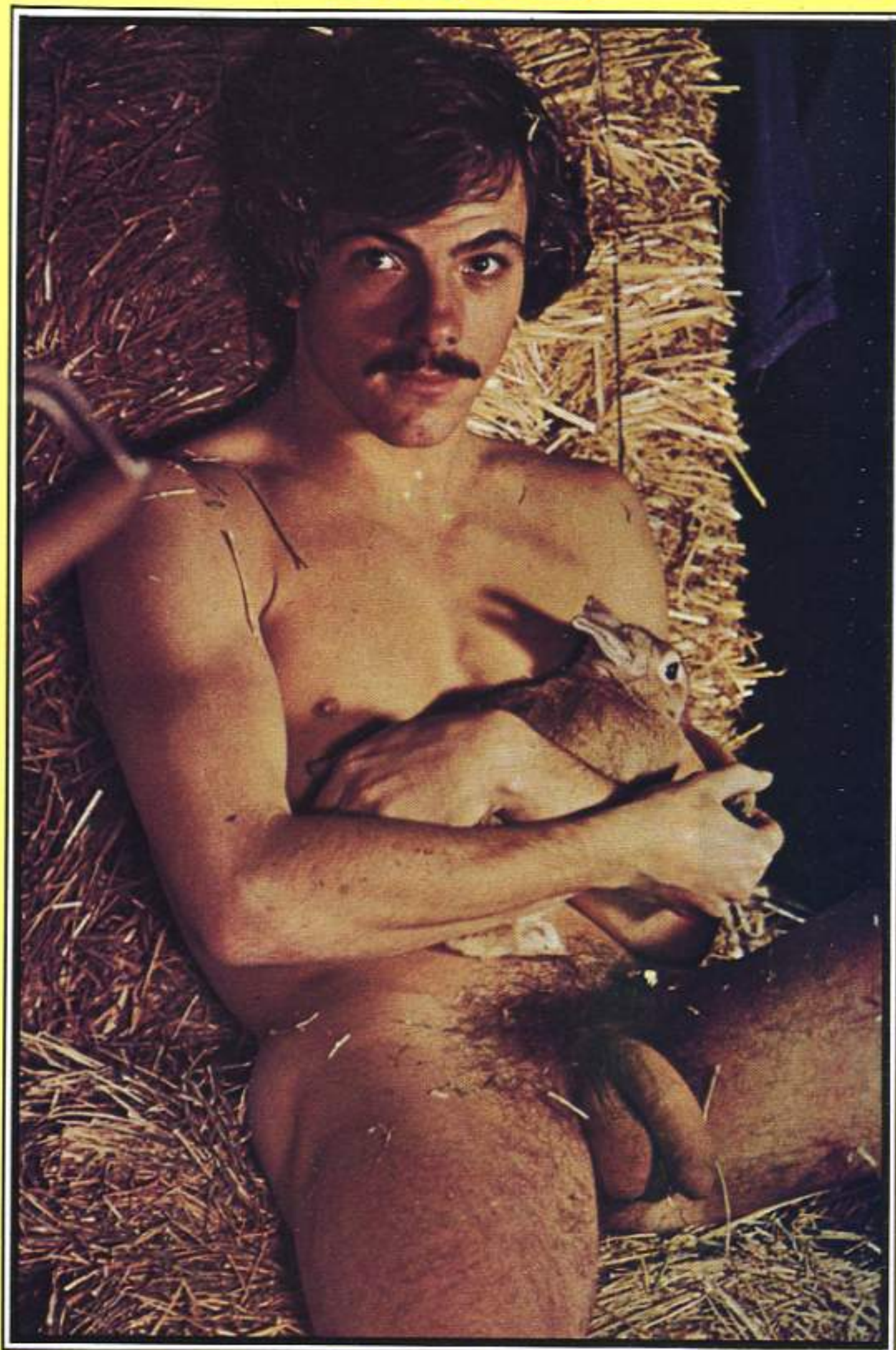
CHRIS

Well, Tim has trouble with people takin' advantage of him. I'd say it'd be people who take advantage of him, and having no reason to do it. Just to do it.

Ego trips. People that have a high,

(continued on page 70)

'BLUE'

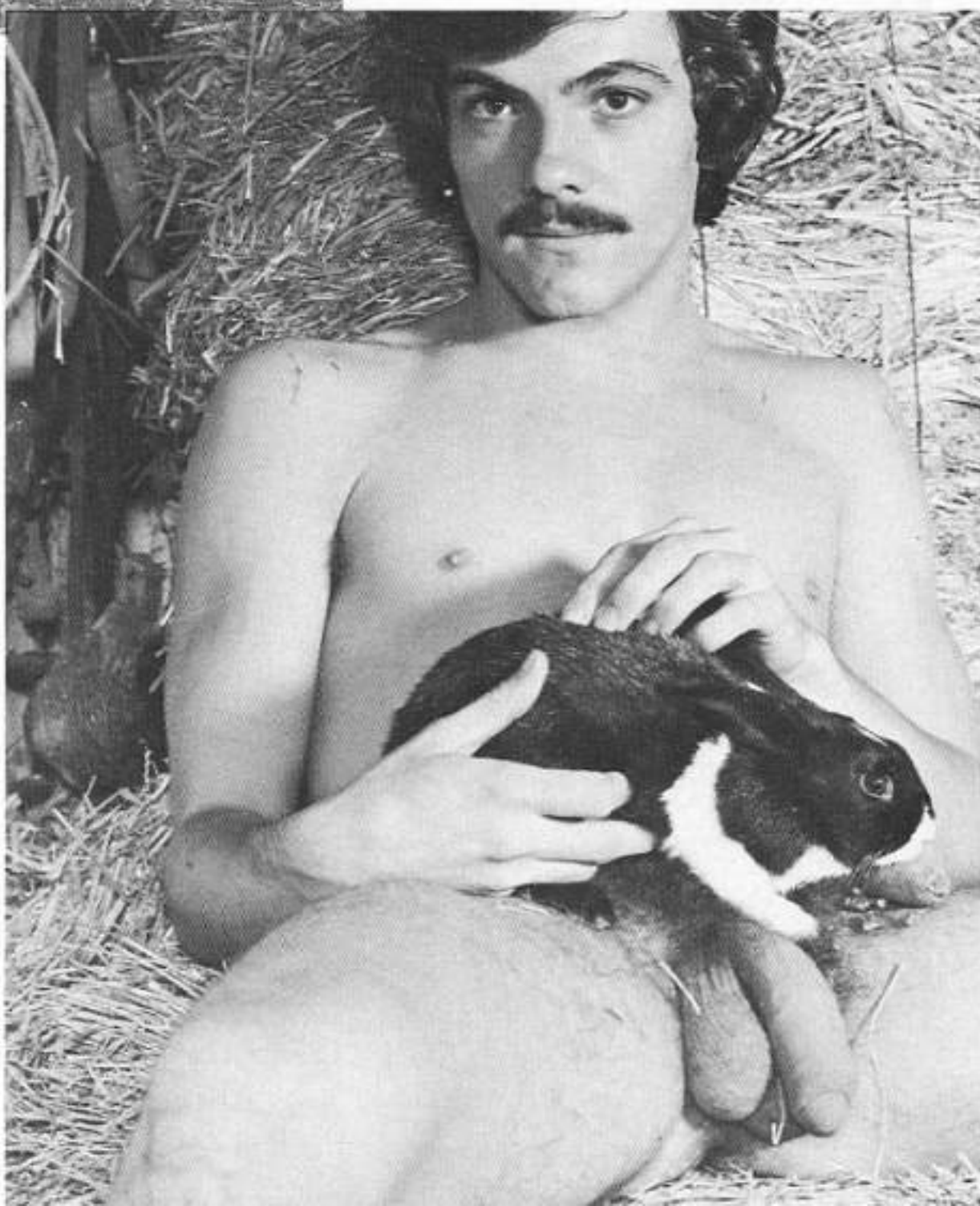
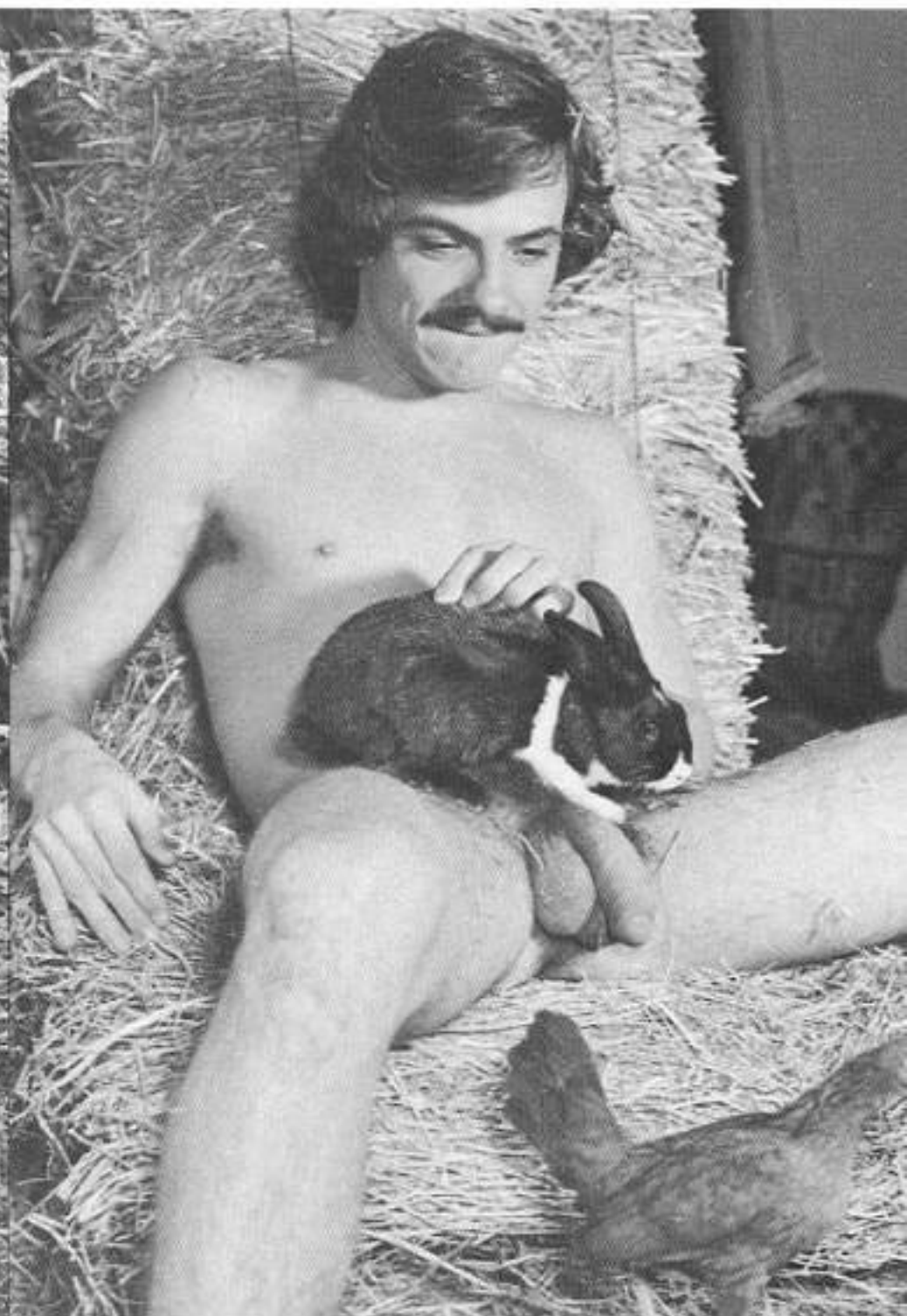
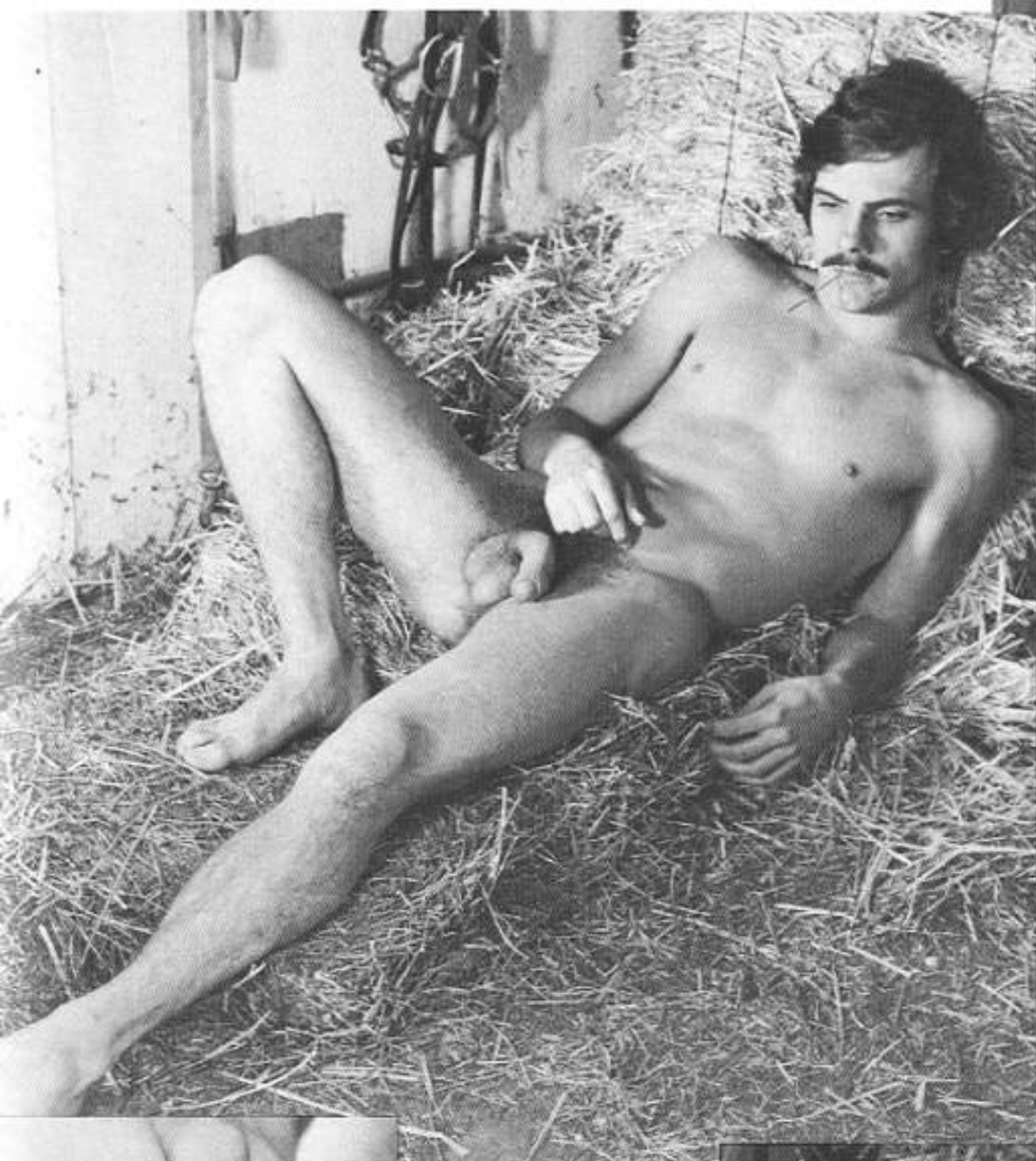


Photography by Hy Chase

His name's Steve, but they called him "Blue" when he was growing up on the farms of Tennessee and Kentucky. He was a hay baler and stripped tobacco and sang in a gospel chorus. A 21-year-old Sagittarius, he's a brown-eyed relaxed kind of guy who likes to lay back and watch TV or go to the movies. And when that's done, he wants lots of sex.













PEOPLEPEOPLEPEOPLEPEO

Doug Latimer

Words & Pictures by Richard Savage

He was just 18 and all he realized before falling backward into darkness was that someone was cutting his throat.

It was a damned good thing that young Doug Latimer couldn't see what was happening to him, that nature has a way of shocking us into insensibility when the pain would be too much to bear.

He had been riding home on his motorcycle when a van changed lanes and smashed into him, ending the joyful sense of youth that had been so much a part of him. Ugly as it is to tell, he had swallowed his tongue and a medic was slicing into his neck to let him breathe again. No anaesthetic, no drugs, no time. But it saved his life even though he wouldn't know it until he came out of the coma six weeks later.

His entire right leg was shattered, splintered. Operation followed operation; muscles were removed and rejoined; others rebuilt; bones grafted; plastic surgery used to cover it all up. He spent six months in a hospital bed, six more months in a rehab center learning to walk again, talk again, deal with the brain damage and find a way to beat it.

The psychological factors scarred as deeply as the wounds to his body. He became remote, hesitant to speak, acutely sensitive to any indication that someone was patronizing him, pitying him or minutely impatient with his slowness to respond. Modern medical science saved his life but it was a native gift of character that saved his mind: guts. He looked at the others around him who would never walk again and he thanked God that he wasn't going to be one of them. He listened to the incomprehensible sounds that others made and determined that he'd speak again, think again, and with a new definiteness, a cogent precision.

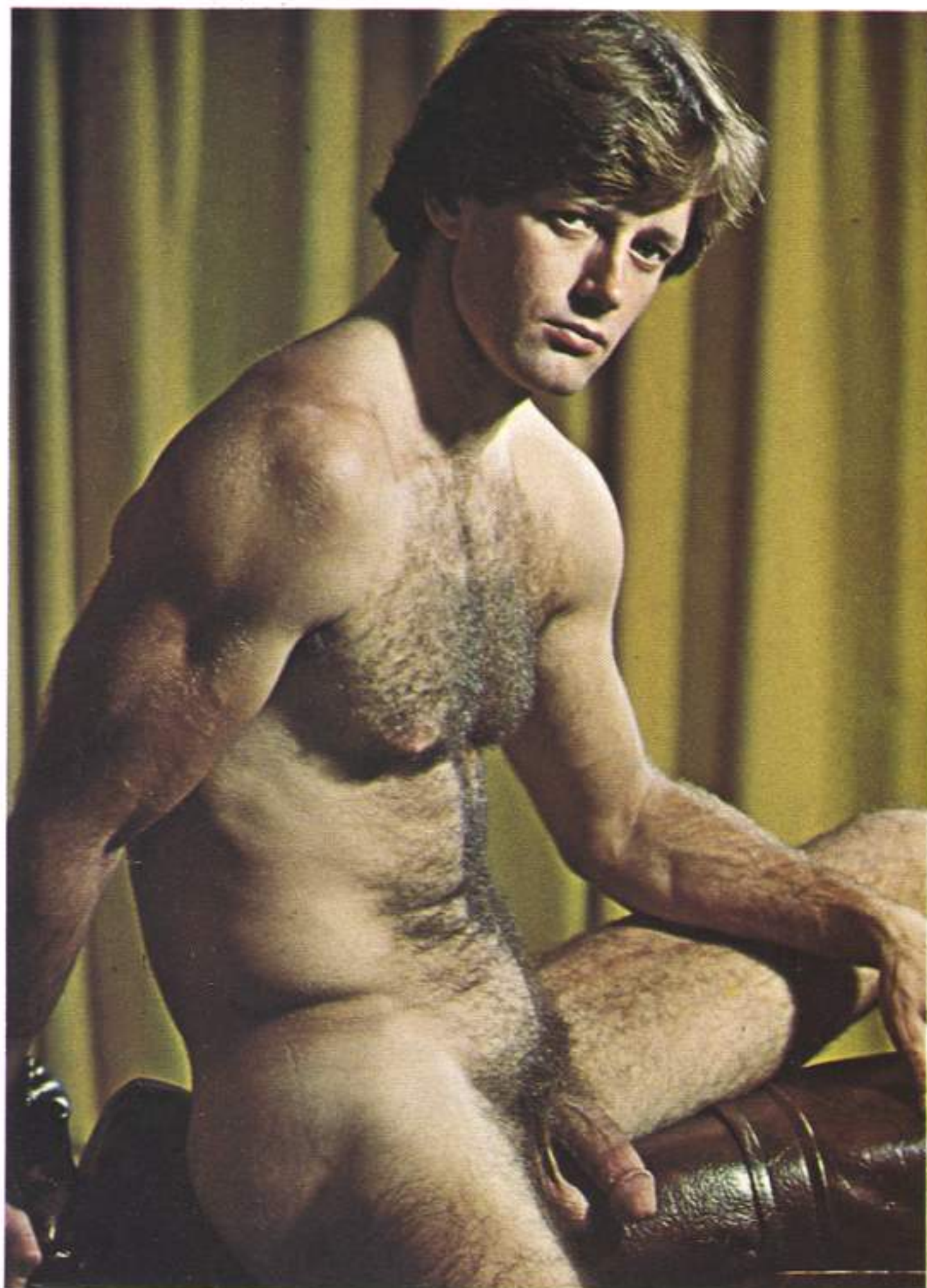
Did he succeed? Now, eight years later at the age of 26, what is Doug Latimer doing? What kind of man is he?

Well, for one thing he has just returned to his home in Vancouver, British Columbia, after pedalling a 10-speed 4,500 miles to Montreal for the Olympics. He has overcome all the handicaps without any trace of bitterness, beaten all the physical assaults that were slugged at him.

He's one of the busiest actors and models in western Canada. He has finished one film and signed for another, *Last Stop to Nowhere*. Full-page pictures of him grin from ads in top magazines and papers. He's back at the university working toward his degree in physical education; coaches a soccer club; teaches swimming and water polo and plays Rugby, football and tennis.

When he strips there's nothing about his muscular body to advertise the pain through which it was put. When he speaks, there's nothing to hint at the years of patient effort he spent alone coaxing his mind back from the disaster into which it could have fallen.

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Reg Reidel

Words & Pictures by James Armstrong

Meet Reg Reidel and—when you have become accustomed to his blonde good looks and genuine charm, your first, deeper impression is of his wonderful calm. The longer you're with him, the harder it is to imagine him ever getting into a real flap about anything. Armageddon could burst loose at his feet and he would only frown earnestly and purse his lips and say with quiet purpose, "Now what shall we do about this? Ah. I know . . ."

It's impossible to visualize him losing either temper or cool, and, indeed, his quiet, happy completeness seems to envelope you, too. A rare and magical gift. Of course, some part of it may spring from an awareness that he is also blessed with more than the ordinary measure of good fortune.

Undoubtedly this calm core enabled him to survive with equanimity the catastrophic end of his 19-year career as a dancer and with no particular trauma (on the contrary, with a high sense of adventure and anticipation) and move easily into the entirely different way of life which his Luck laid at the foot of his hospital bed.

Born in Poland of mostly Polish-German father and a mainly French mother, he and his family survived World War II and settled in Dusseldorf. Until high school he seemed dedicated to zoology, or at least to some kind of career as a naturalist, for his love and fascination for animals manifested itself very early. Indeed, it has never waned. But a girlfriend introduced him to ballet.

Tall, handsome and talented, he was an early member of Maurice Bejart's company, then a principal dancer with the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet. After 9 years, classical discipline palled and he became fascinated by the glitter and money of Europe's big nightclub shows. He became a star of Paris' Moulin Rouge, the most lavish and prestigious nightclub in Europe. With its casts of thousands and feathers and sequins he toured Europe, the Middle East and South America. During all this time, there was still time for animals . . . in and out of the act.

"One of our big tableaux was a Cambodian number with lots of pointed hats and curly shoes and gold silk, and in it two oriental princes (me and Ross, my lover, who's a big brunette) would fight over an oriental beauty in pearls and long fingernails. You know . . . flashing scimitars and leaps and rolling eyes. Then we did an adagio with her (lifts, to you!), and after that



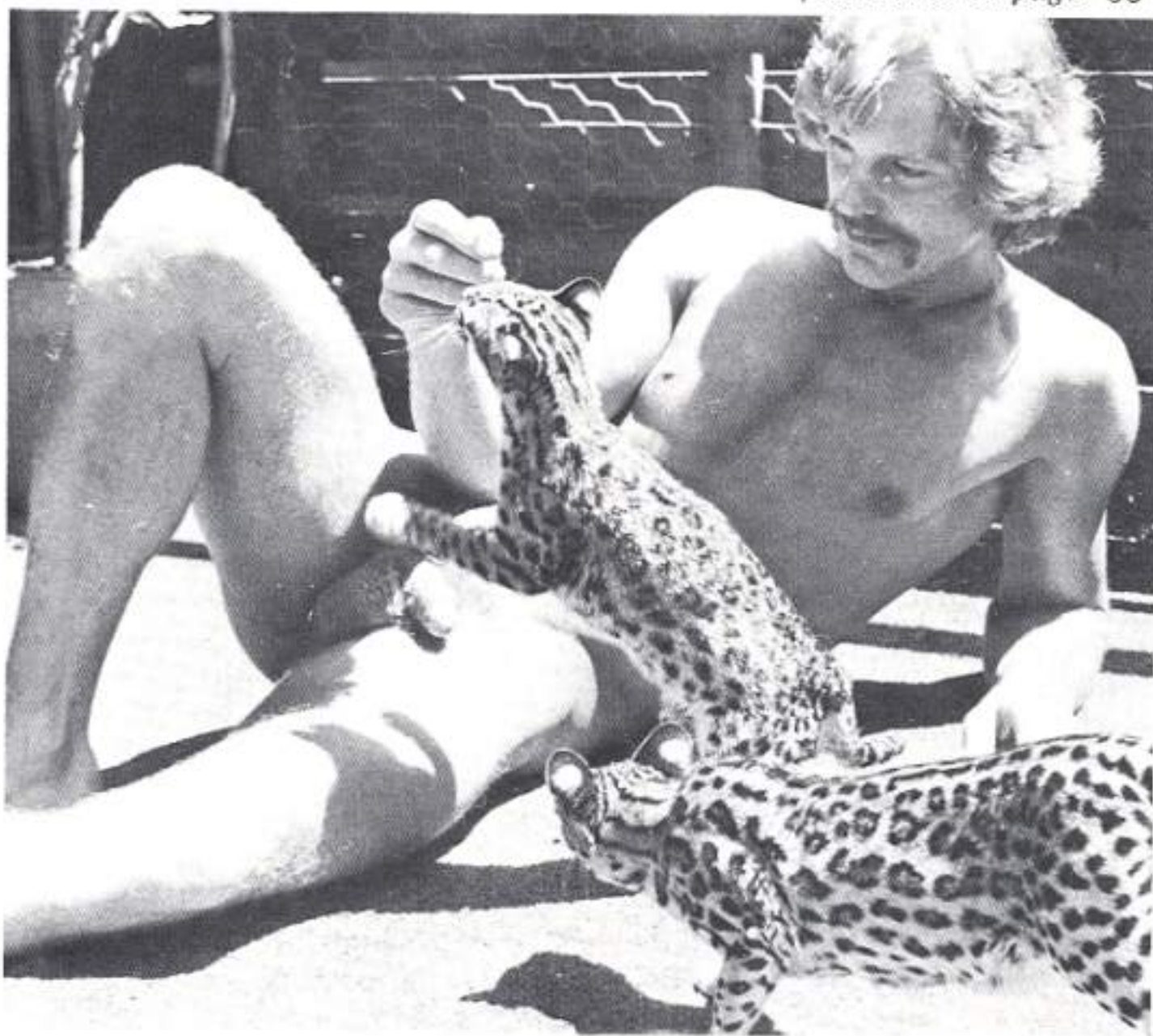
slaves rolled in this big gold cage with this lion in it. We then did a scene with the lion. It didn't make much sense, but never mind. It was very impressive! The lion liked me

well enough (most cats do), but he was lazy and hard to work with. One night he just didn't feel in the mood and walked backwards till he fell off the platform into the audience. Oh, my! People were screaming . . . Well, I quickly took his tail and hauled him back. He didn't like that too much and roared at me, and then people really began to scream!" Reg threw back his head and laughed heartily at the recollection. "Oh, it was most marvelous! Then he tried to take my leg in his mouth . . . really more or less playing — but I had to be very careful, because you know there is a very fine point where play turns into aggression. But I could handle him, and I did."

It was while touring with the Moulin Rouge in Brazil that Reg acquired the pair of ocelots (the rare, small variety) which are still with him, and have just produced their first offspring — triplets, which is very rare indeed for ocelots.

Back in Paris, the Moulin Rouge was visited by Don Arden, probably the best-known Las Vegas showman. Probably inevitably, Reg and his lover wound up in Las Vegas, the lead dancers in "Hallelujah Hollywood," at The MGM Grand. The salary was very good, and it was delightful to buy a home and stay put and fill it with animals. But two shows a night, seven nights a week, is a lot.

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Tom Cooper

By Dick Sheppard

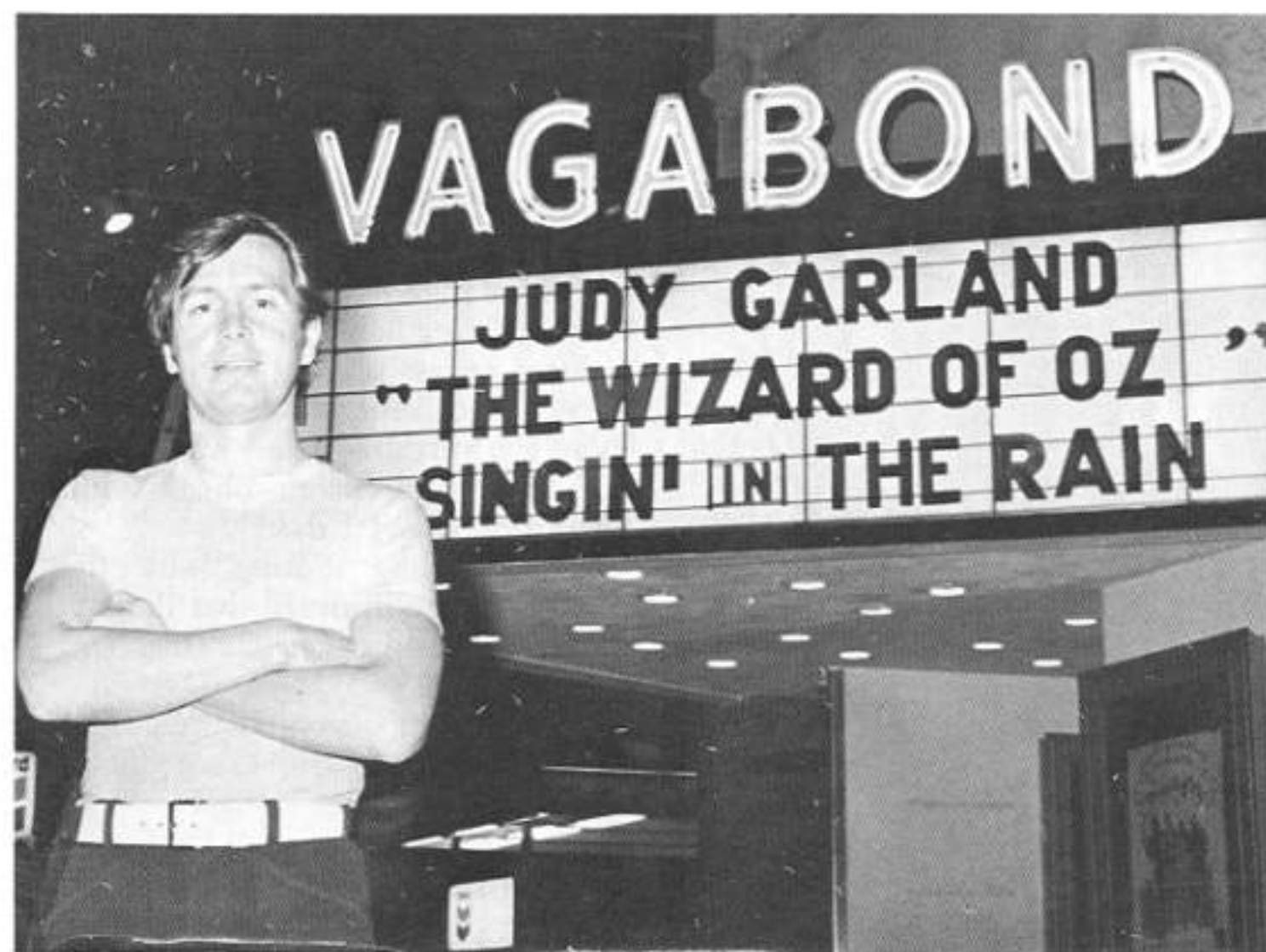


Photo by Charlie Airwaves

Are you fed up with movies on TV which are chopped and butchered, riddled with idiotic commercials, their impact further weakened by manifold domestic distractions, frequently distorted from their original dimensions, and subject to washed-out color projection? Who isn't?

Cable TV is a partial answer. A better one, after a triumphant year as a going concern, is the 345-seat Vagabond Theatre at 2509 Wilshire Blvd. in Los Angeles. It's the brainchild and consuming passion of actor-singer Tom Cooper, who bet a lifelong love of films and a \$30,000 initial investment against all the wiseacres who assured him that "Los Angeles wouldn't support this kind of revival house."

The poor Vagabond had been limping along with occasional reissues, foreign films, and porno, and was at last gasp. Both walls of the theater are decorated with a vast mural depicting the famed "Odessa Steps" massacre sequence from *Potemkin*, and at this point, that central screaming lady (who spooks people who don't know who she is) seemed to be hollering for help.

Cooper got his money together, took a long-term lease, put down a security deposit, had the theater almost completely repainted, installed a new sound system, repaired the projectors, and had the marquee overhauled. Additional money was needed as he programmed

for three months and handed over the minimum boxoffice guarantees required by various distributors. In October, 1975, he opened with *Weekend in Havana* (Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda) and *The Mark of Zorro* (Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell). He credits his obtaining of exclusive L.A. area rights to the package of classic Selznick films (*Rebecca*, *Spellbound*, *Duel in the Sun*, etc.) for really getting the operation off the ground. Subsequent results: brisk business, a growing reputation, and an ever-increasing core group of loyal Vagabond patrons.

So what makes the Vagabond so special? Other L.A. theaters show older films. Yes, well . . . one theatre shows scratchy 16MM prints filtered through what must be the bottom of a murky aquarium. That's exactly what you'll never get at the Vagabond. All prints are 35MM — that's the size the films were shot in — and the very sharpest and best obtainable. Cooper pre-screens every print and has occasionally returned one to the distributor, demanding better for his patrons — and getting it. And the films are projected in correct original screen size, and by conscientious projectionists. Film buffs are generally a prickly and opinionated lot but Cooper and his crew often move among the patrons, soliciting their opinions, encouraging them to talk to each other, working to make moviego-

ing really pleasurable.

Celebrities have gotten the word, and such as Kathryn Grayson, Peter Falk, Hermes Pan, Peter Boyle, and Jean Hagen can be glimpsed from time to time; the autograph board in the lobby is covered with signatures of the famous.

Last year films ran the gamut, from *King Kong*, *She, Freaks*, and *Laura* to the classic delights of Ford's *Stagecoach*, the MacDonald & Eddy *Maytime* and the Janet Gaynor *A Star Is Born*. *The Garden of Allah*, *The Black Swan* and *The Phantom of the Opera* (1943) all won Oscars for their dazzling color cinematography, and the mint-fresh prints shown at the Vagabond showed why.

Rare items like the Talullah Bankhead *Tarnished Lady* and the Helen Morgan *Applause* have received full reviews in the *L.A. Times*, a signal honor for revivals. Particular favorites were eight of the nine musicals Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers made for RKO, and after each big number the audience burst into vociferous applause.

Gauging public taste is always risky business but the 20th Century-Fox musicals (Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda) are pretty surefire, and Rita Hayworth and Katharine Hepburn are also top favorites. *Holiday* and *Bringing Up Baby* can be expected to do well (each played return engagements) but even *Sylvia Scarlett* (which Hepburn and George Cukor originally offered to pay RKO to keep permanently in the can) did good business.

Musicals, comedies, dramas, westerns, thrillers, fantasies — the theatre plays good films of all types, though Cooper confesses a leaning toward musicals and traces it back to the time he won a talent contest in his native Kansas chirping "The Dickey Bird Song" from MGM's *Three Daring Daughters*. (He was 5.)

Keeping this operation going full tilt is hard work of the seven-days-a-week variety and Cooper frequently moans that it has squeezed his love life into non-existence. His advice to prospective film revivalists: "Prepare to part with your money and your private life."

Still, the continuing success of the Vagabond is enormously satisfying. When Warner Bros. first reissued its classic films in the late '40s, they all went out under the slogan, "Great Pictures Are Forever New." So they are — and they're receiving tender, loving care from Tom Cooper, a man who had a dream and has worked hard to make it come true. ●●●

Arthur Bell

By Don Shewey

In the middle of August, he says, he gets a call from *Playgirl* magazine, asking how he'd like to spend Christmas. "So I told her I would like to spend Christmas in bed with Cal Culver with jingle bells around our ankles and around our wrists. And she said, 'Well, I don't know if we can use it . . .'"

Who else could it be but Arthur Bell, the *enfant terrible* of New York columnists? Film critic Andrew Sarris once called him "the *Voice's* own version of Rona Barrett," and another well-known Gotham media person grumbled, "He's made a lot of enemies in this city because he's so indiscreet."

Although he actually considers himself a New York diarist and the soul of discretion, Arthur Bell doesn't mind comments like those above because he enjoys being controversial. Besides which, thanks to his weekly "Bell Tells" in the *Village Voice*, he is the most widely-read openly-gay columnist in the country.

Bell's writing career happened as a direct result of the gay activist movement of the late '60s. A co-founder of Gay Activists Alliance, his news articles for *Gay Power* and *Gay* landed him a couple of front-page stories in the *Voice*, which eventually earned him a contract to write *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, an irreverent, ground-level view of the birth of gay activism, published in 1971 by Simon & Schuster.

Since then, he has written periodically for *Viva*, *Esquire*, and *Cosmopolitan* but is best known for his features on movie stars and gay lifestyles for the *Voice*.

"I enjoyed doing things like that. I became a controversial writer pretty early, because I've never done propaganda pieces. I've always shown the moles as well as the hairspray." Recently added to the *Voice* masthead as staff writer, Bell is currently working on a book about the murder of Philadelphia newspaper heir John S. Knight III.

"I do poke around sometimes, do the Earl Wilson number, but, you see, I come from a different direction, and I think that's the difference between what I do and what everybody else in this city who has a column does. I'm not interested if somebody is fucking with somebody else — well, I'm interested, but I don't use that as a tsk-tsk thing. Y'know? I'm more interested in fucking

people over if they're hypocrites. The hypocrisy thing is, you know, if there are any leitmotifs in my column-writing, that's probably what it is."

IT: Do you feel any responsibility being the most widely-read gay columnist in the country?

Bell: "When you say that, I feel that I should, but I don't. I think if I started to, my work would be very weighty. I'm sorry, I wish that I could have more programmed integrity . . ."



IT: Well, I remember one time you mentioned the renovated Club Baths and just folded that in with the rest of your stuff.

Bell: "Oh, well, I do that, and they love it! The straights out there just love it! I certainly don't do it for the straights, I just do it. I find that if it's boring to me, it goes into the garbage can. If it reads with zing, it goes through the paper."

IT: Are there things that go on in gay circles that you choose to cover or not to cover?

Bell: "There's a lot of stuff I choose not to cover. I won't write gay liberation news, per se, anymore because: 1) I'm not involved in it, and 2) I don't think I could do it fairly. I suggest to them people that should write the story if something comes up, and they do it much, much better than me. But I'm an openly gay person, and I have no qualms about it. If something gets me mad I'll yell — I have been known to yell in screening rooms at movies. By the same token, if things delight me, I'll tell about it. I've got the biggest mouth in town."

IT: The *Voice* has been called homophobic — what do you think of that?

Bell: "I think that's a crock of shit. I think some of the writers that have

written for the paper are homophobic, still are, and some of them aren't. There's a lot less of it now that Tom Morgan is editor there — he's more aware of the sensitivity of it. People tend to forget that for every homophobic story that gets published in the *Voice*, we have 15 that aren't. They also forget that the *Voice* since the beginning has been doing more homosexual reporting than perhaps any other paper in the country. But it wouldn't surprise me, having said that, that next week we come out with a big story about why homosexuals are a bore."

IT: When did you start writing "Bell Tells"?

Bell: "Oh, I've only had the column for about a year and a half. That was because of Ann-Margret actually. I was asked to do an Ann-Margret piece for the *Voice* prior to the opening of *Tommy*, and I don't do interviews with people around — it gets the stars nervous, it inhibits me. Little did I know that Ann-Margret was never let out without Allan Carr, her public relations guy, and Roger Smith, her husband. But they were desperate to get a piece in the *Voice*, so they agreed. Well, I did this piece with her, and I thought it was somewhat sympathetic, but she really is the dumbest person I've ever met in my life. She's very sweet, you know, she's a wreck, she cries and cries and cries — she couldn't get room service, and tears started crawling, dripping from her eyes. I asked her what her favorite foods were, and there were these long pauses, and she'd say, 'Wedding cake . . .' You can understand why they don't let her out. Then two or three weeks later, I was at the opening of Bette Midler's show, and Allan Carr pulls me over and what he did essentially was tell me he'd put out a contract on my life. I was very, very nervous, and I went to the office the next day and I said, 'I'm really working without any protection at all,' you know, I really laid it on with a trowel. So they gave me the column!"

"But it was really — I'm not patting myself on the shoulder, but it was the first of this whole revival of, you know, Liz Smith and Bobby Weiner, they all started because of what I was doing. But I wasn't doing a gossip column, I was doing a sort of New York diary. 'Oh, we went here and we fell into the pool, and then everybody got drunk.' I didn't care about what Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton were doing in Africa. I was just doing what I had seen, all from my point of view, that of an openly gay, crazy person."

●●●

the making of pornstar JACK WRANGLER

By Jeremy Hughes

Photography by Hy Chase

It is the fall of 1974. A short, skinny, sharp-featured, jug-eared Emmy-winning actor and top Star Systems Inc. director abruptly decides he will become a super sex symbol and gay porn star. His only qualifications are a big cock, an even bigger need, and a single-minded manager. Nevertheless, John Robert Stillman aims his sights at becoming Jack Wrangler.

Six months pass, month after gruelling month of three to five hours daily sweat-and-strain at the gym, day after day on a spartan nutritional program, night after night of the kind of austere social life which would make a Trappist monk throw up his skirts in dismay. Slowly, with agonizing deliberation, shoulders broaden, pecs define, stomach hardens, legs firm, face fills and softens.

Now, it is March 22, 1975, an uncharacteristic chilly, gray, rain-promising California morning. At 11:45, in the seamy darkness of an old ex-vaudeville house on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood, the suck-and-fuck film *California Supermen* pounds to its climax. Colored footlights flood the stage. A sexily insinuating cut from the movie soundtrack of *Two Tough Guys* ululates through the tinny speaker system.

The curtain turns blood red, shadowy blue, then hot bastard amber, and a large round follow-spot swims over the material and moves to the left wing. As the music reaches its ultimate crescendo, the voice of Paris Theatre manager Chuck Roy is heard:

"The Paris Theatre proudly presents Mister Jack Wrangler!" (Later, much later, Roy confesses "Really, I didn't know what to expect. I only knew I was taking a gamble. When Jack auditioned, I saw right away he was no go-go boy. He couldn't dance. He didn't even move well.")

Wrangler himself today admits "I was sared shitless. Or at least Jack Stillman was. He couldn't breathe! The music kept building. Everything was a blur. Then, 'he' thought of Wrangler. Wrangler had confidence. Wrangler had style. Wrangler was everything Stillman was not. And that was the precise moment of Wrangler's birth."

Thanks to two years of a cagily-unremitting publicity campaign, the above story has become integral to the Stillman / Wrangler legend. Our purpose below is to investigate not the "what," but the "why." How is it that these two opposites — Stillman and Wrangler — happened to merge? What motivates the nice little boy next door to strip in front of an audience, to have sex with another guy in front of a camera, to seal nude jerking-off pictures of himself in envelopes and mail them off to total strangers?

Freudians would pontificate that the seed was sown when first Jack Stillman sensed the insufficiency of quotidian reality, pointing to his early family background. As John Robert Stillman, he grew up 'midst a swirl of servants, celebrities, and surrogates. His parents, reigning over their 26-room mansion at 816 N. Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills,

were, both figuratively and literally, preeminent among the beautiful people of their time and place.

The strong and darkly-handsome father, Robert Thurston Stillman, was son of a self-made Indiana millionaire and had, himself, become a powerful movie producer. *Champion*, which he did with Stanley Kramer in 1949, is a classic of its kind, though there are those who prefer his earlier, all-star *Tales of Manhattan*.

Mother was a gorgeous model and actress who had become an internationally-acclaimed musical comedy performer. In fact, she had to take time off from starring in a show in London to come back home and give birth to Jack. She had been married a couple of times before, and had produced one perfect little daughter, Dena. Then, by Stillman, she bore the doll-like Pamela. A fairy tale family.

Fourteen months after Pamela's birth, on a July 11, came son John Robert ("Jack"). To this day, Mrs. Stillman maintains that Jack was "the ugliest kid you ever saw in your life! He was scrawny, he had sharp features, a pointy head, and ears the size of Dumbo. The first thing his father said when he saw him was 'what in the hell are we going to do about those ears?'" Trouble in paradise.

Jack recalls that "Dad wanted a big, husky son. He wanted him to come out of the womb a quarterback — and out came me, this little emaciated nothing! And I stayed that way, a skinny little misshapen creature. And on top of that my

parents made it worse by cutting off all my hair and making me almost bald, which gave me a terrible complex.

"Cause if you have a scrawny head to begin with, and it's sort of pointed, you do not have short hair! But Dad was trying to go for the macho image, so I had this 'butch' haircut. You know, he was actually embarrassed to have me around. I remember we would go into department stores — only the best, Saks or whatever — and Dad would stand on the other side of the room when I had clothes tried on because he didn't want anybody to know he was my father. And he even told me that!

"He said I looked like Ichabod Crane no matter what they put me in. Then, I'd come home and look in the mirror and see that they were right. I'd cry myself to sleep at night. I was really broken over it. And I swore that one day — well, being physically attractive became an incredibly important thing to me!"

And so, to a point, the Freudians would be right. Young Jack Stillman resolved that only by transforming himself could he overcome the rejection he lived with every day of his critical formative years. Still, that is only part of the story, because not every child who feels rejected compensates by growing up to be a gay sex object. With Wrangler, the adulation that comes with success was not, *per se*, the major motivation.

Jack had tasted of that kind of success when he was still a boy, becoming the first child newscaster in the United States when he was 10, cutting records, even getting that Emmy Award for his co-starring role with Eleanor Powell on the TV series, "Faith of Our Children." Perhaps his parents resented his success, for they then decided it "would be best" to get him out of the entertainment business, shipping him off to an all-boy prep school, St. George's, in Newport, Rhode Island, a place Jack recalls as "the pits." To a pre-pubescent boy, this could only have meant that what he had so early made of himself was somehow unacceptable. The ultimate rejection.

His father was, at that particular time, Production Executive of the highly-successful "Bonanza," a series that featured four very masculine male stars, with no female regulars at all. "The whole family was into the western image and all that," Jack asserts. "I was associated

with that kind of stuff all my life — riding, and so forth. Although he said he didn't like them that much, Dad always seemed to work on westerns. "Rawhide" was another series, with an all-male cast, that he was associated with. And then there was the later film, *The Americano*."

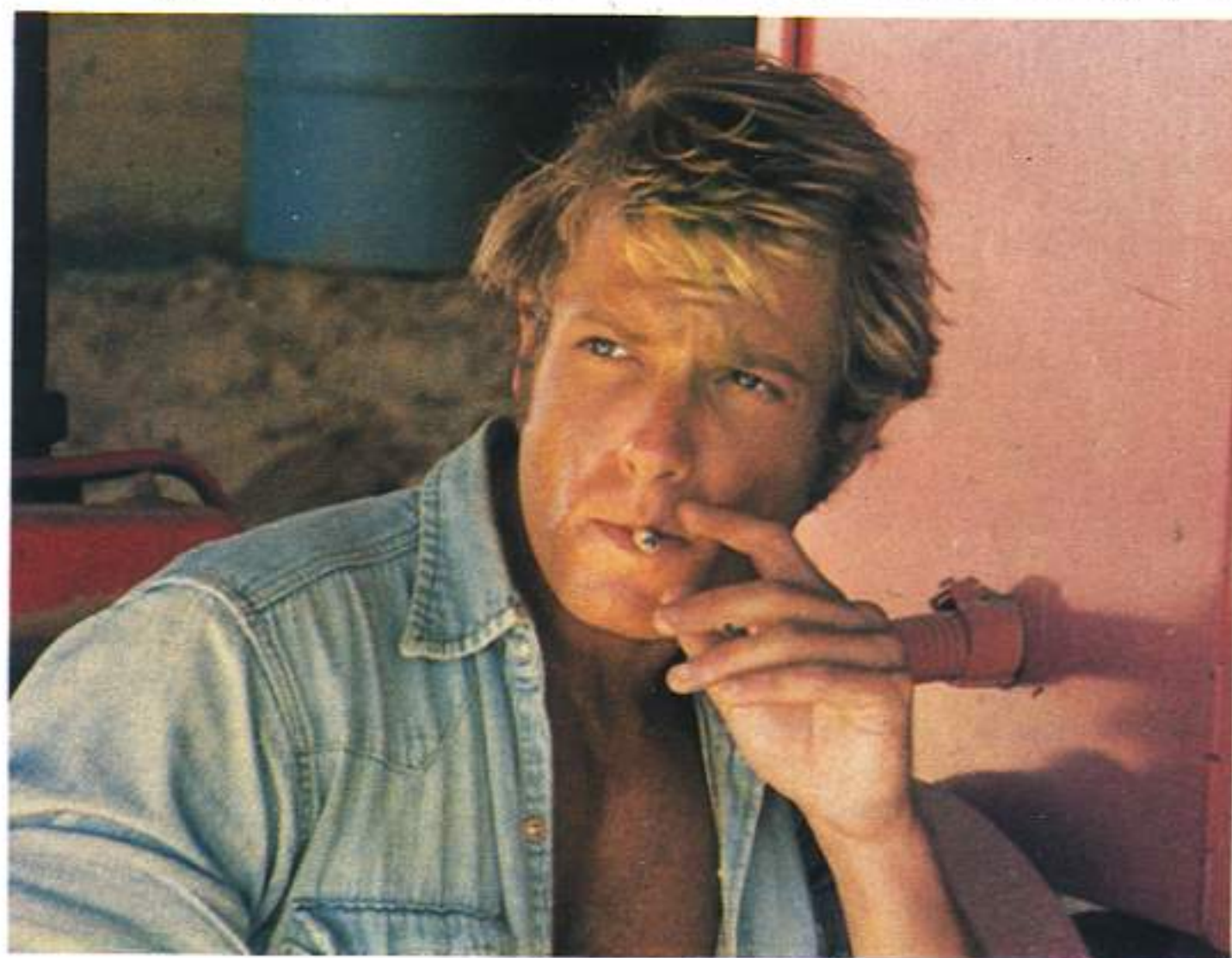
One can just see the psychiatrists picking up on that, claiming Jack Stillman created Jack Wrangler to punish his parents, Wrangler being an overtly Western-derived image, cowboy-booted and -hatted, wide-belted, red bandana-ed, but with one essential, upsetting difference: this cowboy was flauntingly homosexual, a vicious caricature of everything that had been most important and valuable to his parents.

A case in point is the studied "Wrangler walk" he developed for himself, a cross between a silent movie faggot trying to look straight

to be filtered through two sensibilities, and Stillman the seasoned performer is too often overruled by Wrangler the self-absorbed exhibitionist.

Jack does not accept this. "People want an image," he insists. "I thought 'alright, why not go ahead and create an image as a performer where you can imply a fiery relationship, but always keep a wall?' My whole number is getting off on myself, a person that is completely remote and never connected with the audience at all. When I swagger out onto that stage or in front of that camera, every man who sees me feels goddamned lucky to be given an intimate view of a guy they could never hope to touch."

All of which is sad, very sad. He has sacrificed his basic humanity on the altar of a synthetic symbol. A look at his work in the new film,



and the way an arthritic penguin would walk if it had knees. Jack maintains "that walk somehow makes me feel a lot bigger. I never really knew whether Wrangler consciously developed that walk or if it just evolved naturally. I guess it was a combination of the two." What he may not be aware of is that it ridicules the very thing that had made his father successful.

Unfortunately, as Jack is an obsessive overachiever in the image department, other Stillman / Wrangler performance techniques have been adversely affected. Everything he now tries to create has

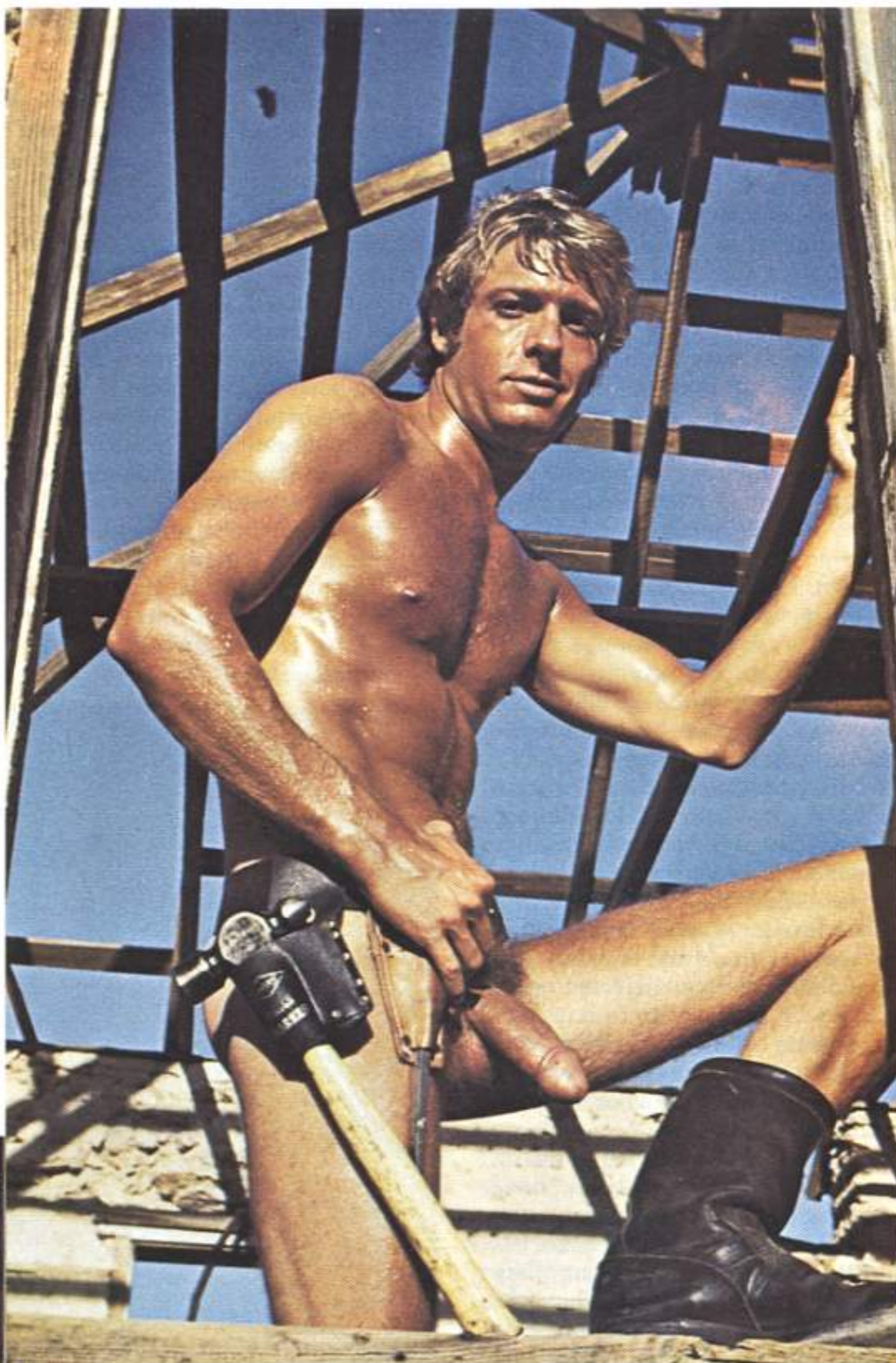
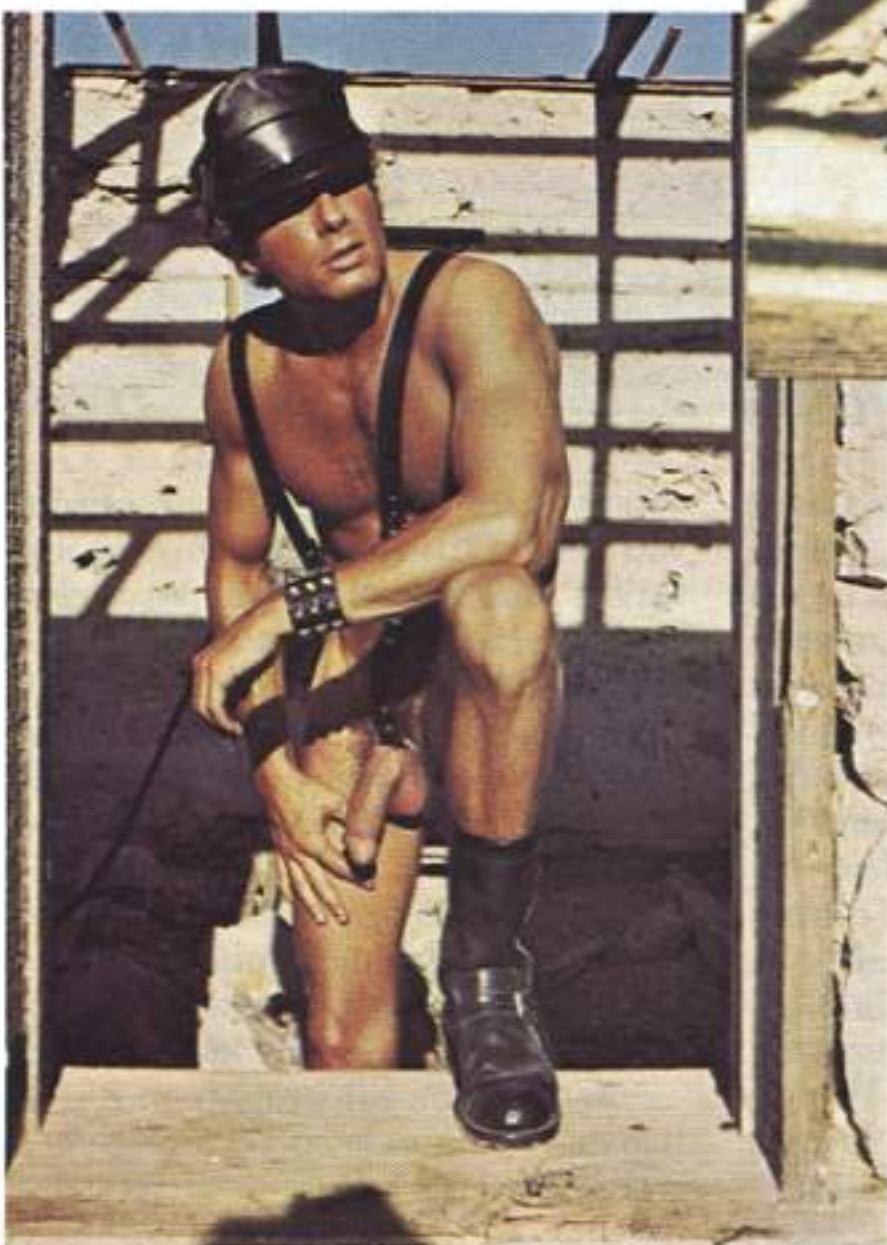
Kansas City Trucking Co., confirms this. Here, his solo moments are by far his most effective. Jack Wrangler would seem to have become the ultimate self-created product of the Age of Narcissus, completely equating desirability with external appearance, thus vindicating his early, ugly years.

Still, the trendy new science of Sociobiology would proffer another theory. Insisting that all human behavior is genetically determined — that the central struggle of life is the drive to survive and reproduce,

Jack Wrangler would seem to have become the ultimate self-created product of the Age of Narcissus . . .

that a body can be viewed as merely a vehicle by which strings of genes produce other strings of genes — sociobiologists would claim that in the search for a propagating love that no mirror (or good right hand) can provide, physical desirability is the 20th Century key.

This is reinforced by Wrangler himself: "I can remember exactly when the Wrangler decision was made. I had dropped acid one night and got into a heavy scene about what I really wanted out of life. There was only one conclusion. I decided that my most fundamental goal was to be desired." Hence, the genetic theory would seem to hold water, if we allow that the genes have no way of knowing that their urge might result in sterile homosexual activity. They simply aim at desirability as a means to achieve reproduction.



"As kids," Jack reminisces, "my sisters and I weren't allowed to eat in the main dining room with our parents. We had a governess and we ate with her in the small dining room and were taught manners nightly. When we were allowed to eat in the big dining room, we had to get all dressed up and everything. It was very formal." Yet another example, Freudians would say, of early inculcation of the importance of outward appearances: one had to look one's best before one was allowed to join mommy and daddy at dinner.

(continued on page 92)

Peter Berlin

Out of many hundreds of photos, I have selected 30 and offer them in 3 sets, each consisting of ten (3½x5) color prints: In set #1, I pose in tight black leather, showing off hard flesh; In set #2 you can see me in and out of short sports trunks, bending and flexing; and in set #3 you get turned on by naked tanned flesh, tight buns, and oily rippling muscles.

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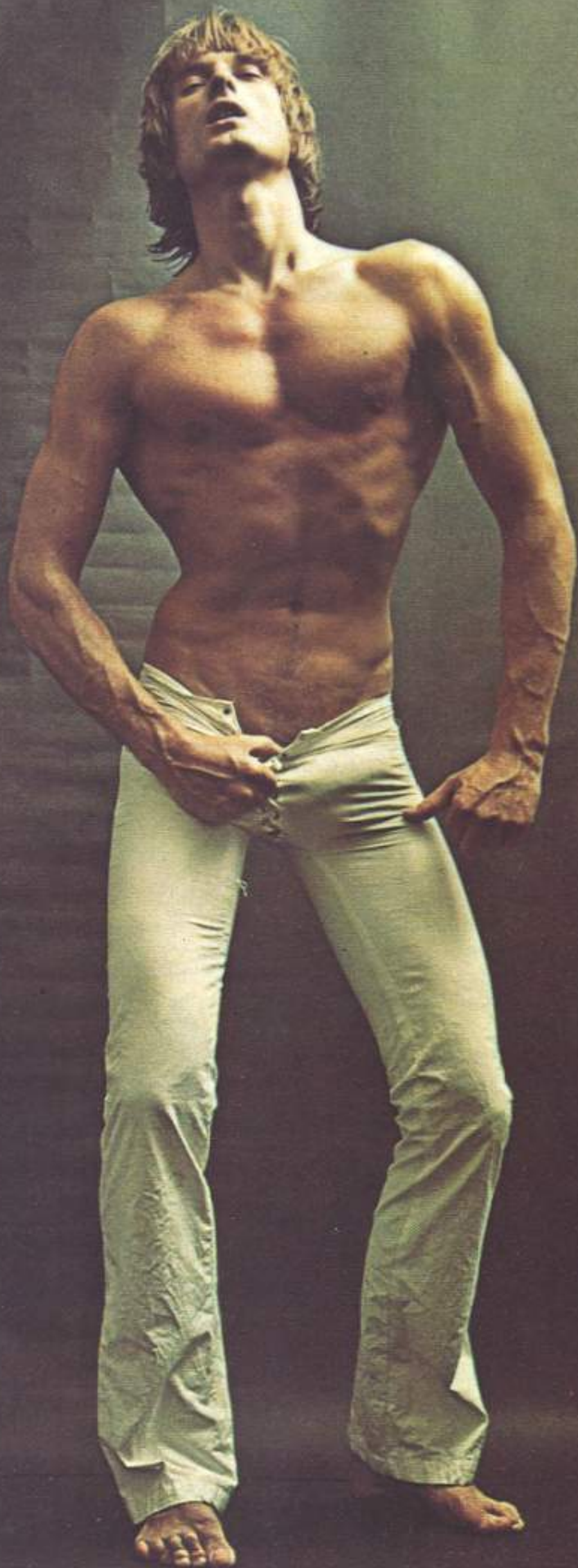
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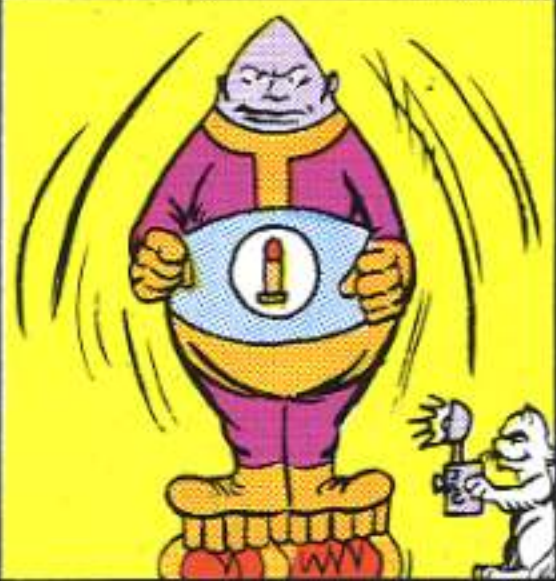
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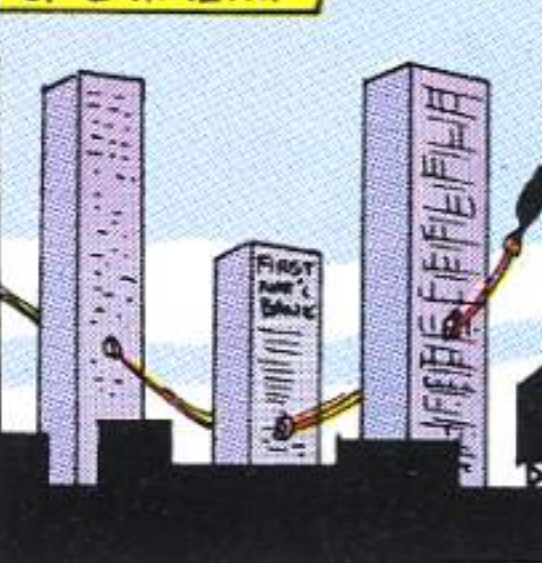


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**MORE OF
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PHOENIX

By Bob Woodis

Any place called "Valley of the Sun" has got to conjure up visions of robust, tanned, youthful and barely clad hunks. And believe me, Phoenix does not disappoint — no matter what time of year.

Named by an English adventurer and scholar who predicted that a great city would rise from the ruins of the extinct Hohokam Indian civilization, Phoenix has indeed arisen just like the Egyptian Phoenix bird had arisen from its ashes.

Today, Phoenix is one of the fastest-growing cities in the nation, with a population of over 1.5 million people. The metropolitan area of the "Sunshine Capital" houses six of Arizona's seven largest cities — Phoenix, Scottsdale, Tempe, Mesa, Glendale, and Sun City. Tucson lies about 100 miles to the south.

Manufacturing and tourism are the area's leading industries, although agriculture remains an important economic factor. And those cowboys in tight Levis with bulges in just the right places are something else!

The casual living and leisurely pace of life in the Valley is the predominate feeling wherever you go. Very few places require even a tie, and formal apparel usually means a sports coat. Few people own more than one suit. "Sweater weather" describes Phoenix's winter season, while the summer uncovers (literally) the beautiful bodies behind the knit. Bermuda shorts, tank tops, tennis togs, swimwear, cutoffs, gym shorts, or as little as possible is what's worn nearly all year long.

Culturally, the city has lots of things to do, but it can hardly compare to New York, Chicago, San Francisco or Los Angeles. Both Phoenix and its neighboring city of Scottsdale have symphony orchestra seasons. Theatrical groups abound, although usually the best performances occur in Phoenix Symphony Hall or at Grady Gammage Auditorium (designed by Frank Lloyd Wright) on the Arizona State University (ASU) campus. Touring New York road shows typically stop for some "fun in the sun" on their way to the West Coast.

Ballet draws such major companies as the National Ballet of Spain, the London Ballet Company, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet of Canada, and others; though, opera is practically non-existent.

Celebrities and big-name entertainment are the more popular cultural interests for this informal town. It's a popular stop-over for Katherine Hepburn, Dionne Warwick, Vicki Carr, Mac Davis, John Davidson, Liberace, the Pointer Sisters, Elton John and Barry Manilow.

A good-sized artistic community has settled in the area and made it one of the finest centers of southwestern art in the country. Galleries displaying the beauty of the desert sunsets, the grandeur of the Grand Canyon, the multi-colored cliffs of the Oak Creek Canyon, the majestic forests of the Mogollon Rim country, and the historic and legendary Indian and cowboy theme art are everywhere. Indian silver and turquoise is unmatched and available at reasonable prices!

Mainly because of the beautiful weather, Phoenix has earned the reputation as the golf and tennis capital of the U.S. Everyone plays and those who don't, dress like they do. Swimming is year-round, assuming you have a heated swimming pool. Bicycle paths branch everywhere and backpacking, hiking, soaring, parachute-jumping, sailing, and water-skiing are extremely popular activities.

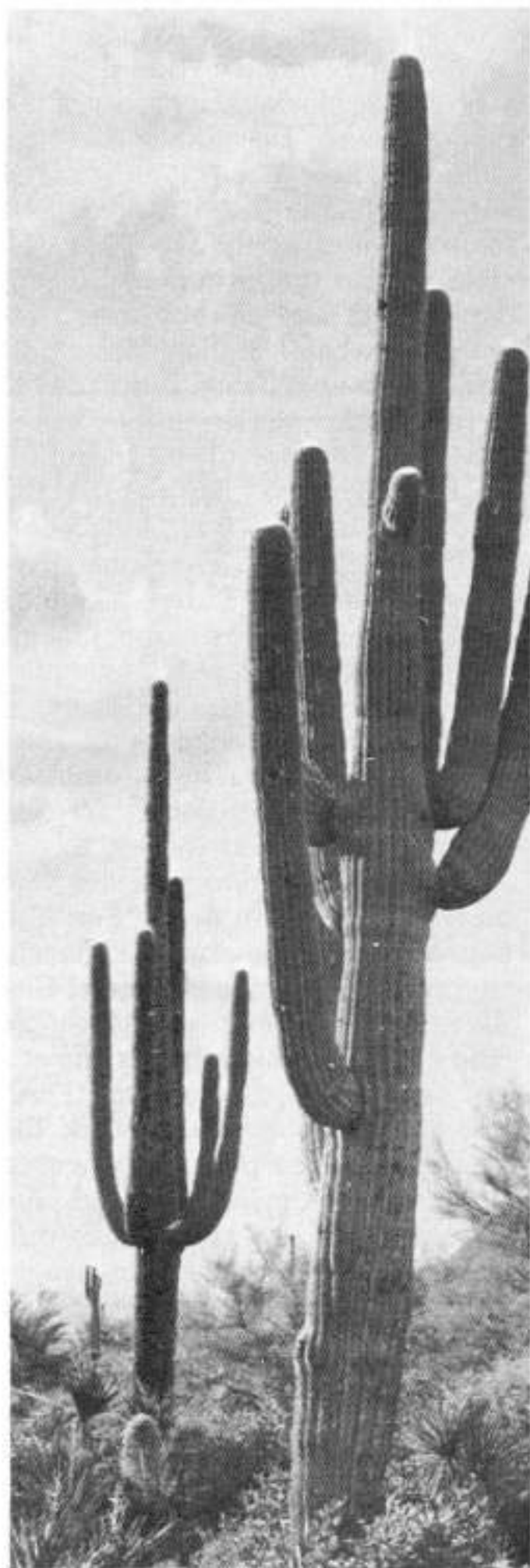
In the summer months, a visit here must include a trip to Big Surf and Legend City Amusement Park. On any weekend evening at Legend City the cruising among young people (and I mean young) reminds one of a similar activity among San Franciscans on Polk Street after work. Big Surf is a chicken paradise, where in addition to enjoying the sand, sun and water, all one has to do is venture into the man-made waves dotted with near-naked boys and air mattresses. There's more groping than the back room of a raunchy bar.

No visit is complete without a trip to the Salt River and floating for hours down the lazy river in an innertube, with lots of food, booze, good friends, and a special friend.

Young, robust,
tanned and barely clad,
this is where
the hunks are . . .

The cruising is not so hot (although occasionally . . .), but the scenery and fun more than make the journey worthwhile.

For the sports-minded, there's enough activity to keep any jock out of the bars and parks. Professionally, there's the Phoenix Roadrunners of the World Hockey Association; the Phoenix Suns of the National Basketball Association; the Phoenix Racquets of the World Team Tennis organization; and the Phoenix Giants, farm team for the San Francisco Giants baseball club.



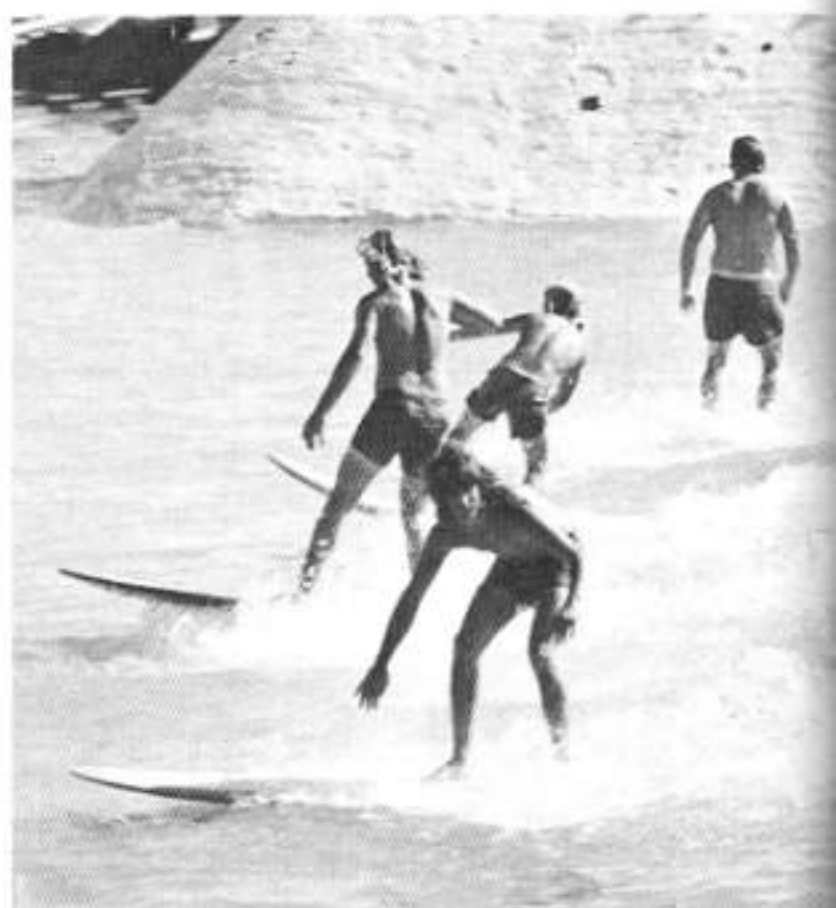
Non-professional sports fans will head to Arizona State. Conference championships and national recognition constantly befall its football, basketball, baseball, golf, wrestling, gymnastics, swimming and track teams. Sun Devil Stadium, home of the ASU football team and the annual Fiesta Bowl, is being expanded in seating capacity from 51,000 to 60,000 seats for its ardent and vocal Saturday night fans. New athletic facilities also house the basketball, track, tennis, and baseball teams.

A trip to the ASU campus is a must! Its 34,000 studnets include the most good-looking, all-American group of guys ever gathered in one place, and that includes even the beaches of Southern California! Shorts are worn year-round and the warmer the weather the less there is hiding those hunky, well-toned and tanned bodies.

Typical of Phoenix, the gay life on the campus is not obvious, but it's there. Try relaxing awhile on the grass along the mall or at the fountain and you'll soon find a friend. Around campus try "The Minder Binders," "The Sun Devil Disco Lounge," or "Dooley's" on Thursday nights. Though basically straight places, an aggressive guy does not have to leave alone. A budding gay campus group called "Free Spirit" provides an outlet for today's gay movement through a hot-line, counseling sessions, public relations efforts, and social events.

Everywhere you'll find the people friendly and helpful. Never hesitate to ask! If bars are your thing, try the Nu Towne Saloon near the ASU campus, or if you dig motorcycles and leather, check out the Ramrod on Sunday afternoons when things can get a little out of hand (pardon the expression). Maggies is the most popular disco if you don't mind its almost total infiltration of young straights, while the back room of the Connection is so crowded and dark that a poor boy can find himself minus pants and bent over with a mouthful and a handful before he knows what's happening.

The weekend live entertainment and drag shows at the Casa de Roma is so popular you can hardly see the stage. Probably the best all-around



Man-made waves of Big Surf

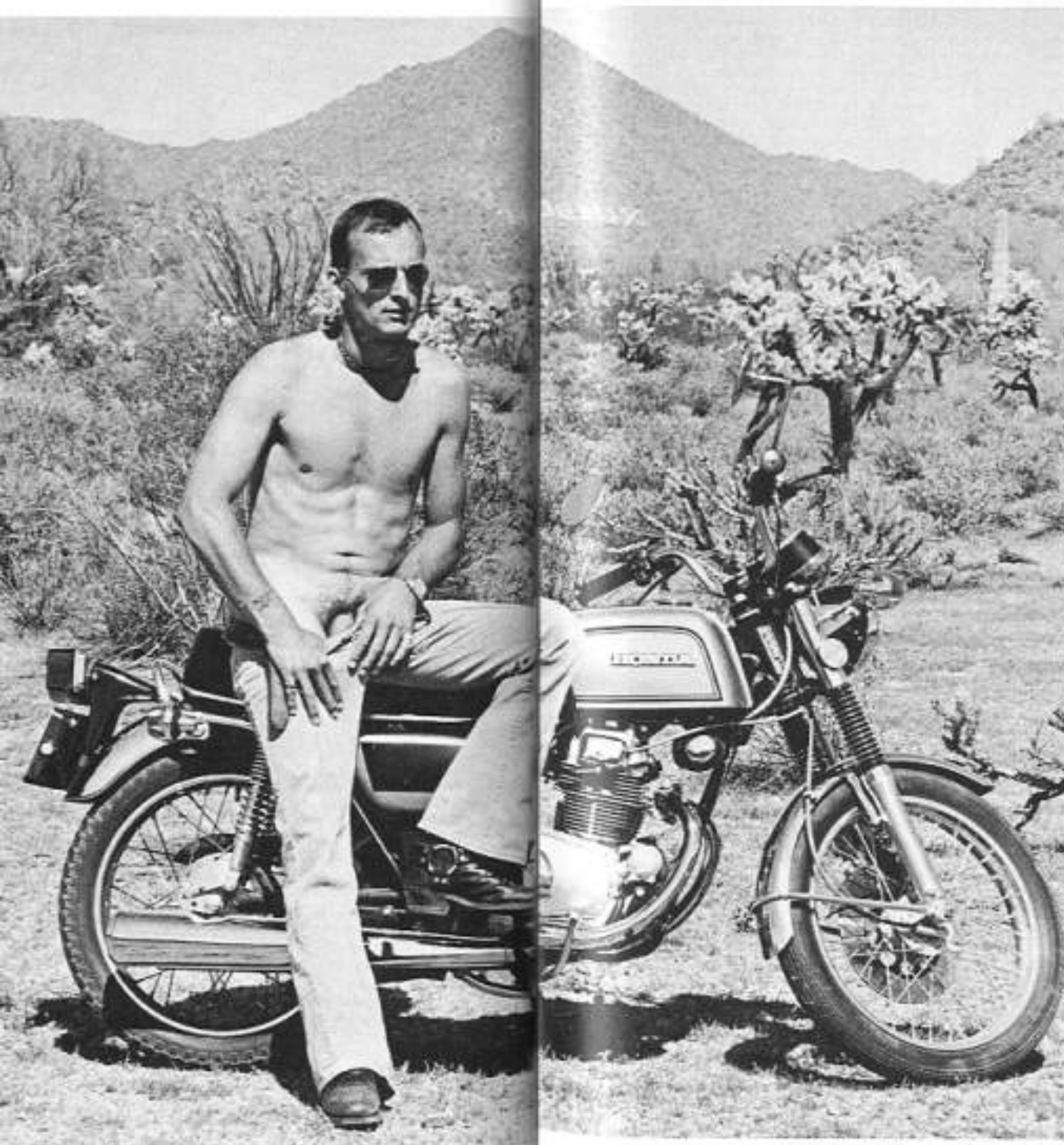




Man-made waves of Big Surf



Symphony Hall at Phoenix Civic Plaza



Howard Silver in Arizona sun



spot is the Forum, where all types of young guys and gals mix (but not with each other) on the dance floor or pool-table areas. The wall of the 307 contains one of "de Gracia's" first murals, but that's about all. If you like chicken, the drug scene, or long hair, try the Sportsman, but be careful.

The Club Phoenix Bath can satisfy the need for group sexual acrobatics, especially on Tuesdays, which is "buddy day." You practically have to wait in line to get in, but once you do, try the "bunk house" — you won't go away unfulfilled! Uncle Ted's Bookstore has about 18 semi-private quarter machines which turn into a sexual orgy after the bars close. The Erotica Motel also has a very active movie area and if you prefer more privacy you can even get your own room.

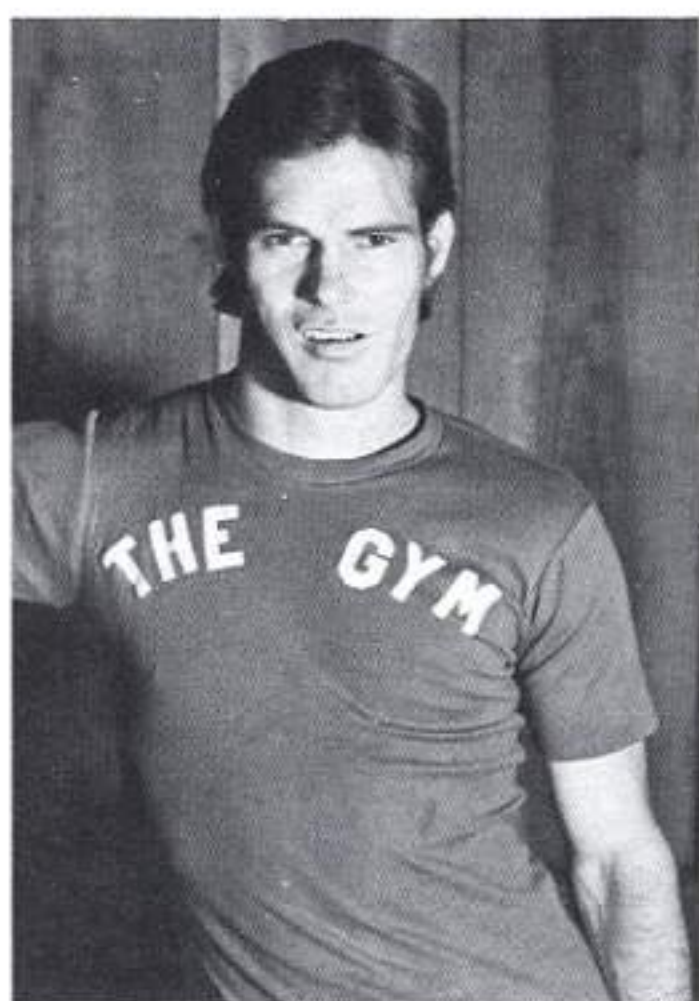
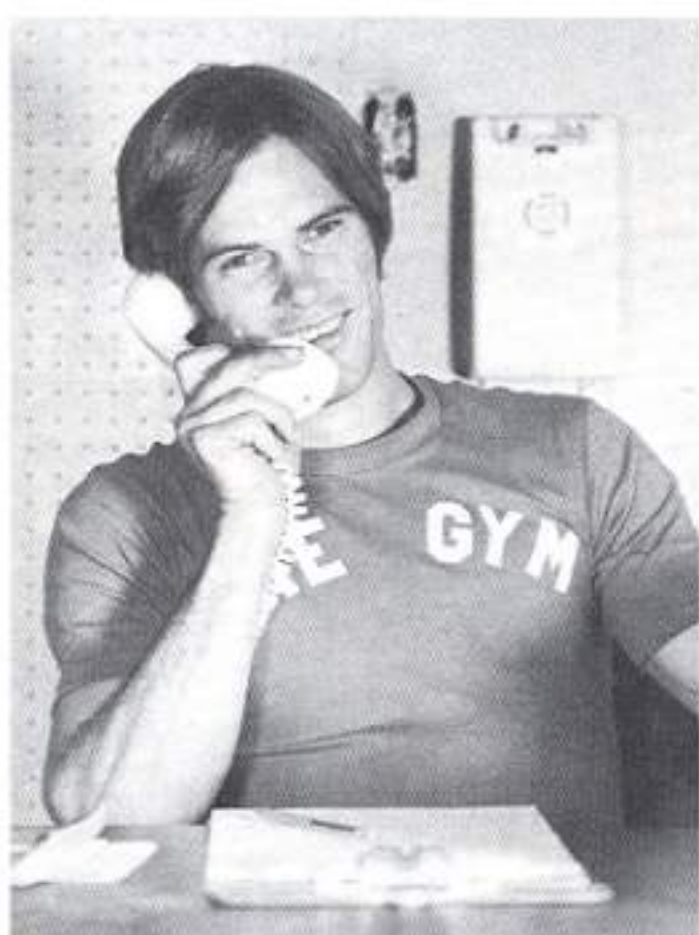
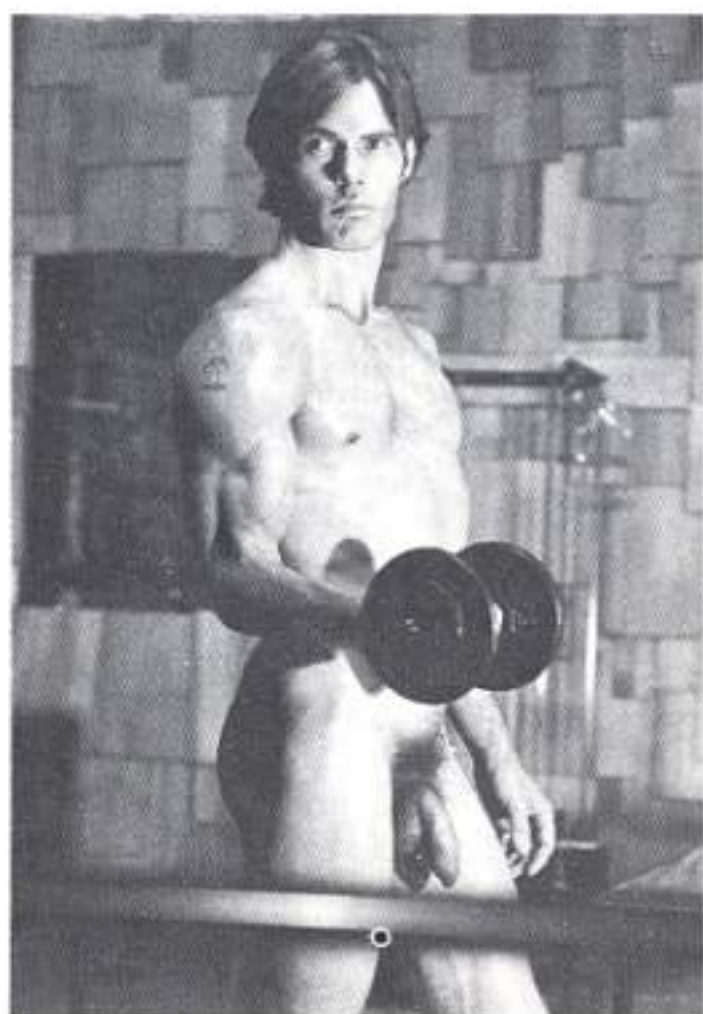
A car is almost a necessity in Phoenix — particularly if you happen to enjoy cruising. The best areas are beautiful Encanto Park or the desert-like Papago Park (which houses the Phoenix Zoo) or the rest area on the Tempe-Phoenix city limits, but watch out for vice squads on the prowl. Also watch out for cactus — thorns are really hard to get out of your knees or backside. The downtown area around First Street, south of Roosevelt, is the place to go for young sex for a price, but stay away from the bus stations!

If you enjoy window shopping, try MetroCenter, one of the nation's largest shopping malls. By the time you finish covering its two stories of over 300 stores and shops you'll have picked up more than just a few packages.

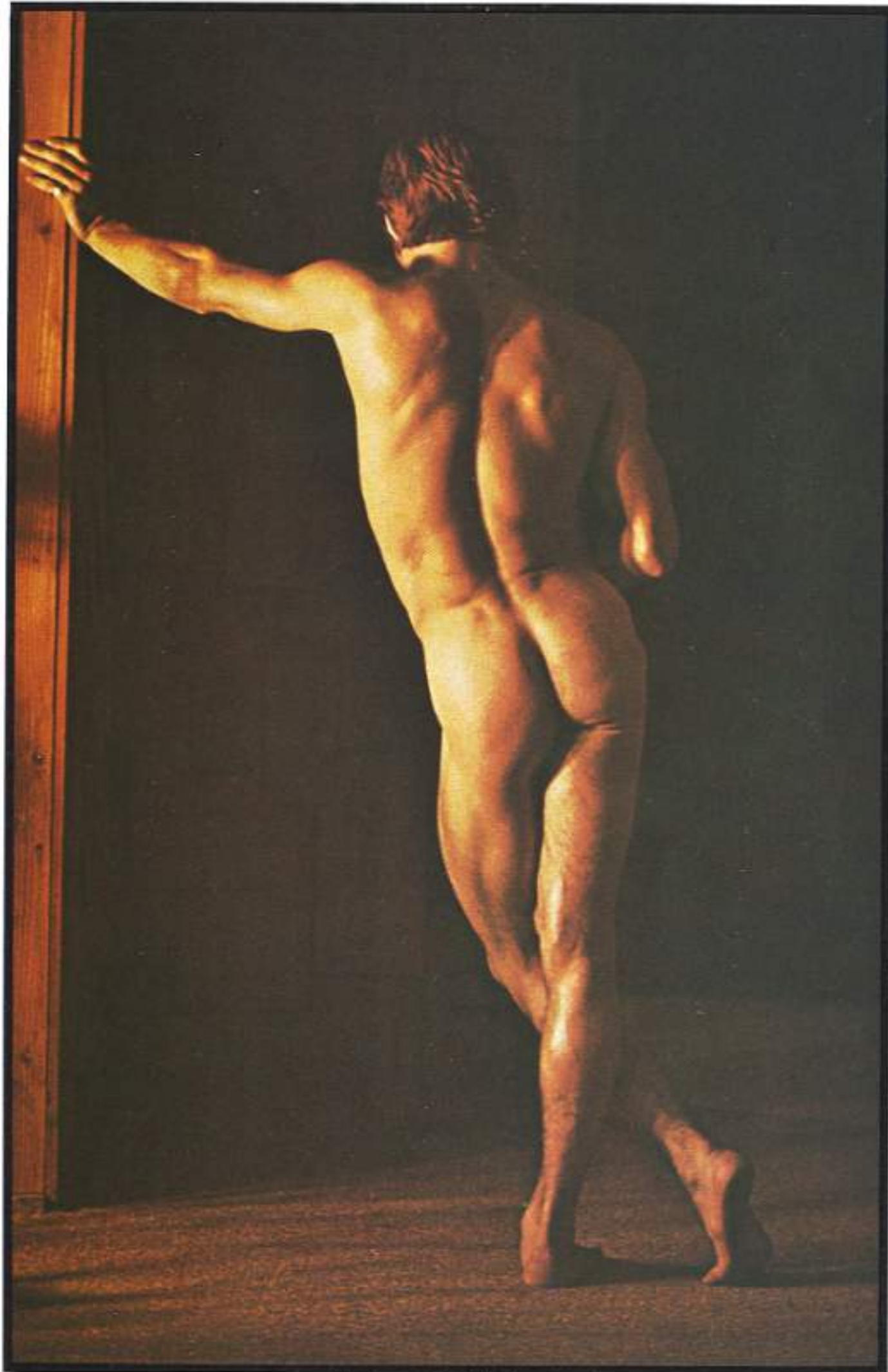
Other places of interest in Phoenix include Fountain Hills, which houses the world's highest fountain (shooting 500 feet in the air from a 28-acre lake), Paolo Soleri's Cosanti studios and workshops, and Taliesin West, which is the western architectural school and home of the late Frank Lloyd Wright. Drive north to Carefree for a picnic and leisurely stroll among the quaint boutiques and galleries, but on the way be sure to stop at Rawhide, where you can escape into the nostalgia of the early West. It's been recreated by the use of antiques and western-style buildings.

Wherever you go in Phoenix, enjoy the sunshine and be yourself. It's a place where anyone can find a friend or a niche — even if just for a little while.



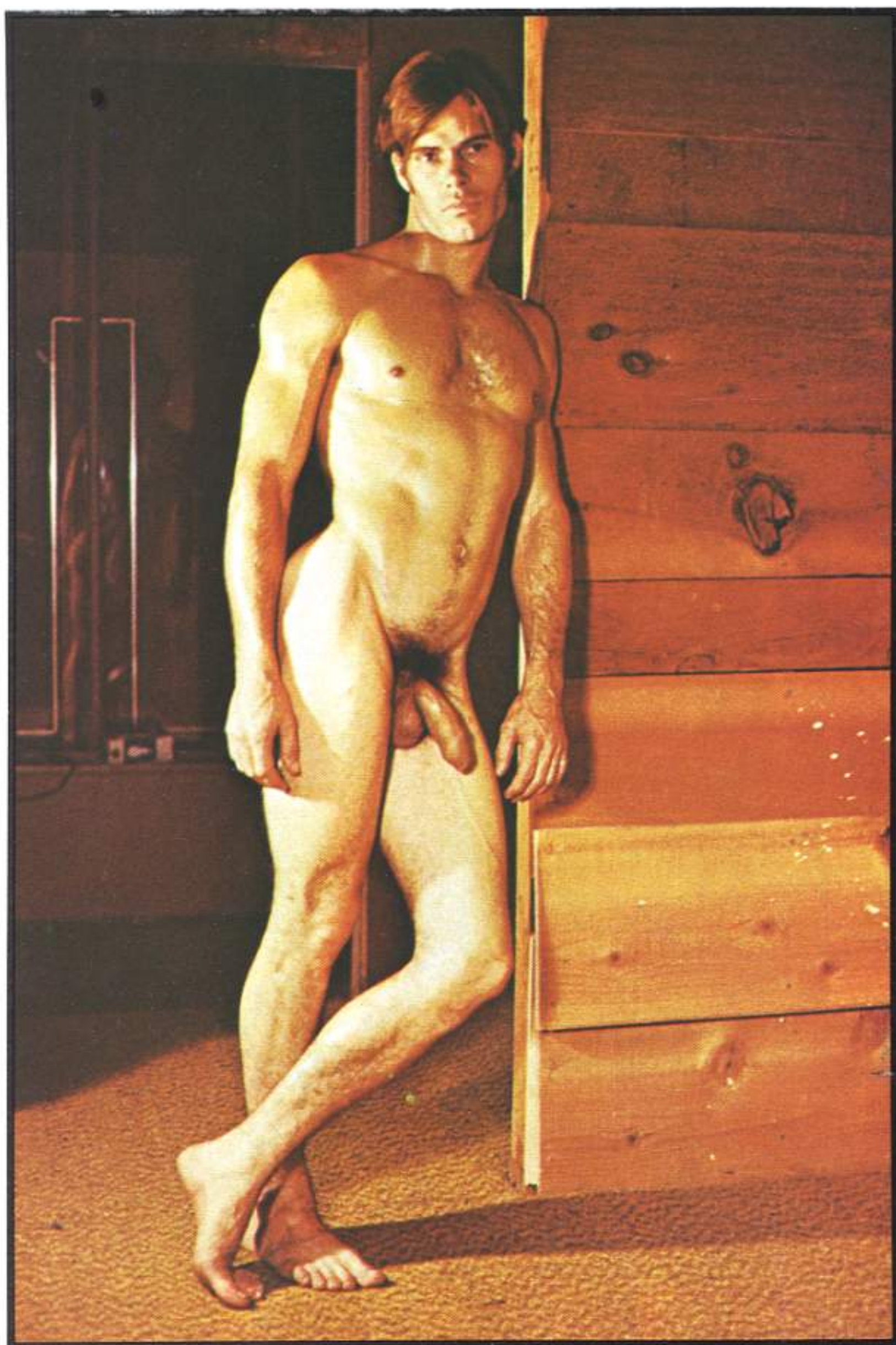


The GYM



Photography by Hy Chase

He claims he likes his sex night and day, this 23-year-old Kentuckian whose other passions are bodybuilding (here at Hollywood's new Gym, on Franklin Avenue) and fixing up old cars. Buddy Huston is living proof of what a lot of physical activity can do for a young man. An outdoor enthusiast, he loves fishing and hiking and likes body sports like wrestling just as much.

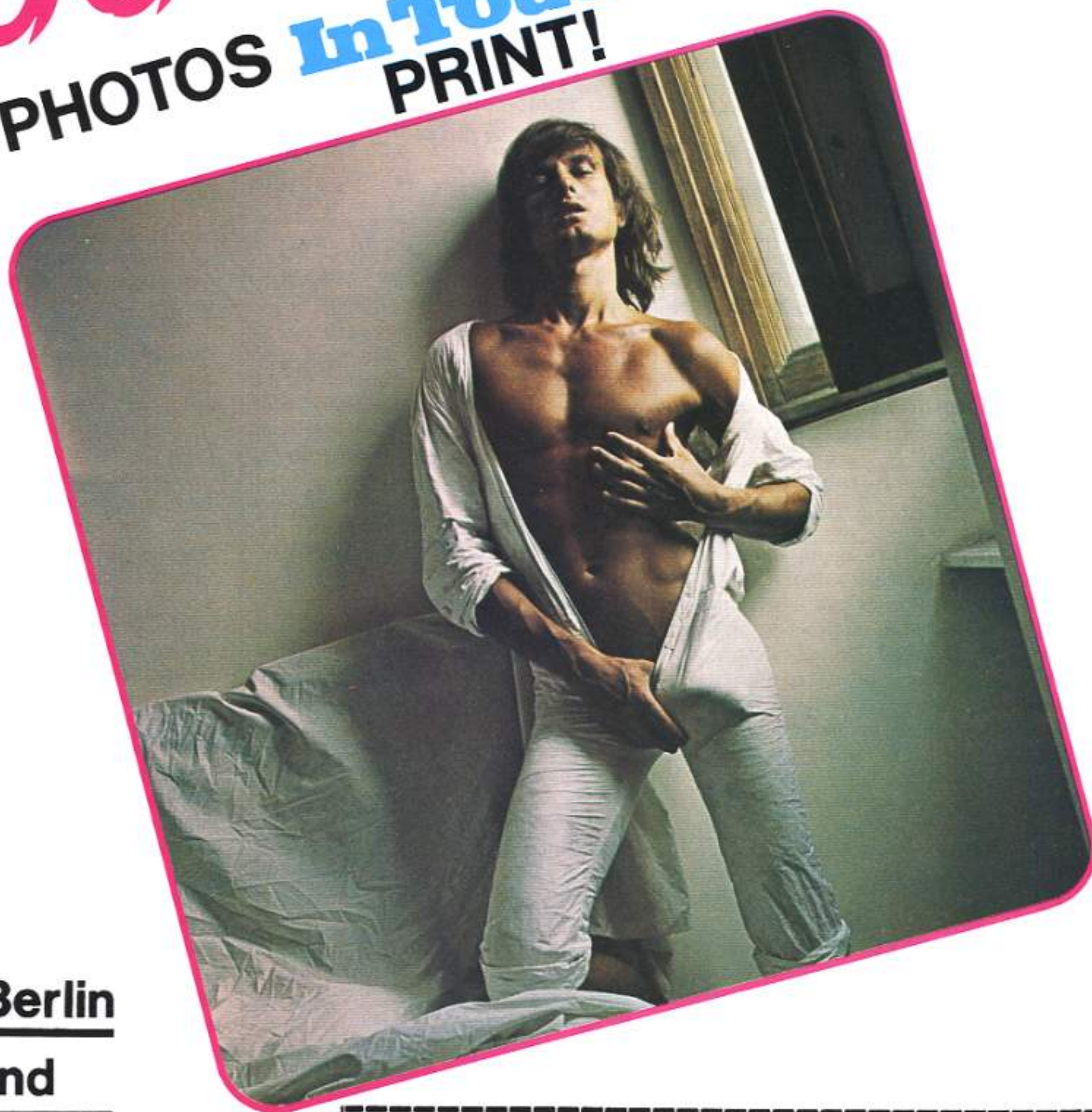


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(continued from page 51)

In the quiet hours, he stretches out on the kangaroo rug in front of his stereo and relaxes to classical music. He has many acquaintances but few real friends. "I agree with Schiller," he says, "that 'friendship is the word most often abused.' It means a lot more than meeting someone a couple of times or saying hello as you pass. I'm outgoing but there's a thin line that most people don't cross, a line of reserve. It's only after my normal suspicions are placated, when I honestly convince myself that we have something to offer each other, that I open up. Not before. And 'opening up' for me usually means feeling free to shut up, be silent, and not be misunderstood."

He isn't anticonventional but he isn't structured, either. He admits that he couldn't hack a nine-to-five job. Small talk puts him to sleep and he's not into the abstractions of religion, politics or philosophy. "I was totally immobile for so long," he says, "that I can't get enough activity crammed into a single day. That's one reason sports are vital to me."

"Acting seems antithetical but it isn't. It's a way of keeping myself from sliding backward, not letting myself become withdrawn again, an assurance that I'm accepted for myself."

He dislikes terms and labels and his voice takes on an edge when he hears them being used. "Trying to cram people into categories or spout clichéd reasons for their behavior is nuts," he says. "What we should do is dig for ways by which to make every man unique, individual."

"You're writing for *IN TOUCH* so let's talk about the sex bit. When a guy says that he's straight or gay or bi, he's putting too much emphasis on one aspect of himself. A man's the sum total of his parts. What about his humanistic perspectives, personality, instincts, achievements, his relationships not only with the sexual side of his character but with others and with himself?"

"Sexual attitudes should be a matter of the moment, responding to situations, circumstances, individuals and consequences. As far as I'm concerned, if one is sure of himself he can do any damned thing he likes and not feel it necessary to wallow in explanations. Christ, the word gay is without meaning any more except in the obvious instances. The lines of demarcation are too fuzzy, too indistinct, as one moves toward a deeper

(continued on page 94)

JIM KEPNER

COMMENTS:

We've come a long way since the end of World War II — and while many of you joined this world some time after that carnage ended, to others of us it seems not at all so long ago.

We've come from a time when what few gay novels there were always ended in violent death; when there was no gay press in the world — except a small Swiss magazine; when gay bars were generally fairly clandestine; when a guy who called himself gay was largely expected to be effeminate; when those who couldn't see themselves in that role were limited to action in the bushes or the tearooms, or they stayed deep in the closet; when no one who got arrested would even think of fighting the case. Zurich's Circle was probably the only gay organization in the world, and I've only met a couple Americans who'd ever heard of it. The few like myself who talked about organizing met the homophobic response: "The last thing in the world I'd want is to be in a meeting with a bunch of screaming queens!"

When I visited England a decade ago, gay life seemed limited to a few pubs, a Homosexual Law Reform Society that wanted to remove the legal penalties against us poor unfortunates, but would hardly admit a confessed homosexual into their offices except for counseling or research purposes, and the "Let's go do something nasty" tone of street pickups. America had progressed further at the time: gay bars were more open and were beginning to fight for their right to cater to gays; we had nearly 20 cause organizations, most in California, almost all the rest between Boston and Washington; we had almost

a score of magazines, mostly mimeographed, with circulations ranging from roughly 50 to 2,000.

How things have changed! San Francisco or Chicago each now have more gay organizations — and larger, more effective ones — than the whole country had a decade ago. The vast reaches from the western Sierras to the Appalachians are dotted with hundreds of small and large gay groups, committed to a great variety of tasks. I think Los Angeles still leads in having the greatest variety: nearly a score of gay religious groups; dozens of publications, large and small; a healthy association of gay student groups; Democratic clubs and sports clubs and clubs catering to specialized erotic tastes; at least four large gay library and archival collections, including my own; and an increasing diversity also in gay businesses and cultural activities. And this change is virtually worldwide.

Some see that diversity as a weakness, feeling that we have main tasks to get done and that only unity can get them done efficiently. It is my feeling that the gay genius doesn't lie chiefly in that area, and that it is our diversity, our unpredictability, our inventiveness and our adaptability that make the gay life most worthwhile.

The diversity is evident in our organization as it is in our lifestyles. Some find it embarrassing still — particularly when touches of it appear in the media: they want only a button-down image of us presented. And that is an amazing thing: that gays who fought so hard to escape from the bonds of hetero conformity should want to produce an equally rigid conformity in our own community. . . .

ON THE TOWN

(continued from page 13)

of Noel Coward's "Design For Living" was delivered just the way gays have probably always dreamed of (and the politically reticent Coward, too, I betcha): Gilda's two lovers, Otto and Leo, were making it with each other, too!

Brother Tennessee's "Small Craft Warnings" is there now, with the world premiere of Rose Leiman Goldenberg's "Ghandiji" following, and Oscar Wilde's "A Woman Of No Importance" scheduled in April.

Enough goings-on to keep one out 12 nights a week. So it's good that so many of the cruise bars offer Sunday brunches. In the high-ceilinged main bar of the uptown Fraternity House, there's a lavish buffet of quiche, eggs, bacon, chicken livers, rice, roast beef, salad, watermelon, fruits, cheese blintzes . . . UNCLE!

You can load up and carefully climb the long, open staircase to the main dining room where there are beautiful hunks you can sneak looks at over the rim of your champagne glass, rounding out the "morning after the nights before."

—Frank Akers

san francisco

Kate-watching proved the number-one pastime here during the holiday season. Not only was the graceful, incomparable Katharine Hepburn appearing on-stage in "A Matter of Gravity" at the Curran, but no less than three movie theatres paid tribute to her cinematic talents with retrospectives.

As for "Gravity," its flaws have been dissected at length already, and it admittedly creaked along somnambulant for the most part, but even in a wheelchair (a broken ankle from the L.A. run) Hepburn exuded dramatic strength and a fragile, transcendental beauty. She can do no wrong.

Well, we've needed it for quite a while, and now San Francisco has its own semi-sophisticated (meaning at people's prices) nightspot along the lines of New York's Reno Sweeney and L.A.'s Studio One. The toney Mocambo on Polk Street is a

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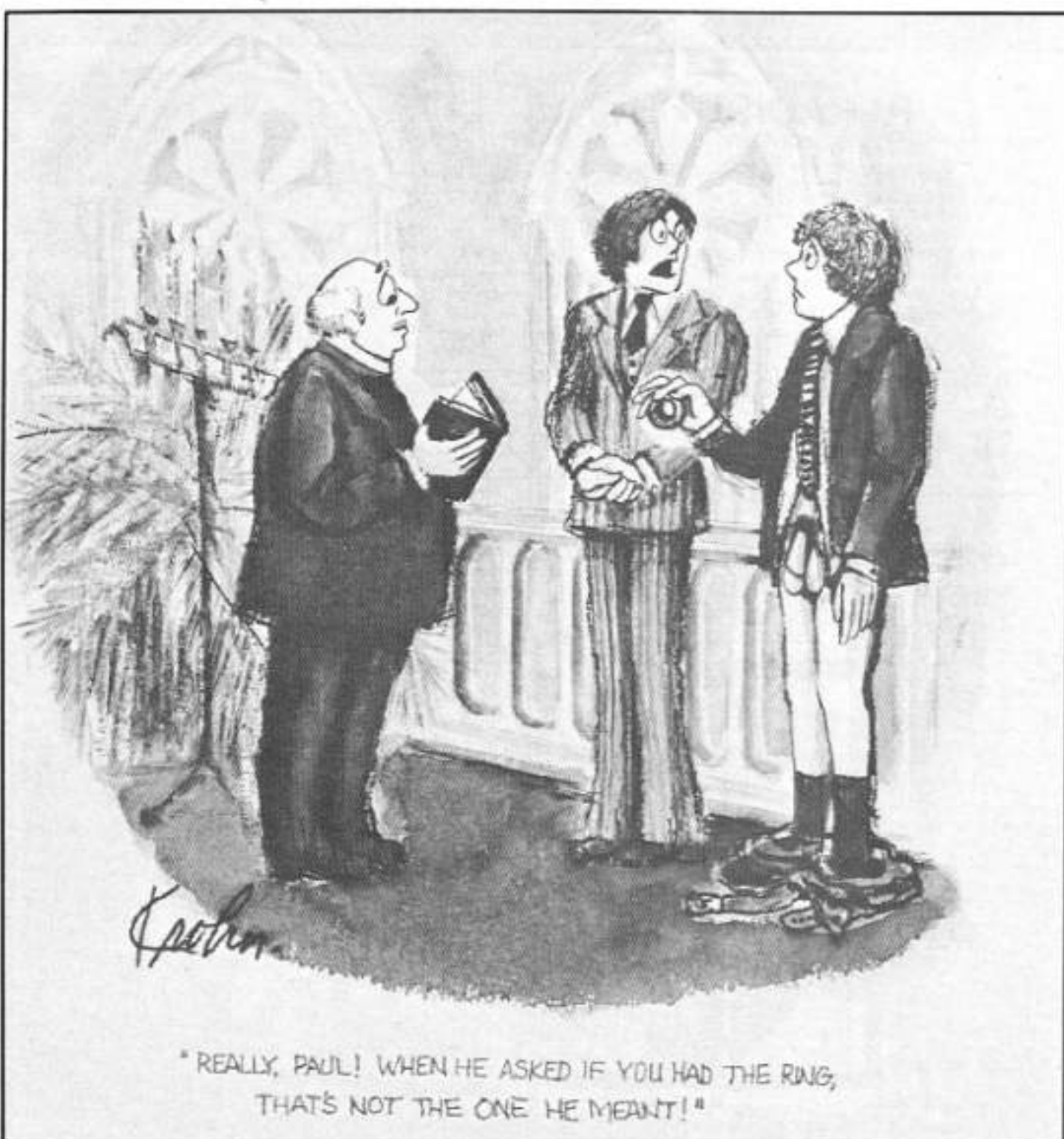
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qualified hit — pleasantly decorated, comfortable, and with top talent. Barbara Cook's black-tie opening got things off to a glamorous start, and with Greta Keller following, you've got an idea what kind of entertainment's ahead.

Speaking of Studio One, rumors are rampant that the Hollywood club's lease will not be renewed and that owner Scott Forbes is negotiating for a S.F. location. It's not surprising, because also new (and giving downtown and the disco scene a much-needed shot in the arm) is Oil Can Harry's, at Ellis & Larkin. A superb sound system, a spacious dance floor and one of the best DJs in town have made it one of the places to be seen and not herded.

The almost surrealistic, haunting production of "A Christmas Carol" at A.C.T. was one of those love-or-hate affairs. I thought it a beautifully atmospheric, excellently mounted show, playing up the "morality play" aspects of Dickens' classic. And William Paterson's manic, brooding, depiction of Scrooge was a tour-de-force. Expect it as an annual event. Incidentally, "Knock Knock," Jules Feiffer's black comedy, has joined A.C.T.'s repertory.

Playwright Jack Heifner's delicate, insightful and often outrageous "Vanities" was a play that should have run longer. A fascinating study of futility and emptiness amidst the turbulent, seemingly unfathomable '60s, it was an important theatrical experience — thought-provoking, hilarious, tragic, disturbing and magnificently acted by Patricia Richardson, Sarah Harris and Valerie Armstrong.

The Civic Light Opera has announced its '77 season, and that it's moved to the larger Orpheum Theatre on Market Street. Three "family" musicals (Debbie Reynolds in "Annie Get Your Gun," "Irma La Douce" and "Kismet") are included, but there's one note of genuine excitement — the premiere of "In Person," starring Liza Minnelli. CLO also plans to present Neil Simon's "California Suite" as well as two of its '76 smashes, "A Chorus Line" and "The Wiz."

Tom Sanford more than made up for Melba Moore's bowing out at his Showroom at The City by signing Jane Olivor, whose reception bordered on idolatrous. I frankly found Olivor somewhat tedious and too intentionally histrionic, but the

audience adored every second. Ditto Martha Reeves, who rang in the New Year with selections from her new album and a medley of her "& the Vandellas" hits.

Other news: The Bodyworks celebrated its first anniversary with a festive get-together of all the bodies on whom the system works. . . . Jack & Pamela Brooks are back as "Jeanette & Nelson" at the Showcase (if you have to ask "Jeanette & Nelson who?" you probably wouldn't enjoy it) . . . Carolyn Zaremba is out of this world in — "Out of This World," a snappy revival of the Cole Porter musical at the Phoenix Theatre . . . Felicity LaFortune is the feisty widow in "An Evening at Widow Begbick's," in its second year at the Old Spaghetti Factory . . . Irreverent, screwball comedy/satire is the bill of fare at Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre, Wednesdays at Shady Grove (1538 Haight St.), Fridays at The Savoy (1438 Grant St.) . . . Monday evenings are the time to catch some really "different" acts at the Mabuhay Gardens on Broadway. Like Mary Monday & Her Britches, an act I can only describe as lewd - punk - glitter - rock. Mary says her music is "the ultimate fuck."

—Bob Kiggins

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boston

A principle well-known to those who bear the curse of the white-collar is that work expands to fill the time allotted to it, and it appears that a strange corollary to this is in operation in Boston's gay community. Every time a new bar opens, or an established one expands, the gay population grows enough to supply a crowd for it — a phenomenon certainly worthy the attention of a friendly sociologist.

The stalwart Sporter's, which serves as Beacon Hill's neighborhood bar and the Welcome Wagon for all transients and new residents of Boston, recently expanded to near twice its former size, entirely preserving in the transformation its peculiar, dim charm. The hard-to-procure zoning variance required for the renovation was staunchly supported by straight men and women in the area, in recognition of Sporter's spirited community work, and unvarying responsibility towards

the people of Beacon Hill.

12 Carver recovered admirably from the effects of a fire last year, and took the opportunity to revamp the Eagle Room on the first floor — the gilded cherubim were let go, and the bar's interior brought closer to the spirit of its L&L clientele. Chaps, newly outfitted in flattering red neon around the walls of unfinished wood, has become the early evening and cheery gathering place of Boston-Butch. Just a little farther afield, on the other side of the Fens (where nightly among the reeds and the Victory gardens men prove their dedication to the sport and their imperviousness to a hundred kinds of inclement weather), is the Eagle, a dark, seriously leather bar, that opened this past year with all the atmosphere of a decade of heavy, wet action.

Other new pins in the map are: Together, a disco in the theatre district, catering to clean-shaven youth, glitter, and green handkerchiefs; 119 Merrimac, a disco bar opened in the previously virgin territory of the West End; and the Powderhorn, a well-appointed and congenial place in the financial district. Each of these bars was created out of the financial ruins of a straight establishment — some at least know who has the buying power in this city. Two more discos, Somewhere (run by the extremely popular Bob White, of the still ever-crowded 1270) and Rainbow (in the stylish but accursed digs at 15 Landsdowne Street) opened shortly before Christmas.

Much meddling attention and moralizing has been directed at Boston's officially delineated red-light district, affectionately called "The Combat Zone," after two Harvard football players were attacked there a few weeks ago. The troubles afflicting this area (where several gay bars and the Club baths are located), and implications for the gay community, will be discussed in the next issue of this magazine.

—Joseph Cain

los angeles

The West Hollywood bar scene has been brightened by a couple of new places that opened just before the holidays. Rascal's, at Santa Monica Blvd. and Larrabee, has kind of a San Francisco or New York feel, with plate glass windows looking out onto

the street for sidewalk cruisers. It was formerly the Lost on Larrabee restaurant, so the decor — with stained glass accents — is more on the tasteful-funky side. Dress seems pretty much Levi/casual, though, like most local spots.

Aiming more directly for the Levi/leather crowd is The Spike, further east on Santa Monica Blvd., close to the Pussycat Theatre. The design is your basic wood, brick and beer cases, with a comfortable layout and good music.

These two join the other popular Santa Monica Blvd. bars in West Hollywood, which include the Rusty Nail, where there's usually a crowd both day and night, and the Hub, an old standby that has recently been done over in a tacky luxury liner motif. And, like the *Poseidon Adventure*, most of its patrons eventually go down.

The more active Hollywood bars also mainly attract the Levi set — with flashes of leather in most of them. These include Larry's, especially hot on the monthly full moon nights; the Stud, which is THE place to go on Sunday afternoons, and the Detour, where there's a party atmosphere every night. Catering more to the western/leather crowd are Griffs and the One Way, while the Headquarters attracts a wide variety of uniforms.

For dancing, there's Circus Maximus and the Bull Shot, the latter an especially hot, more intimate disco that opened recently on La Brea just north of Melrose. Studio One continues to be as popular as ever, and the Backlot Room there has been jumping in recent weeks with Gotham, Wayland Flowers and a rare appearance by Morgana King.

The main place where it all comes together after hours is the Outcast, at Santa Monica Blvd. and Hoover near the Silverlake area.

Local theatre has been highlighted by the incomparable Maggie Smith romping her way through "The Guardsman" with Brian Bedford at the Music Center's Ahmanson Theatre. They'll repeat the magic this summer at the Stratford Festival of Canada, which is headed by Robin Phillips, who also directed this production.

Julie Harris, as Emily Dickinson, graced the Huntington Hartford stage for too short a time in "The Belle of Amherst." While there, though, she did a successful benefit for the Gay Community Services

Center building fund.

She was followed at the Hartford by "The Royal Family." Eva Le Gallienne and Sam Levene star, but the show is stolen by the delightful Carole Shelley and Leonard Frey, who's come a long way from Harold in "Boys in the Band" to John Barrymore here.

On the small professional theatre scene, Bill Solly and Donald Ward — who gave the world "Boy Meets Boy" — unleashed another nostalgic musical satire — this time straight — at the Matrix Theatre. It's titled, simply, "The Great American Backstage Musical," and it's a fast-paced, breezy takeoff on all the 20th Century-Fox Betty Grable / Alice Faye World War II movie musicals. The cast of six performs with great style and an abundance of talent and Tamara Long (who was Mona Kent in the original "Dames at Sea") is particularly fun.

"The Wiz," which completely sold out during its 13-week run this past season, will return to the Ahmanson for the summer, again as a Los Angeles Civic Light Opera offering. Meanwhile, Motown has announced that Diana Ross will star as Dorothy in the film version that it will produce with Universal. That's like putting Betty Grable in "A Chorus Line" (singing "Tits and Ass"?), which, incidentally, is still going strong at the Shubert Theatre and which Universal will also produce as a film (hopefully, with more appropriate casting).

—Ron Englert

philadelphia

Philadelphia has changed. One of the gay political capitals of the country now boasts a revitalized social scene. Bars, baths, and clubs have been springing-up faster than ever and what was once a big city with a serious inferiority complex, is now a lively center of activity.

One of the newest bars in town, Letters, bills itself as "the bar you can't write home about." Located on the fringe of the central business district, Letters draws large, chic weekend crowds. What they come to enjoy is a smart-looking, multi-leveled, disco bar. Dancing is made

(continued on page 70)

without caring. Like throwing cans everywhere.

IT: In what ways do you feel you are most like your twin brother?

TIM

Personalitywise, the same. We are more or less the same. We get together and we can talk in half sentences. We can get to the point where we can hear two words, and know the exact meaning, and refer and comment in two words. We know each other's minds. Same voice. Same laughter. We have the same quirks about making people laugh, and things like that. We get off on being like a showpiece in front of people, and just getting off on each other and making the other people laugh because of what we're doing — just sort of making a show.

Chris's answer would be the same as mine.

IT: The next question, needless to say, is how are you least like your brother?

TIM

Being cool in situations. Like, Chris is more nervous than I. And he tends to over-react more than I do, or under-react.

Chris probably considers that he's more closed-minded to people than I.

IT: Which of you is the dominant, and which the submissive twin?

TIM

Chris is more dominant. I sort of sit back and watch things happen, but he makes it happen. I follow Chris, except that in certain, like "freak" things, I'm sort of radical. Like jumping off 15-foot rocks into water about four feet deep. He's a bit more conservative.

Yeah, Chris'll say he's the dominant one.

Having run the contrasts and comparisons into the ground, I then scheduled one last meeting, with the two of them together, for which Chris had to make another special trip up to Hollywood from San Diego. Although they were dressed differently, the similarities were still remarkable: they both gesture frequently and have the same way of scratching their noses when thinking.

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high ego, that think they know everything, and in actuality they're very stupid. That bugs the hell out of me!

CHRIS

Tim's answer would be the same as mine.

Physically. (laughs) Our emotions are really similar. We're alike in our interests, which are sports. We like to use our minds. We don't like to stagnate.

CHRIS

I'll go back to what I said about Tim not thinking through situations, being less critical of people than I. He doesn't think of the consequences of his actions.

The major difference is that Tim's more open to people than I am.

CHRIS

He'll say exactly what I say.

That's easy. I'm dominant and he's submissive.

Chris's voice turns out to be slightly higher and thinner than Tim's, but, when asked a joint question, Tim always waited for Chris to come up with an answer first — proving the validity of their own insights into the dominant and submissive sides of their psyches.

Accordingly, Chris answered first

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(continued from page 69)

different on a raised dance floor complete with the perennial spinning, mirrored ball.

Recently, the bar's owners-managers started a weekly Sunday jam session with two live bands (one rock and one jazz). The Sunday sessions feature a free buffet and salad bar. The wildest gimmick in the place is the "closed-circuit cruising." There is actually a closed-circuit TV system so that, while sitting at the bar, you can watch other parts of the club. And other people can watch you.

Roscoe's, a popular bar along Philadelphia's gay Spruce Street, had a face-lift recently. But, *The Weekly Gayzette*, the city's oldest gay newspaper, says that Roscoe's is still a "human bar." And so it is — low music, cozy places to sit and chat, and plenty of cruising space make it a delightful stop on anyone's itinerary. With low cost drinks, sandwiches, and fresh, hot pizza, there are few places that can match Roscoe's.

If you're out for a casual lunch or dinner, the Hasty Tasty Deli is the place to go. Gay owned, gay run, and thoroughly gay, it is one of the more pleasant places to stop for a small repaste. Cool green plants lavishly fill its large front window and create a soothing, appetizing, ambiance. With a largely gay clientele, it's the perfect spot for eating and cruising. (Waiter, send a corned beef on rye to the man in blue, with my compliments . . .)

Philadelphia's gay community is getting itself together in other ways also. The Gay Community Center, long the dream of a few people, is now a thriving reality. Situated in the midst of the lively South Street Renaissance area, the Center provides a number of services that have become popular additions to Philadelphia's gay life. The Gay Coffeehouse, in the Center, is a non-alcoholic alternative to the bar scene. Operating on Friday and Saturday evenings, the Coffeehouse is always full to overflowing and considering expanding its schedule. The Gay Switchboard in the Center will tell you what you want to know about Gay Philadelphia and what it's doing while you're in town.

Philadelphia has changed. There's much more than ever before — and lots of it is Gay.

—Joseph R. DeMarco

CHRISTY TWINS

when I asked what each one's favorite fantasy was: "I'll give you two!" He laughed his now-familiar laugh and continued that "one is to have all the cash that I want and to do what I want, and not be hindered. That's a good fantasy." Then he laughed again, characteristically jiggled his foot, and added "another fantasy would be the Coliseum packed with people for an orgy. Yeah! A sexual fantasy. I just go on orgies. That's my trip. I'd like to do that. I've never done one of those. Really. Really, that's a good fantasy!"

Tim, on the other hand, pondered for nearly two full minutes before answering. "My favorite fantasy is creating a movie, and the specific movie I have in mind is a spacecraft going through our galaxy, and picking out the earth as its favorite spot, or most likely spot, to colonize on. And they've been looking for years, and eons, and they find this place, and they call it 'Earth,' and they land, and they do nothing but enjoy what it offers. Like ski, surf, and underwater, climbing, hang-gliding, just a lot of sports relative to just our own accomplishment. Not having a team effort. And just enjoying, en-

joying, life. Sort of like Disneyland."

Recalling an earlier reference of Tim's about their first having been separated one summer when he had an opportunity to go to Denver with a cousin, I asked brother Chris how he felt about that first separation. "There was a lot of mixed emotions," he answered rather tentatively. "I was really happy to see him go, because he was doin' what he wanted to do. And that left me the room by myself, and we got the chance to split." He then turned rueful: "Because all our lives we'd done the same things, same friends, never apart, and it gets to be a head trip. Because you're never **separate**. You're never thought of as **being separate**. And I always wanted to be separate."

"That's one of our major differences. He likes to be with me, but I like to be more separate. Because I feel like I'm in a zoo, like everybody around us is just looking, and 'there's the twins!'" Asked if they were dressed alike, he immediately responded, "Well, that's the trip. O.K., so you got two identical twins. Now what are you gonna do? You're not gonna show

(continued from page 70)

favoritism, so what can you do? Because, you know, no matter what happens somebody's gonna like one of 'em more than the other. So the only way to eliminate that is to get them both the same.

"It's a puzzler, but there's no other way around it. And both resenting it, too! They don't want to have the same things! But you can't give 'em different things! So, the only way we did was to split up in colors, like he had his favorite color and I had mine. And our favorite colors are actually the same, anyway! But you just lose that identity, and I can't stand it. I gotta know that I'm a person, and don't have six copies of me walkin' down the road. It just blows me out when I can't get away."

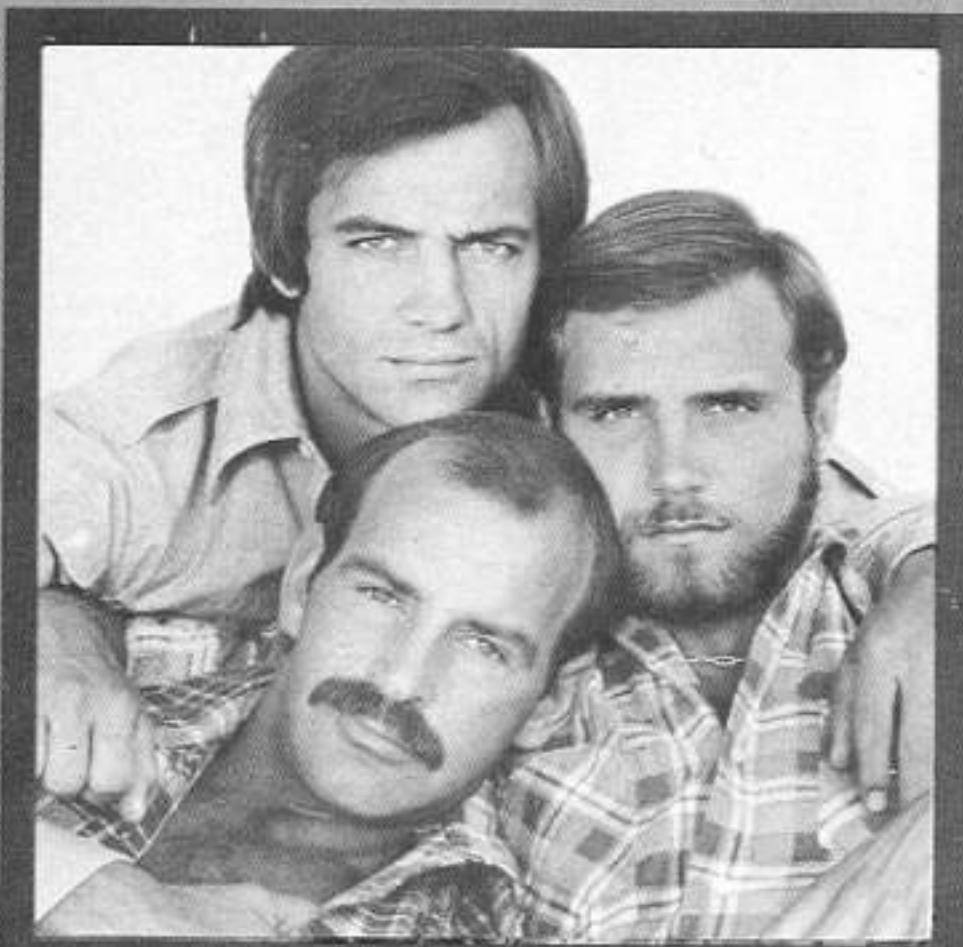
"Tim isn't like that. He likes to be with me. Which is nice. I like it. I like to be with him, too. But there's a time I like to be by myself, just to show I'm not a freak in the zoo!"

The glance they then exchanged was almost heartbreaking in its tender intensity. I quickly concluded the interview, happy in knowing that, for this one night at least, before Chris had to go back to San Diego, they would be together again.

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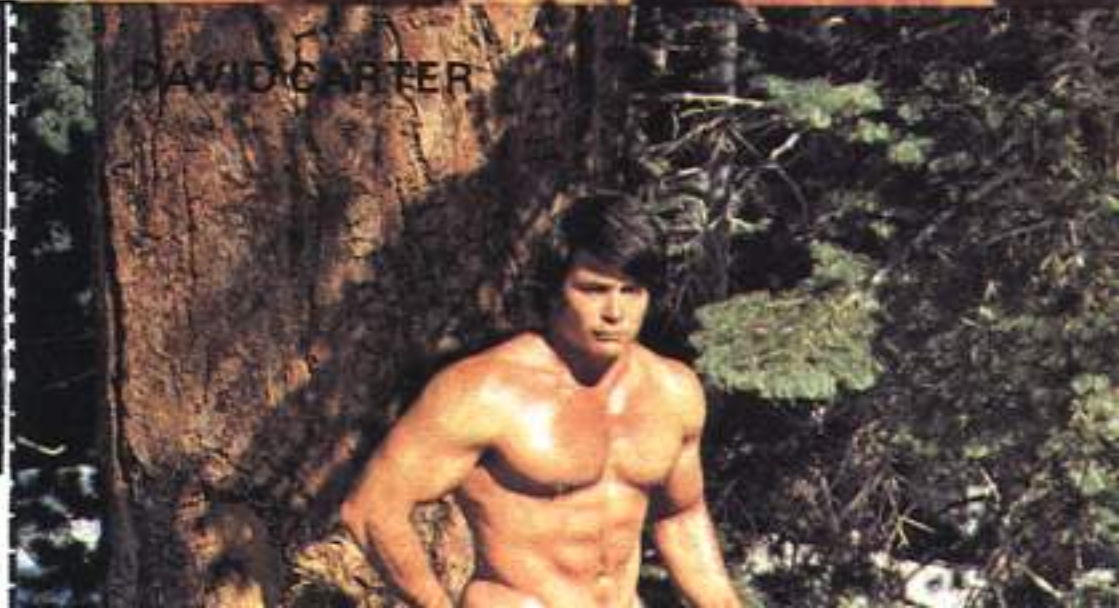
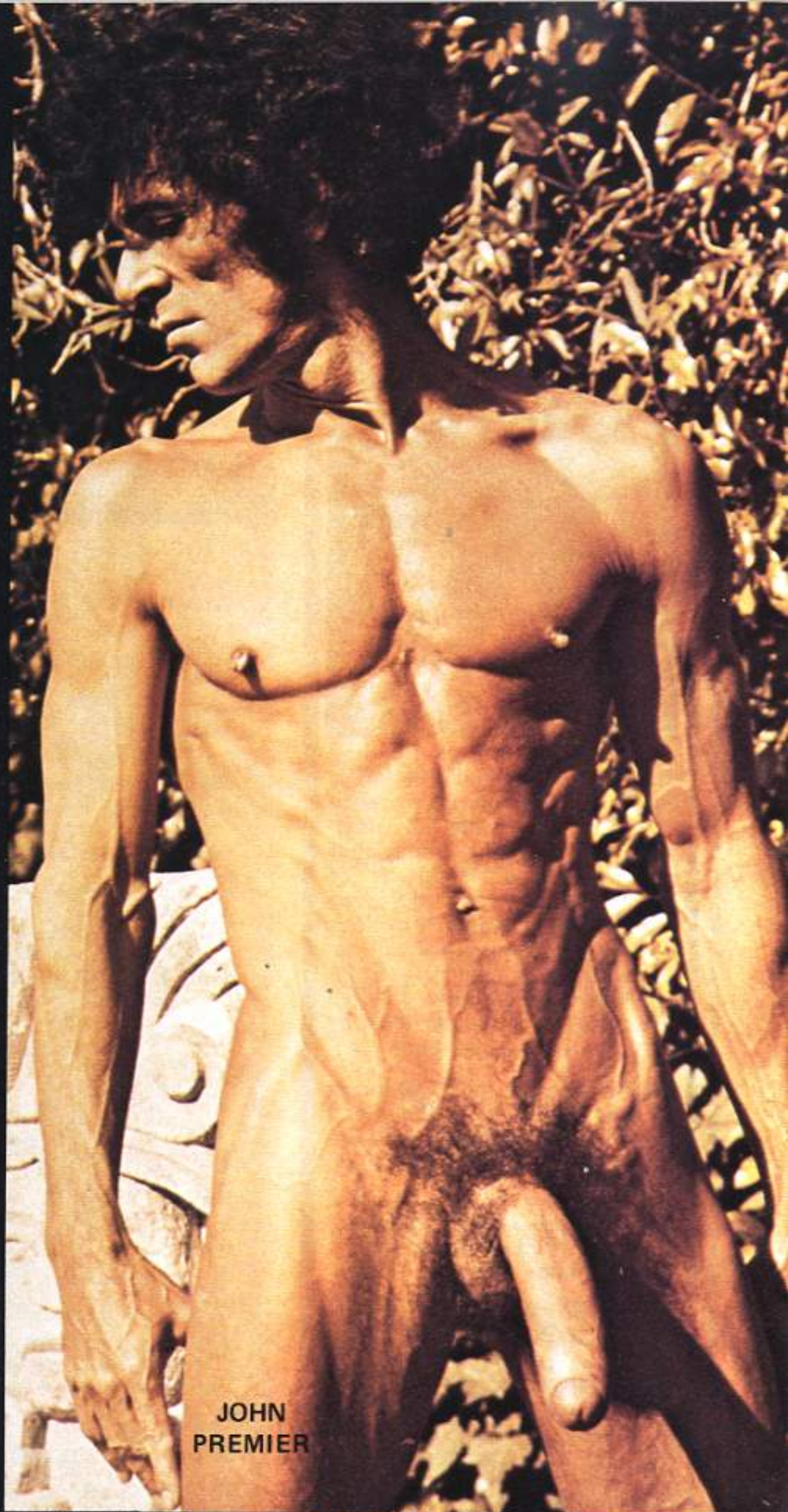
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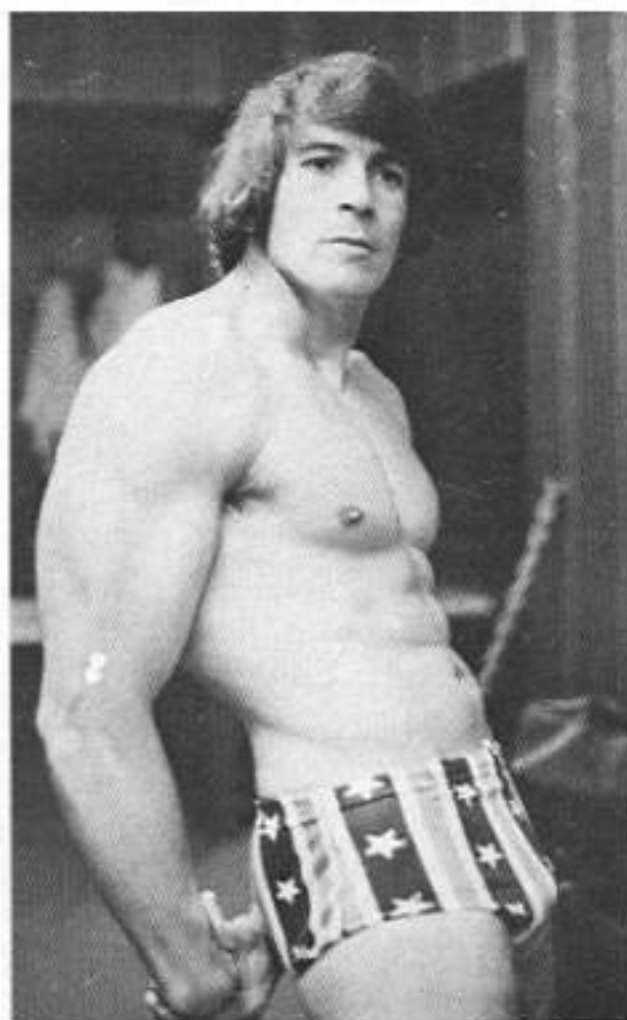
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HOROS

LEO . . . JULY 23—AUGUST 23

Your ego has had a boost lately from an unknown admirer, you heard it through a friend and you feel on top of the world. Or was it an obscene phone call you couldn't hang up on? Nevertheless, you needed a boost, now go out and prove to yourself you deserved it. Give the old water hole a break, try a new bar. Smile and flaunt it. Let it all hang out and tell them the line forms around the corner. After you've had your fun, take time out to review the situation, look things over, and even if it means a toll call, start dialing before he gives you the busy signal.

VIRGO . . . AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

Such a lover, they say. The compliments ring in your ears and you love it. So, keep up the good work, improve some way-out technique and live up to your reputation. King size beds are great on summer nights, but there's nothing like a single when you want to get it and keep it together. Think about this when you plan your next move. Now the bad news. Hold off making plans about a vacation with you-know-who until you get your raise . . . and if you already have one, make sure he can match it . . .

LIBRA . . . SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

This is going to be a fast and lively period, lots to do and many people to get involved with. Tell all your hangers-on to shape up or ship out . . . there's a new love on your horizon . . . all you have to do is meet him half way. He may not give a hoot for your crystal collection but may go ape about your bric-a-brac. Have you dusted it off lately . . . or do you have some help with those chores? Watch your spending; you are inclined to go overboard when you get in this mood. If he's hooked on your bric-a-brac no need to show him your gew-gaws.

AQUARIUS . . . JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

Summer's coming and you can go off to your favorite spot and let it all hang out. Meanwhile, cut out the fattening foods, tone up the muscles and check over your summer duds. This is going to be YOUR summer. If you are feeling a little lonely, drab or have an attack of the blahs, take off for a weekend to some nearby fun place and be nice. You may find a friend in need of the same thing . . . then have a ball getting it together. If you can't afford to splurge on a wild weekend, dress up, look your best and go to a slick bar or restaurant and see what's on the menu; it might be the waiter.

PISCES . . . FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

If you are in need of some extra cash, this is your chance. If it means working overtime, selling some white elephants or peddling a script you've written, go to it like you were chasing after the best looking number in the bar or sauna. You'll need the extra bread for an interesting opportunity that is about to surface. Some bitchy friends may accuse you of being mercenary, but be aloof and remember they can't even give it away on a cold night. Lend a sympathetic ear to an old friend, but that's all . . . you will need your money for your own use.

ARIES . . . MARCH 21—APRIL 20

Someone near to you will show you a great kindness in one form or another. If he gives you the number of a prospective overnight guest . . . call. If it's a tip on a horse, don't bet unless it's a one horse race. Cool it with the late night suppers or parties and concentrate on early dinners, you can always have a midnight snack in bed, if he's still awake. Quit worrying about an old flame that keeps burning up with jealousy, even if he knows more than he should about your personal life, he won't tell . . . after all, look what you've got on him. Now, go call that prospective overnight guest . . .

SCOPE

By ROGER ASQUITH

TAURUS . . . APRIL 21—MAY 20

Prospects are favorable this month for completing plans for a future project. If it's a new apartment, a new roommate or a new bedwarmer, you are looking for, this is the time. Check out the finer details before you finally decide, you don't want to take on more than you can chew. The love stakes should be fruitful this period; take your time and find a partner who's willing to give fifty-fifty towards the relationship. You've been chased lately haven't you . . . and please note the spelling . . . well, slow down a little, give the guy a break.

GEMINI . . . MAY 21—JUNE 21

Luck comes to those who are seeking something. Stay-at-homes never get anything but unwanted phone calls and door-to-door salesmen. You do need a little encouragement in a project, but don't expect every Tom, Dick and Mary to agree with your plans. Tom and Dick may have plans of their own . . . and you know what Marys are like. Strive to attain some useful contacts, but if an old flame offers to come over and haul your ashes, let him. He's as good now as he ever was . . . and has had a lot more practice. He'll help you out.

CANCER . . . JUNE 22—JULY 22

Pressures at work may be mounting . . . in fact a lot of things may be mounting . . . which is okay if you can cope. If you are taking the load and finding it a little too much, slow down or seek some help. There are many friends who will give you a hand and be glad of the chance to find out where it's at. Who knows, after a little initial response to your plea for help, you may wind up with an orgy on your hands. Watch your weight, exercise and eat the right goodies. Spare tires are for the rumble seat.

SCORPIO . . . OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

Do you concern yourself with rumors? Has someone been spreading evil gossip about you? Furthermore, can you live up to it? Publicity, no matter what it is, can be detrimental unless they get your phone number right. Go out and prove them wrong and have a ball doing it. Your friends will rally round you, especially if the drinks are on you. This is the time to go over your duds, clean out the closet and tell whoever is hiding in there to come out, you would prefer a tiger in your tank if you have to support a lodger.

SAGITTARIUS . . . NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

An unusually creative mind will help you to attain some of your goals. Your way with people will help you satisfy a basic need, but don't waste time chasing after something you know you won't get unless you need the exercise. You are inclined to get a little edgy of late, something is bugging you, nail down the source and sort it out and use up your energy in more pleasurable pastimes. The yen in your life may be the men in your life, but you have to eat and rest at least once a day, so think of your health as well as your sex life.

CAPRICORN . . . DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

You've been burning ye olde candle at both ends lately, too much of a good thing can become a little passe. Concentrate a little on the financial side of your life, fill the coffers at the bank and not the local bar. You have some pleasant surprises coming your way; no, it's not the Gemini twins, but they're worth looking out for. Keep a cool head and if necessary give 'til it hurts to prove what a nice accommodating guy you are. This extra effort isn't classed as burning the candle, it's known as cooking on all four burners . . . which is what's needed if you're going to fix breakfast.



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Large scale productions and concerts are at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre. Sometimes the lobby is better than the stage show, particularly when the wealthier town queens turn on the camp and attend in high drag. There's really no law against it. Less ambitious legit is at The Playhouse, the Arts Club, City Stage and The David Lui Theatre (shades of Belasco arrogance!) You might also try any garage that has been recently vacated. Nudity, as long as it has some vague pretense to that overworked cliché "cultural," is permitted but topless bars are feeling the pressure and may be forced to cover up. The Liquor Control Board, a relic of the Middle Ages, is a constituted dictatorship where the capricious issuance and withdrawal of licenses is concerned. (By the way, bottled liquor must be bought from one of the government stores. Herbert Hoover would have creamed his jeans with joy!) So, Gertrude Stein might well have wondered "When a tit's not a tit if a tit's a tit." One of the tackier straight clubs features male strippers once a week but you'll see better looking dogs at the city pound. Instead of "belly up to the bar, boys," it's "belly back from the bar and barf, boys!"

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Stanley Park at the entrance to Vancouver's west end and plush apartment buildings, one of which is appropriately called Vaseline Towers, has more than a thousand cultivated acres, two lakes, giant stands of Douglas fir, and 22 miles of walking trails. One of these is notorious for the use which its darkling nooks and crannies are unceremoniously put. "When all else fails, try Lee's Trail." University kids (particularly around exam time when the screws are tightened), afternoon studs and just about anyone who wants a quick, nameless, uncomplicated relief from his heavy

load can be seen wandering aimlessly along. If you look and he stops, bingo!

Be grateful there's no poison ivy in British Columbia. Of course you may accidentally plop your rosey on a stinging nettle but that's the price one pays for Paradise. There's always the bare chance that your new and transient love may be carrying handcuffs but you'll have to trust your antennae. Use the old eye signals or let him speak first. That lets you plead entrapment dodge and he knows it. If he doesn't respond, study the nearest daffodil with breathless enthusiasm. It isn't likely to happen but it does remain a possibility.

Strictly for tourists, one might recommend the Nitobe Gardens on the UBC campus; Robsonstrasse with its schnitzel houses and slightly overrated, decayed continental flair; Queen Elizabeth Park and the tropical conservatory; Simon Fraser University with its severe architecture and glory holes (it was the setting for George Peppard's sci-fi flick *The Groundstar Conspiracy* but there's no evidence he took advantage of the small circular conveniences); Grouse Mountain and the 3,974-foot aerial tramway that lifts you up to look over the entire city (and has only fallen once); the Planetarium with daily sky shows and its proximity to a high school whose hornier students scuff the shore at recess; the Capilano Suspension Bridge; Steveston, where fresh Pacific salmon is sold from boats at the wharf (Well, you can always pack it in dry ice and ship it home); the Aquarium and its killer whales and dolphins; and the inevitable Art Gallery. The Emily Carr collection is extensive but I've always been more fascinated by stories of her monkey than by her art.

Granville Mall is the main shopping artery but it functions differently than politicians expected when it was conceived. And "conceived" is a good word. The public got fucked for the money. A lot of unanticipated grunge slithers onto benches and lolls in doorways while pushers, addicts, hookers and a motley collection of unsavories creep around the lower end of the mall near Davie Street.

(continued on page 78)

books

As we progress in defining gay consciousness, it's not surprising that each season we hail a new "best gay book yet."

GAY AMERICAN HISTORY: Lesbians and Gay Men in the U.S.A., by Jonathan Katz, Crowell, \$19.95 (paperback at \$9.95), 690 pgs., is a breathtaking documentary of the tribulations and joys of American gays mostly before World War II — a story largely unknown until now. With an economical and perceptive commentary, Katz presents a panorama of original documents: love letters from Alexander Hamilton to John Laurens; accounts by Thoreau, blues singer Bessie Smith, columnist Dorothy Thompson, anarchist Emma Goldman, arts patron Mabel Dodge Luhan and many others of their same-sex loves; accounts of Indian homosexuality, of executions in colonial times and persecutions later, of transvestites unmasked at death, and of gay defense clubs long predating the 1950 start of America's gay movement. A few well-selected illustrations help — i.e., Ralph Waldo Emerson's sketch of a youth he loved. . . .

Part of our alienation as gays has been our sense of having no past. This book, produced with hard digging and love, is one to read with tears and joy. I wish I had room to discuss a few of the many issues Katz raises in his illuminating text and notes.

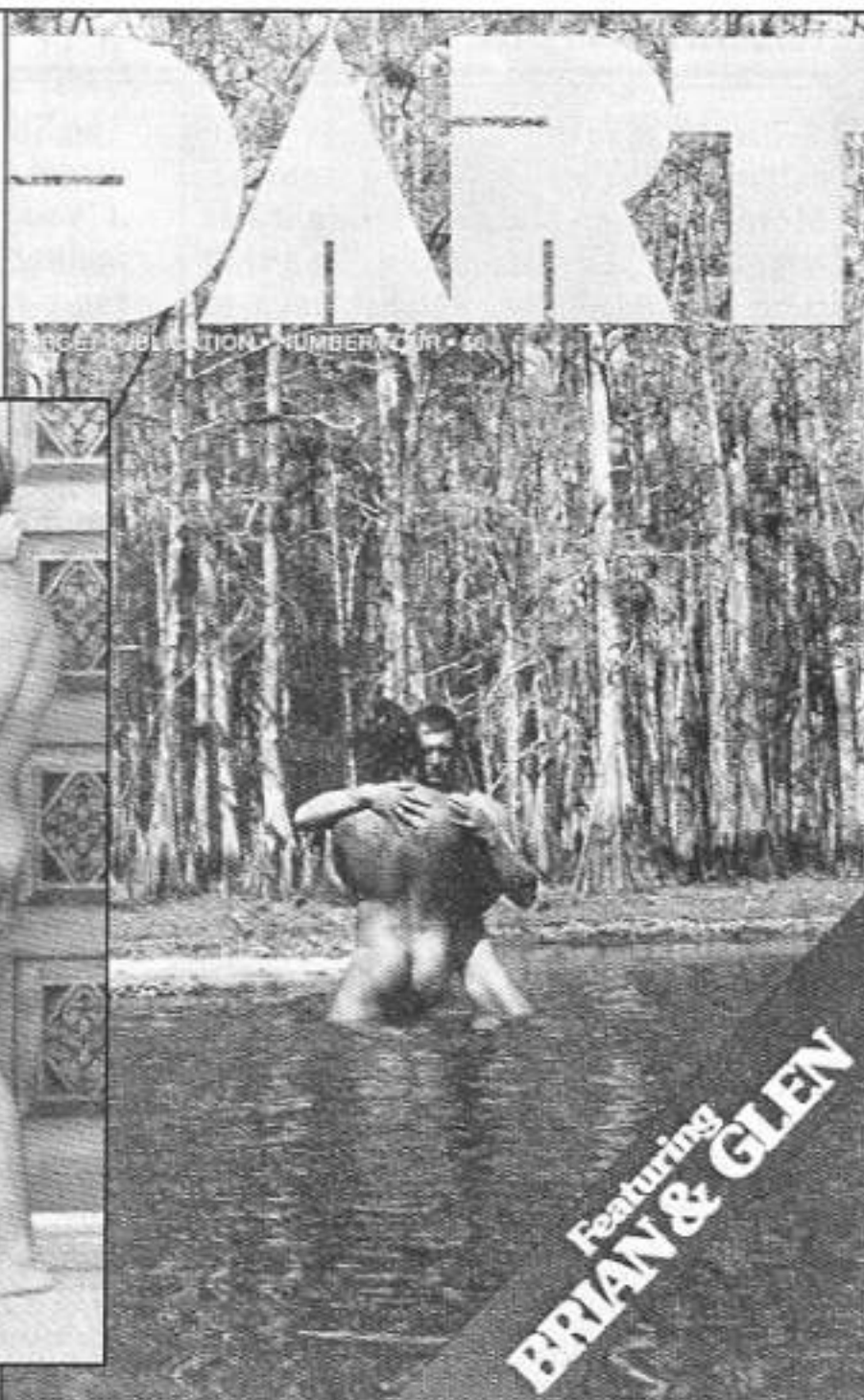
Charles Reich's *THE SORCERER OF BOLINAS REEF* (Random House, \$8.95, 265 pgs.) is the tortured account of one man's coming out. Author of *The Greening of America*, a bible of the hip generation, Reich grew up in a class which permitted him, amazingly, to see the 1930s as an era of unlimited optimism. He tells of the joy of law-clerking for Hugo Black and hiking along the Potomac with Justice Douglas, then becoming miserably oppressed in the role of the successful young lawyer in Washington. Temporarily relieved

(continued on page 93)

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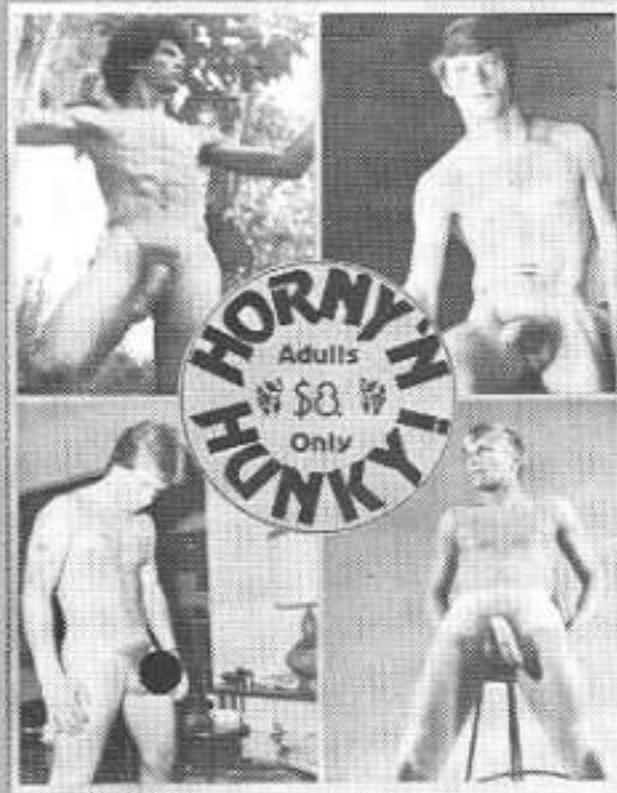
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That street, itself, is the cathedral's aisle for drag queens. More than one innocent straight has heard the hairy line about "It's that time of month, honey, I'll have to blow you," and fallen for it. Some of these tarts are good. Others look like Henry Kissinger in a feather boa. The laws are almost unenforceable against them but that doesn't stop the local badges from bearing down more often than is necessary. Let some rabid Holy Roller scream for a cleanup and it's the relatively harmless Shaven Armpit Sorority that feels the first heat.

This is a tolerant country for the most part but, like almost every other country, the bureaucracy defends itself by clubbing the most vulnerable element when it needs a convenient scapegoat. Christ knows these queens can be cheap, vicious haridans but they can also be great fun when they let down their defenses. Why not give them a break? Must the whole world be swallowed in whipped cream and belly button lint?

There are the customary steam baths and that's about all they are. The Richards Street is generally considered best but who knows where it would be on a sliding scale of one to ten? The Taurus has a somewhat younger crowd but it's dealer's choice whether you end up with Salame Italiano or Fromage de Suisse. The Hastings Street steamer (known to the cognoscenti as the "Hasty Tasty") is a mixed bag. What you sees is what you gets.

Gay clubs are uniformly good to excellent, safe, try hard to please and exercise a high degree of self-policing. Nobody ever needs scream "It's a raid!" and dive through an open window. For after hours, non-disco music and a comfortable, relaxed atmosphere, it's Jonathan's. Drag shows and a slightly wilder arena are features at BJs. The Gandy Dancer is imaginative, has a big disco sound, attracts a reasonably friendly breed, and is strictly for men only. Myrt's is half-restaurant, half-disco, and caters to straights as well as to gays. The Parkside Tropicana, The Playpen Central and The Late Major Bagshots take up the slack with no discernible theme. Faces, one of the oldest clubs, is an intriguing melange of male and female gays, fag hags, semi-straights and demi-mondes.

The Shaggy Horse has top-to-bottom carpet and creates a certain intimacy if you can avoid claustrophobia or feeling like Cleopatra rolled up in a rug for presentation to Caesar. You'll be well aware of the shag. Nobody's ever seen the horse. Finally, The Playpen South is another after-hours BYOB club, drawing a mildly leather gang. Nobody dangles a leg iron or carries a morning star but one or two may sleep on vinyl and mutter dire imprecations.

The main thing is that while the environment often may seem similar, Canadians are very different from Americans. There's less aggressiveness and a reserve one might misinterpret as disinterest. Unless he deliberately unearths the crud, however, he meets some pleasantly old-fashioned virtues. Canadians, perhaps as you do, appreciate respect and give it when it's earned. They like their own country and with good reason. They'll defend it vigorously against outsiders while tearing it asshole-from-appetite themselves. Most of them are right up front. The ex-premier of the province often told newsmen to "fuck off" and the prime minister's favorite word is "shit." You must admit he's classy about it. He says it in French.

There's a pastel shade of naivete here. No skin flicks, no New York accoutrements or avant garde sophistication, no Hollywood blase brass. But there's something better. Canadians are rarely snobbish; they're often warm without being saccharine; strong without suffering a macho attack. What they have to offer visiting gays isn't Bette Midler at the Continental Baths or Lola Falana on the Sunset Strip. But they do offer a rare degree of honesty and directness together with an equally rare sense of security. Where else today can you walk the streets at four in the morning and not get mugged? Where else can you wander alone through the recesses of a park and not be up tight of the stranger walking toward you? Where else can you meet, talk, let the old urge rise, and go home with someone you like without looking over your shoulder?

Canadians? Vancouverites? "God bless 'em, every one," I say with Tiny Tim.

Now hand me my crutch and I'll tango for you.

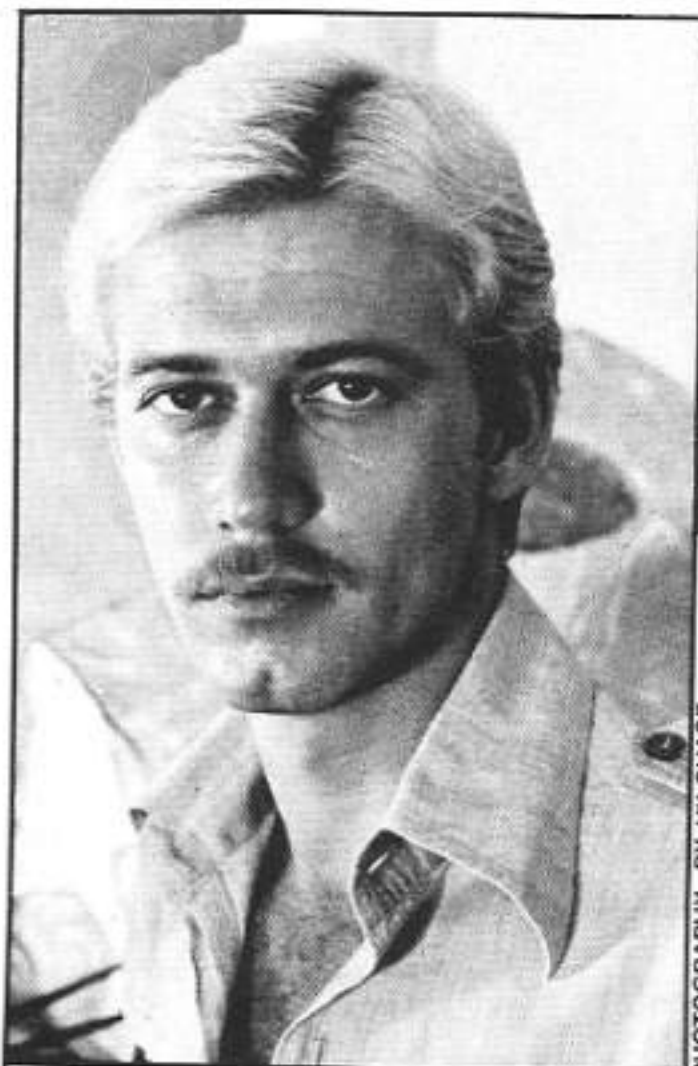
provide an excellent place to rest and people-watch on those hot, humid summer evenings in Montreal.

Any visit to Montreal wouldn't be complete without some shopping. And whatever you're looking for, Montreal's got it. On Notre Dame Street are the medium-priced antique shops. The more expensive ones are located on Sherbrooke Street, which is Montreal's answer to Fifth Avenue. Very expensive. Try Holt Renfrew's (our Bloomingdale's) or Lucas (our Cartier's) or Brisson & Brisson (nothing quite like Brisson & Brisson). Also on Sherbrooke Street is the Ritz-Carlton, where Liz first married Richard Burton. They slept in the Royal Suite. So did Maria Callas and a host of other international noteworthies. Not all at the same time, of course. Across the street is Montreal's most elegant apartment complex, Le Chateau. It's got a private elevator for every two apartments.

Montreal's best art galleries and the newly-renovated Museum of Fine Arts (the museum's got a great little cafeteria!) are also on Sherbrooke and so is McGill University — a favorite gay late-night haunt. No need to worry about the police. They're not allowed onto the campus unless asked to do so by the Administration. And the Administration never asks.

Another prime shopping area is Montreal's "Underground City," which consists of some 400 acres of department stores, boutiques, shoppes, restaurants, hotels, movie houses, theatres, banks, as well as two railway stations, the bus terminal and the offices of almost every commercial airline serving Montreal. They're all connected by miles of bright pedestrian passageways and/or the sleek and silent Metro which is the world's largest underground art gallery, full of murals and sculptures designed by various Canadian artists.

For information on the plays, movies or shows in town, pick up one of the daily papers or a copy of *Gay Montreal* which is available free of charge at almost all the bars and discos. Or you might drop me a line to Timothy Taylor, c/o 1905 Tupper No. 61, Montreal, or call me at (514) 933-3262. I'd love to show you around! Bon voyage et bienvenue a Montreal.



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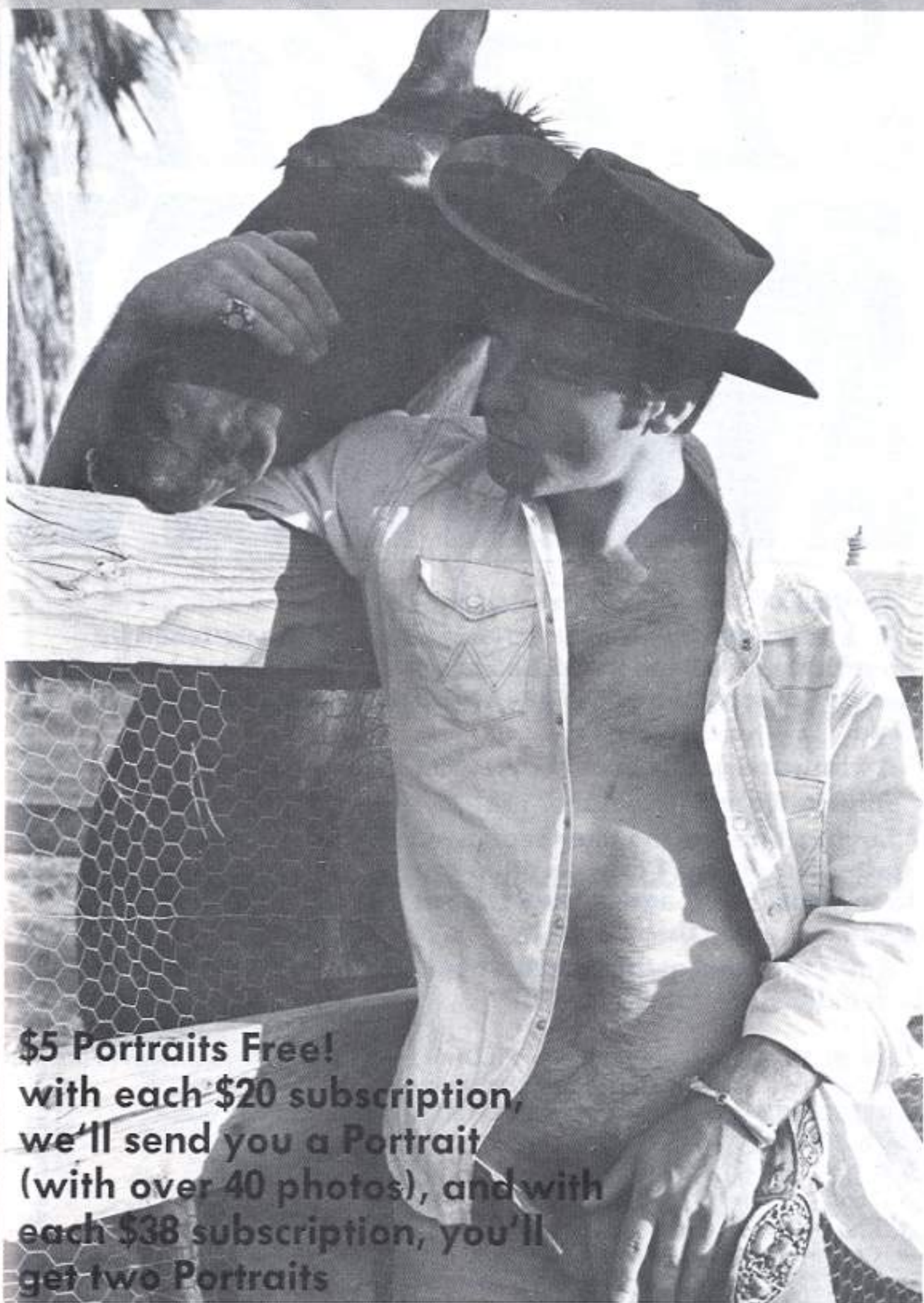
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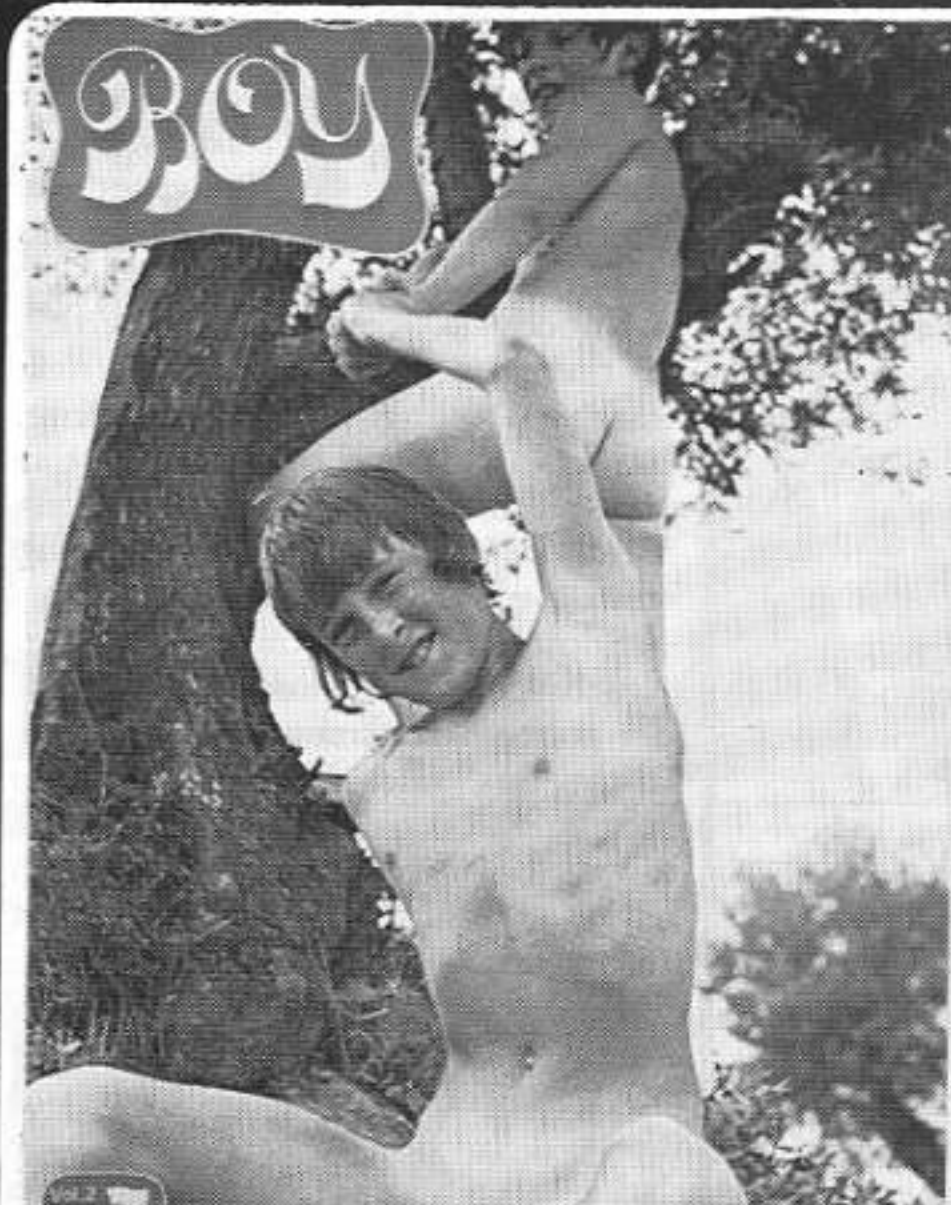
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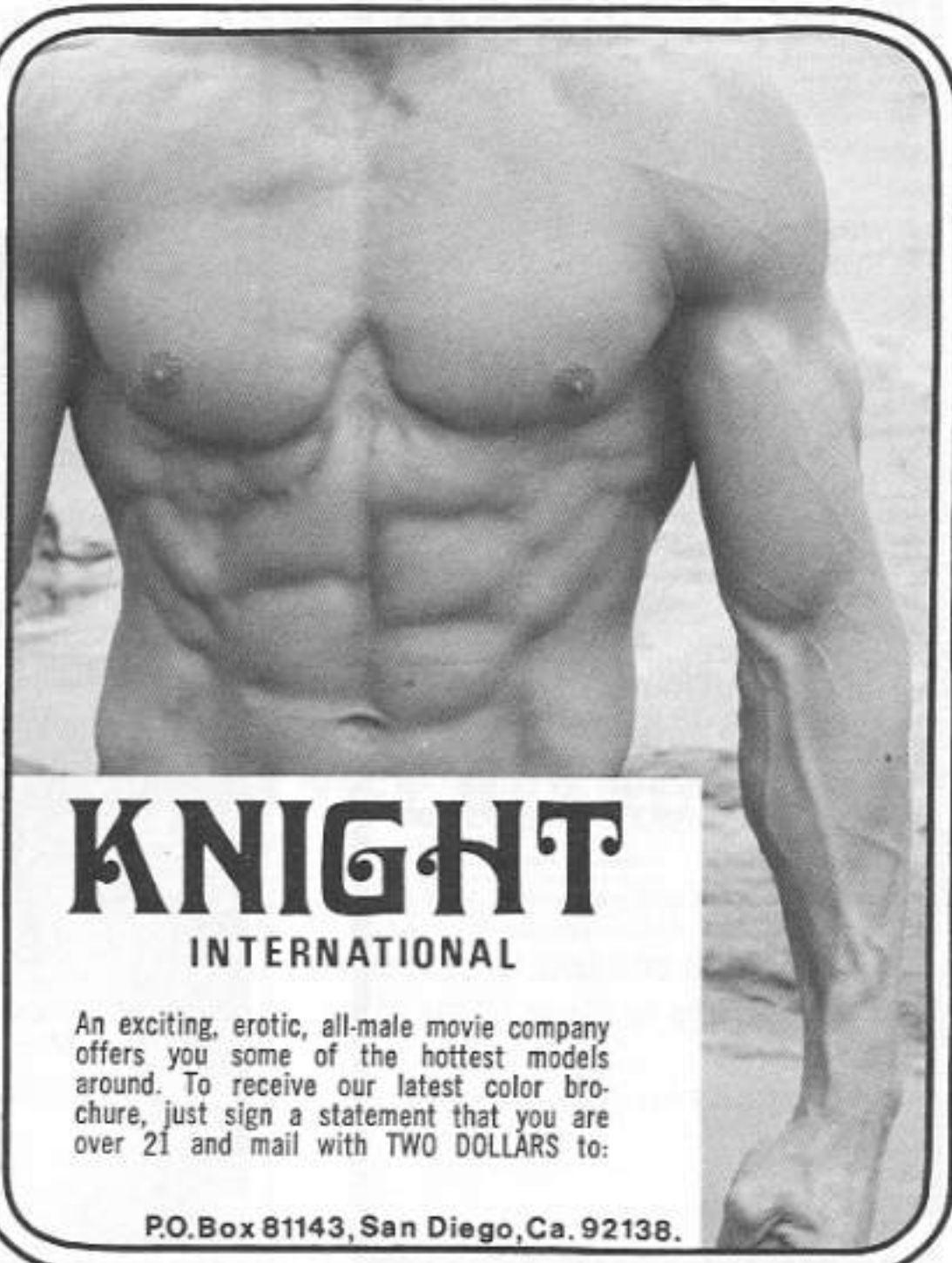
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Jim French's "Another Man"

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Rick Herold, Grand Funk
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Mae West, Swimwear, Dirt
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MAY
Don Johnson, Roy Dean,
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JUNE
Rick Gates, California Casual
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George Rose, Dune Buggy,
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SEPTEMBER
Alice Faye, Earl
Wilson Jr., Nick Nolte, San
Francisco Fashion

OCTOBER
Marc Singer, Terrence McNally,
Underwear, Marlboro Country

NOVEMBER
Beau Bridges, Dakota, Skiing,
Off-Off-Broadway

1975
DEC./JAN.
John Calvin, Yucatan

JUNE/JULY
Glenda Jackson, Polk

Street, Natchez, Grant Tracy
Saxon, New Orleans

AUG./SEPT.
Shirley MacLaine, Robert Morse,
LaBelle, Jim
Cassidy, Pat Rocco, Ed Fury,
Fire Island

OCT./NOV.
Tab Hunter, Paris, Columbia,
Ann-Margaret, Michael Greer

1976
DEC./JAN.
Elton John, Anne Baxter, Joseph
Bottoms, Elizabeth Taylor, Chicago,
Clyde Dayton Wallace, Art of Harry
Bush, Tom DeSimone

MAR./APR.
Barbra Streisand, Melba Moore,
Shirley Bassey, Bruce Davison, Tom
O'Horgan, New York

MAY/JUNE
Tennessee Williams, Sal Mineo,
Martin Sheen, Cocteau's Sailors,
London, Atlanta, Gotham

JULY/AUG.
Christopher Isherwood, Russ Tamblyn,
Wakefield Poole, Haiti, San Francisco,
Patricia Nell Warren's "Front Runner",
Tattoos, Making It In La Jolla

SEPT./OCT.
Warren Beatty, Bette Midler, Peter
Berlin, Los Angeles, Harry Bush's
IN TOUCH Sketchbook, "The Outlaw"

NOV./DEC.
Robert Redford, Jan-Michael Vincent,
Lucille Ball, Australia, Boston,
Walt Whitman, Men Together

1977
JAN./FEB.
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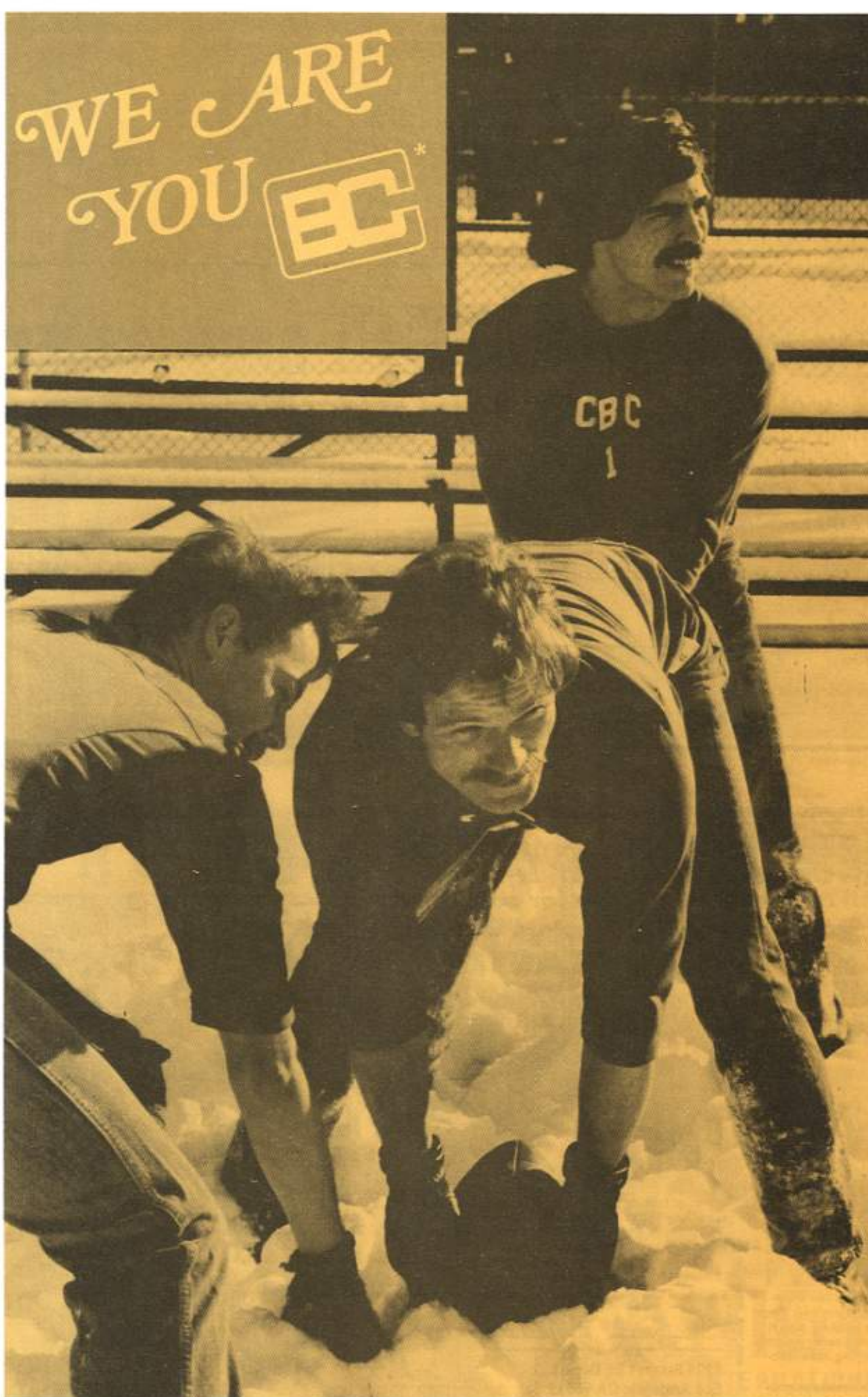
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THE CLUB BATH CHAIN

(continued from page 19)

IT: But isn't this concern "me" oriented?

JH: The thing that keeps us from living well together is that we haven't yet got the individual self together. The "me" orientation of a lot of the consciousness raising stuff going on here is really the perfectly logical groundwork for a group dynamic that I hope will grow out of it — and is growing already. The more I become a real, honest, open, OK person who likes himself and who is engaged creatively in fulfilling himself, the more I will be a good person to relate to other people — the more I'll be a better lover, neighbor, teacher, student, craftsman, and a user of the crafts of others.

IT: You mentioned recently that you were bothered by aging.

JH: Yes. I was raised in the '30s and '40s when the finest thing you could be that I knew about was a movie star. I was at work from the beginning to make myself look like a movie star. At this point I don't think that was a very useful model for me, but nevertheless I was formed by that model. There may be a whole lot more to it than that, and I'm sure there is. I went along thinking that the good life I've had has been possible because I've been good-looking and because I made myself presentable. I stood out in the crowd. I'll be 50 in February. When you get to be this age and your face begins to show real signs of collapse, you find yourself engaged in a real revolution of inner values. You can't get by longer on good looks — you don't have them any longer. The changes that came about in the first 45 years were perfectly compatible. I'd look a little older, but it wasn't any kind of age that disqualified me from anything. I looked as handsome as ever, just in different ways. But this present deterioration is going to turn me into an "old person." I just haven't worked that around in my psyche yet.

IT: How have you started to work it around?

JH: By writing about it, thinking about it, talking about it with friends, being interviewed about it — not going around the edge of it. Confronting it. One of my life teachers is a potter, Mary Caroline Richards, who has written a wonderful book called *Centering*. She uses the image of the fire as experience which

changes us just as the fire changes the pot. The form is often more beautiful, but nevertheless the change is real. So the teaching is that we not try to avoid the fire, but move through the center of it. Get the heat of it, the good of the kiln — be changed, be altered by the experience. I'm not trying to avoid being older, so much as I'm trying to live into it in a way that's consistent with the way I've lived into other tough challenges. I'm trying to do it in as good a style as I can. It helps me a lot when I get feedback from other people. Nobody has said that my face isn't aging at all. That would be cheap. They all say they like to look at me, that my qualifications as a person in other ways are richer and better to the extent that I will learn to relinquish good looks. Also I suppose it's partly a sense of aesthetics. There's that whole mystique which is not just American or '30s and '40s about youth — the "eternal boy" that has existed as an archetype for ages. One of the things that interests me about *IN TOUCH* is the title. The question one wants to ask is: In touch with what? The surface, or who one is? Saul Bellow said recently after he won the Nobel Prize that it's a very good time to remind people that they have souls. I hope *IN TOUCH* is concerned with one's soul as well as his beauty. And that the eternal boy that so many of us are can be seen as the soul's adventure of being oneself as well as just the body. I hope that people who are 25 and beautiful today would be enjoying it as much as I did when I was 25 and beautiful, but I hope that a lot of their excitement is coming from a sense that they're really engaging in the soul's life. The soul's life is living out one's deepest desire, which is not being just a beautiful object. The soul's desire is to fulfill itself, to live out the deepest dream in you. That's what's really worth being in touch with. If the focus isn't deeper at 25, you're headed for trouble at 50. And I say that because I've experienced some of that difficulty.

IT: Much of what *IN TOUCH* presents could be likened to erotic fantasy triggers. To what extent are these triggers useful in a deep sense?

JH: One's fears are that the response is going to be only pornographic. Pornography has been best described by James Joyce, who said that it was that which excited either loathing or desire in the viewer. That doesn't make it good or

bad — just dangerous. Pornography can be good if it puts you in touch with a really deep fantasy that you can go at in an intelligent, thorough way. . . . So if I'm going to fall for the great truck driver sexpot, it may be because I haven't been in touch with my own masculinity in those ways, so therefore I'm erotically drawn to it. I'm convinced that the classic man is drawn to the classic woman because classic man is developing his woman-ness. That's why the other half is of the opposite sex. Within the homosexual matrix perhaps the question is more complex, but still you have the situation that heterosexual and homosexual humans are drawn to that which they have not yet developed within themselves. Many young men who are drawn to these hunky, virile images are people who are engaged very seriously in developing their own masculinity and hunkiness in ways that are valuable. And because they're engaging their fantasies now, they will live it out and live into those images and beyond them. They won't just be titillated, taunted and drawn to them all their lives.

IT: But some are . . .

JH: Some have been in the past, but we're in a new age now. All the returns are not in. We don't know what's going to come of all this. I tend to cast my vote on the side of living out the fantasy. . . . If you've ever gone into the experience of masculinity, if you're at all intelligent and alert, you will become bored by that experience after you've lived it out and you'll press on beyond it. The excitement of being a person is not the excitement of being a man or a woman. A real person is a free person who has those components operating creatively, dynamically and constructively. Sometimes we get stopped or stuck, and we can't get into the deeper development which is not limited by gender.

IT: You're in favor then of breaking down taboos.

JH: Yes, but I am not particularly interested in pornography at this point in my life; I have been in the past. I think the reason it doesn't interest me is because I had all I wanted. It must be available; the great cache of pornography is part of our human riches. Forgetting what Joyce said, what is pornography anyway? Suppose you're sitting in a

(continued on page 90)

GAY NOVEL

(continued from page 21)

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homosexuals almost always felt that if they only travelled enough, they might find a happier place, a place where they could be free. Melville in the South Seas, Stevenson in Samoa, T.E. Lawrence in Arabia, D.H. Lawrence in Mexico, Andre Gide in Tangiers, Oscar Wilde in Paris — all looking for the great, good place. The freedom of the homosexual is something he must create for himself. There is no place, because there is every place. Bayard Taylor dared to imagine the world that gays might create for themselves, by daring to be free.

For Taylor there was no word for that love, but there was an image that remains with us, a tribute to a brave man who wrote the truth as he saw it: "They took each other's hands. The day was fading, the landscape was silent, and only the twitter of nesting birds was heard in the boughs above them. Each gave way to the impulse of his manly love, rarer, alas! but as tender and true as the love of women, and they drew nearer and kissed each other. As they walked back and parted on the highway, each felt that life was not wholly unkind, and that happiness was not yet impossible."

The image is undoubtedly romantic, even melodramatic, by our standards, but how else was one to depict forbidden love? The convention of the time allowed no "form," no "place" for the love of two men, and so a writer who wanted to be honest found himself almost inevitably appealing to his readers' emotions as well as to their reason. One can see the same kind of thing in the romanticism of E.M. Forster's *Maurice*, written 40 years later and judged unpublishable, or that of D.H. Lawrence's novel of "forbidden" love, *Lady Chatterly's Lover*.

In many ways a romantic and a conservative, Taylor was also an effective social critic. His novels dealt with the rights of women, with divorce, with drugs, with repression, and with the rise of a plundering class of profiteers, seen in his novel in Joseph's wife's family. Bayard Taylor was also the first novelist to address directly the problems of the homosexual, his desire to find companionship in a society that provides no recognized forms for the expression of friendship among men, his need to fulfill his desire for physical expression of affection for members of his own sex, and his right to live as he saw fit. In the midst of the self-satisfaction of the Gilded Age, there was a voice from the heights of the American Parnassus, proclaiming the right to be different.



Mardi Gras

As this issue goes to press, New Orleanians are three days (and nights) into their annual madness, known as Carnival. The bachannal consumes the entire citizenry with its 29 street parades, crammed within 10 exhausting days which lead to Mardi Gras itself, "Fat Tuesday" — the day before "The Great Hangover" AND Ash Wednesday.

And, as many segments of the straight community, New Orleans huge gay world (some estimates are 200,000 in a Central city of 700,000) began months ago, planning formal Carnival balls, designing sets, costumes, and the swirl of parties related to the secret societies (Krewes) that organize and underwrite the lavish, invitational affairs. While the "old" straight balls sustain an archaic, ritualistic (and somewhat pagan) practice of introducing "the Season's debutantes (synonymous with virgin?), the gay balls mimic the straight functions, featuring elaborate drags as the "debs," many often teetering on their high heels, snockered to their painted nails.

M.K.A., the Mystic Krewe of Apollo, which spends as much as \$50,000 annually on their grand ball, staged in the Municipal Auditorium where the straight balls traditionally take place, broke precedent this year, presenting a ticketed ball in the new Regency Hyatt hotel at the Louisiana Superdome — with straights outnumbering gays.

M.K.A.'s 1977 theme was "Ghengis Khan," the elaborate costumes outglittering 1976's silver and white flash. The public ball is Sunday, Feb. 20, but they're sure to do it again in 1978, so start planning now.

And, as the Krewe members busy themselves, thousands of gays (and as many straights) are feverishly shopping the button and braid departments of Woolworth's and Krauss's, buying more sequins, more chiffon and trim, studs and chain, ostrich plumes and brooches for their Mardi Gras "masking" garb. Some visitors are under the impression that "masking" extends throughout the two weeks, but actually it is only on Fat Tuesday the city's inhabitants (and a million visitors jammed into



Photo by Yvette Moquin

its narrow streets) become their secret inner heroes. Too, many come armed with cameras, foregoing joining in the make-believe — and, alas, missing half the fun.

Some of the better costumes are the simplest . . . jeans with their backs cut out . . . loin cloths . . . posing straps and capes . . . Aunt Maude's castoff frocks from the '30s . . . toilet tissue "mummies" . . . and Spanish moss gorillas (pardon, King Kongs, or Queen Kongs, as the case might be).

On the parade floats, maskers toss trinkets to the crowds, doubloons being the premium "throws" to go for, though the love beads remain a staple (and a damned sight easier to catch in the air). Some of the newer parades are the most elaborate, often featuring a national celebrity as King or Queen for that particular Krewe and its procession through five miles of the Crescent City's streets. Phyllis Diller will reign as Empress III of

Argus, an extravaganza in suburban Metairie, La. on Mardi Gras Day itself. And, Bacchus, on February 20th at night, will have none other than, "The Fonz," Henry Winkler, wearing the wreath.

For the most part, the night parades begin at 6 p.m. and complete their torturous crawl around 9:30 p.m., usually ending near the Vieux Carre (French Quarter), the center for New Orleans' cluster of gay bars and discos. Serious cruising is the scene at LaFitte's any day of the year, or night, 24 hours, 365 days, but at Carnival time, the scene is orgiastic with wall-to-wall denim and jocks stuffed tightly inside (or at least, most of their parts stuffed inside).

St. Ann and Bourbon Street, where The Bourbon Pub and its classy upstairs disco, Parade, is located, is just as frantic, though the action accentuated by the laser beam light show, the bubble machines over

the dance floor and the scrumptuous barmen. Bourbon and Dumaine, where Cafe LaFitte's is located, is the location of the annual Mardi Gras costume contest late Mardi Gras morning, and where one must almost camp out for hours in advance to get within groping distance of the ramp and its unreal strutters. Straight husbands often conveniently get "lost in the crowd," separated from their distraught wives once they sense a few admiring hands enter their unzipped flies — often tripping over hungry natives strolling through the crowd on their knees, no less!

The "secret" of getting the most out of New Orleans' annual bash is to arrive at least seven or eight days before Mardi Gras Day itself, getting into the atmosphere of unbridled pleasure, sustaining 24-hour highs, sampling the populous, screaming for throws at the parades, and "building" toward Fat Tuesday along with the restless natives, when every nerve end is tingling, every vice exposed, and every appetite to be satisfied before night falls and the last parade, Comus, rolls toward its final destination.

Ash Wednesday arrives, and the streets are walk-to-walk confetti, cardboard cups, pieces of costume, passed out teenagers, and scurrying sanitation workers sweeping it all away, as the religious leave St. Louis Cathedral for work, wearing their ashes as a sort of "proof" they had turned in at a decent hour. Gays who can make sure they take an extra day of annual leave, to sleep with their new-found visitor friend, their skimpy costumes scattered about the room, arms and legs across one another, slumbering nude until mid-afternoon when they stir, make it, put on their jeans and head to The Coffee Pot for 4 o'clock "brunch," running into friends having performed the same ritual, comparing notes, sizing up one another's partners and finally going off to The Pub for a final evening's quieter, earlier drink, dance and sacktime.

Next year, Mardi Gras falls on February 7 . . . in 1979 it's February 27, and, if you still haven't gotten down, it's February 19 in 1980. Once here for Carnival, you'll come back . . . and you'll know what it means to miss New Orleans, cher.

—Etienne Somme

(continued from page 87)

movie theater watching a so-called "dirty" picture. You're watching the cleanest thing in the world: people, bodies connecting. And you're really getting a good look at the ways they connect — getting your eyes filled with that. And if you want to examine those ways through the objectification that a screen allows, it seems to me that there's not a reason in God's heaven why you shouldn't have that experience. I can't imagine being harmed by it. I never met anyone who said, "Oh God, I've been wrecked by pornography." I've heard people say they've been wrecked by romantic novels, where there wasn't any fucking and sucking, because their heads were filled with all kinds of bullshit, lying ideas about relationships that were possible between men and women, and then they suffered the reality that that was not the case.

IT: What about violent porno?

JH: What comes to mind immediately is a movie where an actual murder had taken place. Everything in me abhors that. But if a person chooses that fate, it should be up to him to get it on — with full choice. . . . I hope there will be suicide centers where a person will be free to investigate fully his suicidal wishes and will be free also to do himself in in some preferred way. But at the same time there should be imaginative counsellors who will help him see that very often the suicidal impulse is one part of the self which is not allowing life to take place, a part of ourselves which is keeping us from getting our lives on — a desire to kill the whole person. That part should die.

IT: Have you ever had to sort that out? Have you ever considered suicide?

JH: Oh sure, definitely. There was a period of years during which I kept journals that were involved with the questions of suicide. Now that doesn't mean that for years I was involved with that question daily, but there were years during which those fantasies came up with some regularity along with depressions. They had to be confronted, so I confronted them with journals. I carried on a dialog with myself in writing to find out what it was in myself that I wanted to kill. And because I had had the insight I knew that that was what a suicidal impulse often is.

IT: What did you want to kill?

JH: I think I wanted to kill the part of myself that cared more about what other people thought and felt about me than what I cared and felt about me. So I killed that. It was arduous and it took years. Gradually the voices that were telling me what I was wanting and feeling weakened and became disqualified from my attention.

IT: Did your friend Anais Nin help you with this weeding-out process?

JH: Yes, Anais and I have been like brother and sister for years. One of the first things she said to me was at Black Mountain College where we met in 1947. She said, "What do you want to contribute to the world?" And I said that I would like to write a great social novel like Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* — something to make the whole world cry about the misery we impose upon one another. She thought that was just beautiful. And then I said, "What would you like to do?" She said, "I would like to contribute one fulfilled person: myself." And so I remembered it and kept hearing that voice of Anais in my ear, measuring my experience against it. And in a way I had the fantasy of making the whole world cry when I wrote *Midnight Cowboy*. Obviously the whole world didn't cry at that book or picture, but I did live out that fantasy that I had created some awareness of the kinds of sadness we push onto one another. And in that way I lived out that part of what I said I wanted to do back in the '40s. The work I did up through *Midnight Cowboy* was focussed on that. The work I've done since then has been more and more inward, looking at myself, seeing how I can go farther and farther toward creating a fulfilled individual. And I'm more and more persuaded that Anais was correct, that that is what we can best contribute to the world. The more I see me clearly and with love, acceptance and sensitivity, the more I will see you in those ways. That's what I believe. Having realized yourself, you no longer have to be so continuously absorbed with your own self. So there's more of yourself available for looking at others.

IT: Do you think your life has lacked stability for not having had long monogamous relationships?

JH: No, the stability was actually endangered by my efforts at pretending to be monogamous. I was constantly putting my whole self into

situations that were not appropriate to me — a very unstable thing to do.

IT: You've had a number of relationships with guys half your age. Do you think you've been supplying a father image?

JH: Poppa, big brother, older person, someone who's more accomplished in certain ways.

IT: Did you ever live through that at their age?

JH: I had older friends, but those relationships were not sexual. The difference is that it's a different time of the world now. Had I been more sexually free 25 years ago, I would have probably had sexual relations with those friends. And maybe they might have had different attitudes operating too. Then you were afraid that an older person would want to institutionalize the affair, to trap you.

IT: Have you ever "kept" anyone?

JH: Yes, but "kept" is a term that kind of went out. If I had a blood son I wouldn't think twice about his coming here and staying a week or a month and my picking up the grocery bill. It's perfectly correct for me, with my relatively stable income, to pick up the tab. They're sharing their resources with me, and I'm sharing mine with them.

IT: What do you like about getting older?

JH: There are so many advantages to getting older. I really like myself better; I'm more at peace with myself. I'm more adventurous. I don't feel I have so much to lose. I can do things without a congress of the mind going on to figure out whether it's OK. I take greater risks in my work. I've got the financial thing straightened out, and at my age it's been established that I can write. I know on what terms I'm willing to engage in a relationship with others. When I was younger I was always blundering in that area. I don't waste nearly so much time and energy and suffer so much the vicissitudes of relating properly. Now I know that I must be candid and others must be candid with me or there's no basis for a relationship. I didn't always know that. Life is a lot richer when you get to that point.

IT: How did you get there?

JH: Trial and error. A lot of lying, and pretense and a lot of bullshit. Finally it wore me down and I realized that style was outside the realm of possibility for me.

IT: You're a lapsed Roman

Catholic aren't you?

JH: No, that's a negative thing to be. I stopped it, rejected it, when I was 17.

IT: What ails Catholicism?

JH: It's the last stronghold of materialism. It's exactly the opposite of what it's supposed to be: the keeper of the faith of Jesus. Instead it is the exploiter. I'm not talking about individual Catholics, but the Church itself, the chief exploiter, the richest and most derelict organization. The Church has survived in the past because it has adapted to different cultures, but the change it's facing now is not a change of culture, but a change of ethos. The Church and its arch-materialism cannot survive. The wealth of the Church will be taken from it if it doesn't disperse it. Certainly Catholicism had a great deal to do with perverting people in their sexual natures. I'm convinced that most of the nuns who taught me as a child were sexually perverted people.

IT: What do you miss most about your childhood?

JH: The smell of apples in my grandmother's pantry. I always have a bushel of apples sitting around my house because I love the smell. People's houses used to smell like food, now it's sort of plastic and clean. I love to look at the food too; I never have doors on the cabinets.

IT: What would you do if you couldn't write?

JH: Oh there are so many possibilities. I love pottery, teaching and working with certain of my friends who are sick. I can imagine working as a physical and psychological therapist. I give massage. The key to massage is that you're either active or passive. In a love affair you're supposed to be both, but while you're getting massaged you're free to enjoy it. I love to give massage even more than receive it because I've learned a way to massage so that the part of me that's moving is caressing and massaging me so I don't end up being depleted. A good massage is like a formal love affair—a dance, stylized, where the roles are really clear. There's no muddle with massage about who's top or whatever. I love getting people together — their minds, bodies and psyches.

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BOOKS

(continued from page 76)

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—Jim Kepner

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WRANGLER

(continued from page 56)

Bob Meyer, Jack's manager, agrees: "Jack is still trying to get over an 'ugly syndrome'," he believes. "He felt when he was young that he was very, very ugly, and that his family harbored this, and told him so, and encouraged the fact that he was. But I felt he had manufactured it, and built it all out of proportion, making it into a childhood nightmare that never really happened."

"I had known his very attractive family, socially, for years. One Sunday, just a few weeks after Jack opened at the Paris with his strip act, he had to fulfill a commitment to do a legit show for 2,200 people at the Century Plaza Hotel, honoring Sybil Brand — as Jack Stillman, of course. His glamorous mother came down from Santa Barbara to see it, and afterwards the three of us went for drinks to the Lanai Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Naturally, we started talking about Jack's 'new career,' and his mother said that, although she didn't object, she couldn't understand why Jack had decided to go into 'that' area."

"Now, I knew that so far as Jack was concerned, it was a way to set himself apart from every other actor of his time, taking what other performers had done one step further by being very open about being gay, about all those things. I explained to his mother that it was a gimmick, a specialization, a way of doing something that was unique. That was when I brought up the matter of what I called Jack's 'ugly syndrome,' and how I thought he had manufactured it all. But no, she told me that it was all absolutely true!"

Therefore, it is easy to acknowledge that the boy felt something drastic had to be done, and can one conceive of a more perversely effective way to compel the attention and love one lacked as a child than by becoming a porn star? It is a truth that to this day Jack Wrangler refuses to do anything at which he feels awkwardly unattractive, such as dancing, or playing tennis.

Still, all of the above overlooks that critical period of a couple of years between his graduation from Northwestern and that fateful March morning in 1975. It so happens that that was a period of success equal to what he had known when he was a child television star. But Jack claims

"not in the same way. True, I wrote and performed in some big revues for the Hilton Hotel chain, and then I became a major director for 'Star Systems Inc.'

"With Star Systems, I'd use a name that was the star of the show, like Jane Russell or Betty Hutton or Sal Mineo or Andy Devine, and we traveled all over the country. But the stars were making most of the money, and to be a director in that area is a very unglorified position, and I missed the attention — the attention you get as a performer! So I willed myself into becoming Jack Wrangler. I chose it! All my life I had been able to do anything I set out to do: win an Emmy, be a champion backstroker, direct big stars!" Walter Mitty triumphant.



Photography by Hy Chase

The facts force one to agree, but also to point out that all his earlier achievements of an adorably funny-looking kid, an undersized adolescent, a behind-the-scenes force. What he was meant to do, the way he re-created himself, what the genes required and his loveless childhood compelled compensation for, the justification of those countless sweating hours in the gym, is the persona of Jack Wrangler — Jack Stillman's burdensome Doppelganger. Always a promise, never a fulfillment.

Except, perhaps as an example. If a thin man lurks inside every fat man, a young man within every old, then, just perhaps, a sex symbol lurks within every scrawny, sharp-featured, pointy-headed, jug-eared little boy.

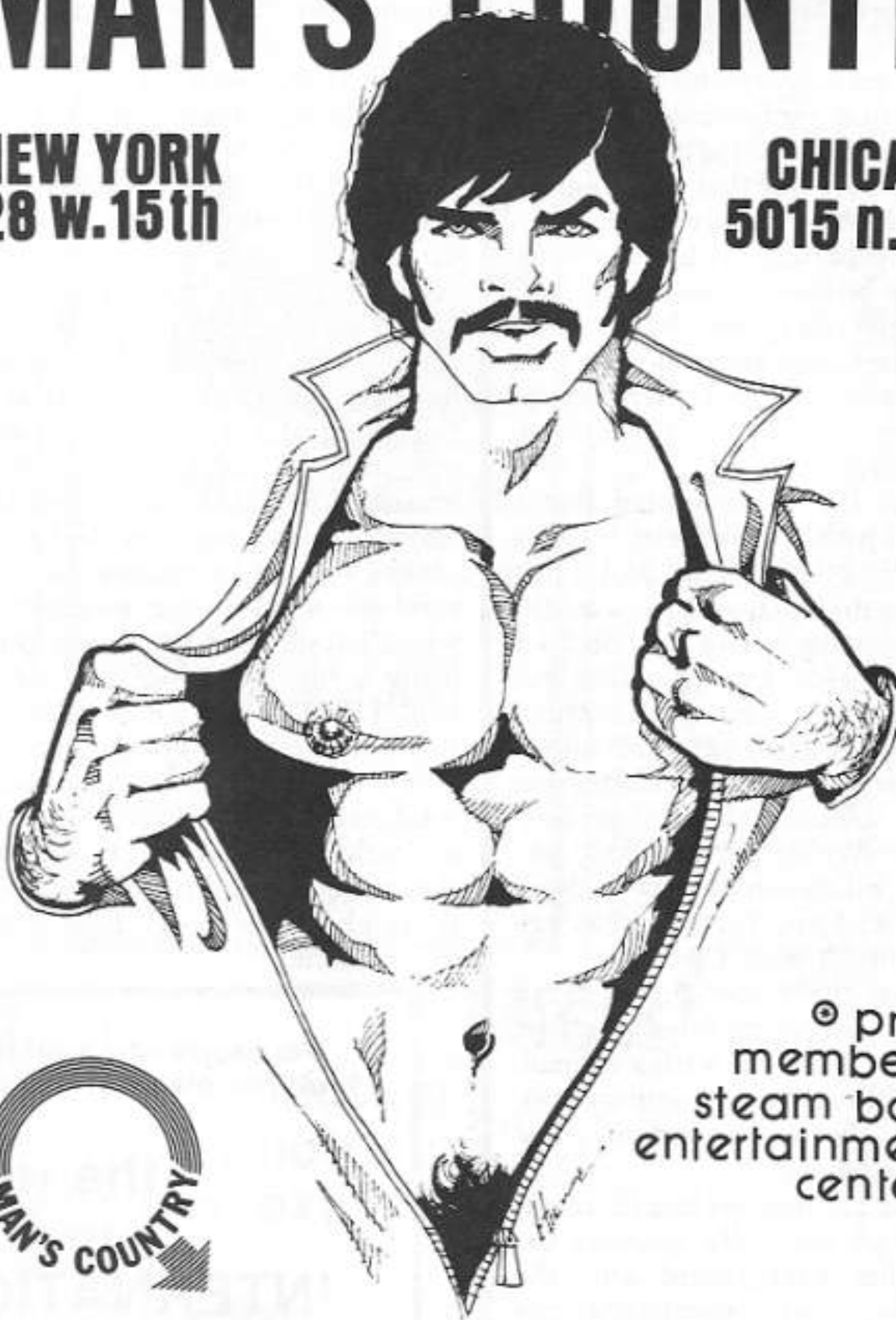
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(continued from page 66)

inner grasp of the word.

"It depends solely upon the individual. Does the occasional gay experience automatically wipe out years of heterosexual activity and put a man into some new, inflexible category? Hell, no. Some of my acquaintances argue that it does but that's the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in the glass.

"The gay experience is like anything else. It has to be kept in proportion. You either use it or you're used by it. When it presents itself, one either says 'yes' to it or he says 'no' to it. Either way he should never question anything more than his motives.

"For years it was something that I shrugged off with no particular feelings one way or the other. No big deal. I just wasn't interested. Then, two months ago, I met someone who wouldn't let me hedge the issue. I'm self-willed but he pinned me to the mat with nothing more than the quiet power of his mind.

"He opened a whole new dimension for me but it hasn't changed or misdirected me. We've got a giving, undemanding relationship that I don't want to do without. Yet 10 weeks ago I'd have sworn it wasn't possible.

"Does that make me gay? I don't bother to wonder just as I don't wonder if I'm straight when I'm with a woman. It's like I said earlier — circumstances, individuals, they're important. Not categories or labels."

Looking at Latimer, feeling his intensity bounce off the walls, knowing the depth of his background and the promise of his future, hearing the easy telephone chatter with his agent, glancing at the new glossies for an ad campaign, one had to wonder what kind of man could have affected this happy, beautiful guy.

He rubs his chin and smiles slightly. "Man," he said, "he'll kick my ass for saying that but he's almost twice my age, will never win any beauty contests, is losing his hair, and can be one of the most stubborn, irritating men I've ever met!

"Does that surprise you? It shouldn't. I'm not impressed by plastic, pretty people — male or female. If it ended right now my sexual memories of him would be damned pleasant, yes, but they'd be peripheral. What I'd most remember would be the warmth, the guidance, the affection and the understanding.

"After all, isn't that what it's really about?"



(continued from page 50)

There's a breathtaking preposterousness about the big numbers in that show that outdoes even those of the Moulin Route. Reg's favourite (and his nemesis) was "... a pirate number, if you please! And big! Oh, God, was it ever big! Set in the Caribbean in the 1700s and there were burning ships and dolphins and ... oh, just everything! The facilities at The Grand simply have to be the most elaborate in the world! Imagine a huge tank of water coming up at the beginning with a dolphin in it and a girl, and the dolphin takes off her brassiere! If that isn't camp, what is? Anyhow, there was this fleet of girl pirates — you can imagine them, I'm sure! — And my big moment was when I undressed the Pirate Queen using a big bull-whip! Let me tell you, THAT took a lot of practice! I was the French military governor, very overdressed at first in a kind of musketeer-period outfit with lace and velvet and feathers, but the lady pirates got me and stripped me down to thigh-length boots and a little silver g-string!"

One night earlier this year, Reg was carrying one of those 6-foot chorus-girls over his head ("It's very difficult to balance a girl — a body — that big, never mind the 160 pounds of weight!") and walking backwards. A hydraulically-operated section of stage floor wasn't where it was supposed to be and Reg and the girl went down with a crash. The drop was only a foot and a half, but what happened to Reg's spine ended his life as a dancer. The girl landed on top of him and was only bruised.

Once out of the hospital and legal matters settled, Reg and Ross sold their small ranch on the outskirts of Vegas, found owners for the otters, horses, leopard-cub, quails, peacocks and turkeys ("It was very funny having turkeys for pets — I hatched the eggs myself — because nobody would believe they were pets, even when we rode around with them in that big, white convertible!"), filled a rented trailer with plants and bric-a-brac and the mouse-farm (the ocelots are fed freshly-killed mice and chicks) and headed for Carmel Valley, Calif., where he took up a

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whole new life assistant-managing a new, posh, gay resort, The Oaks, while Ross headed for New York and an acting career.

So, for about six months, Reg and the ocelots (which he pronounces, German-fashion, "OH-tze-lots" in his soft, purring voice which has both the timbre and accent of Marlene Dietrich's) enjoyed the amenities of life in Carmel Valley. But severe managerial problems developed at The Oaks. At one point, the top position was offered to Reg, but he decided the wisest thing for him to do was pack up the ocelots, the potted palms and bromeliads, the mouse-farm, Ross's massive macrame wall-hangings, and the memorabilia, hire another trailer, and head east to Mt. Kisco, New York State, where Ross had purchased a new house.

What the next job will be isn't certain yet. But with Reg's luck, and abilities, it cannot be anything ordinary.



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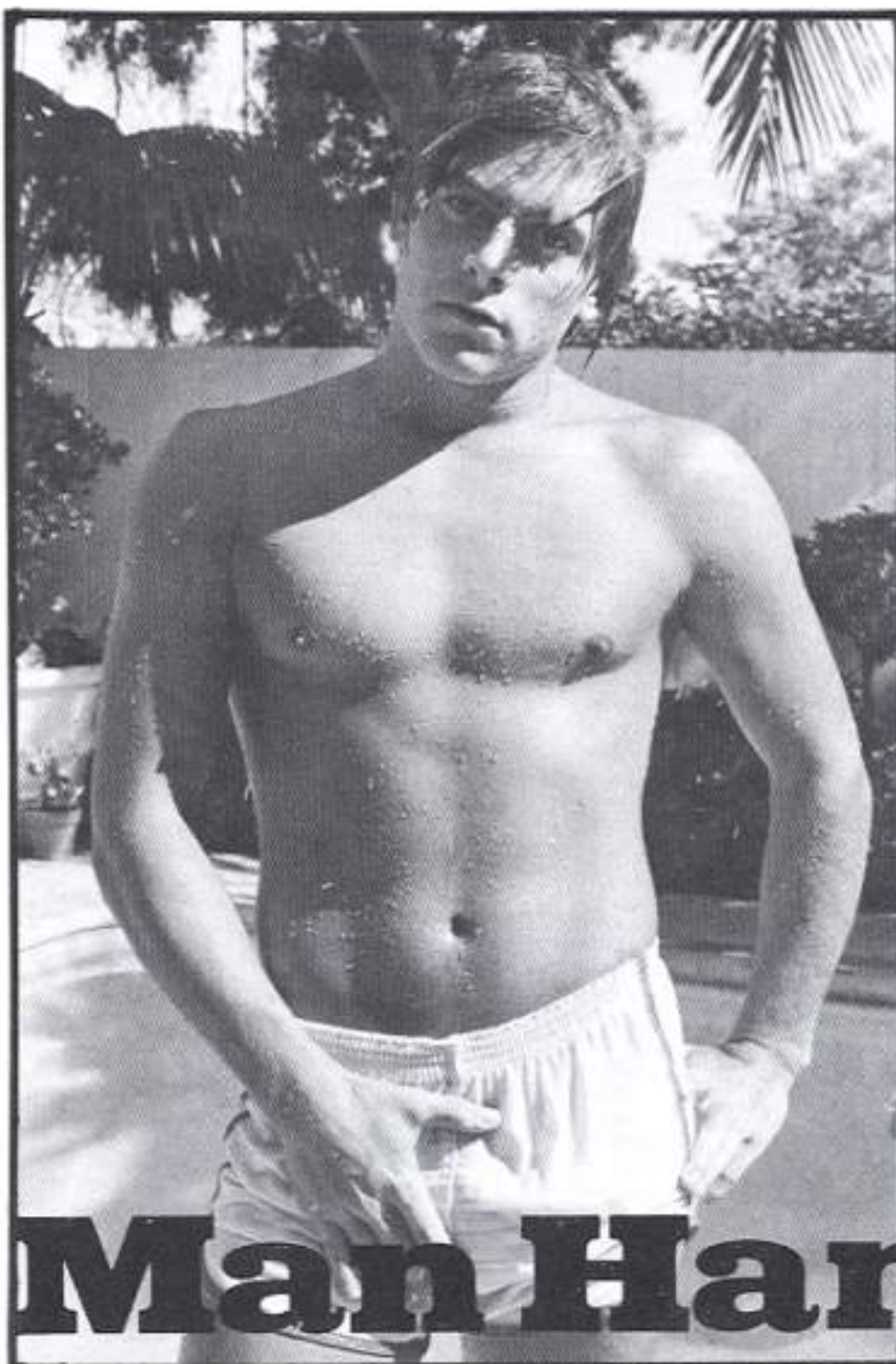
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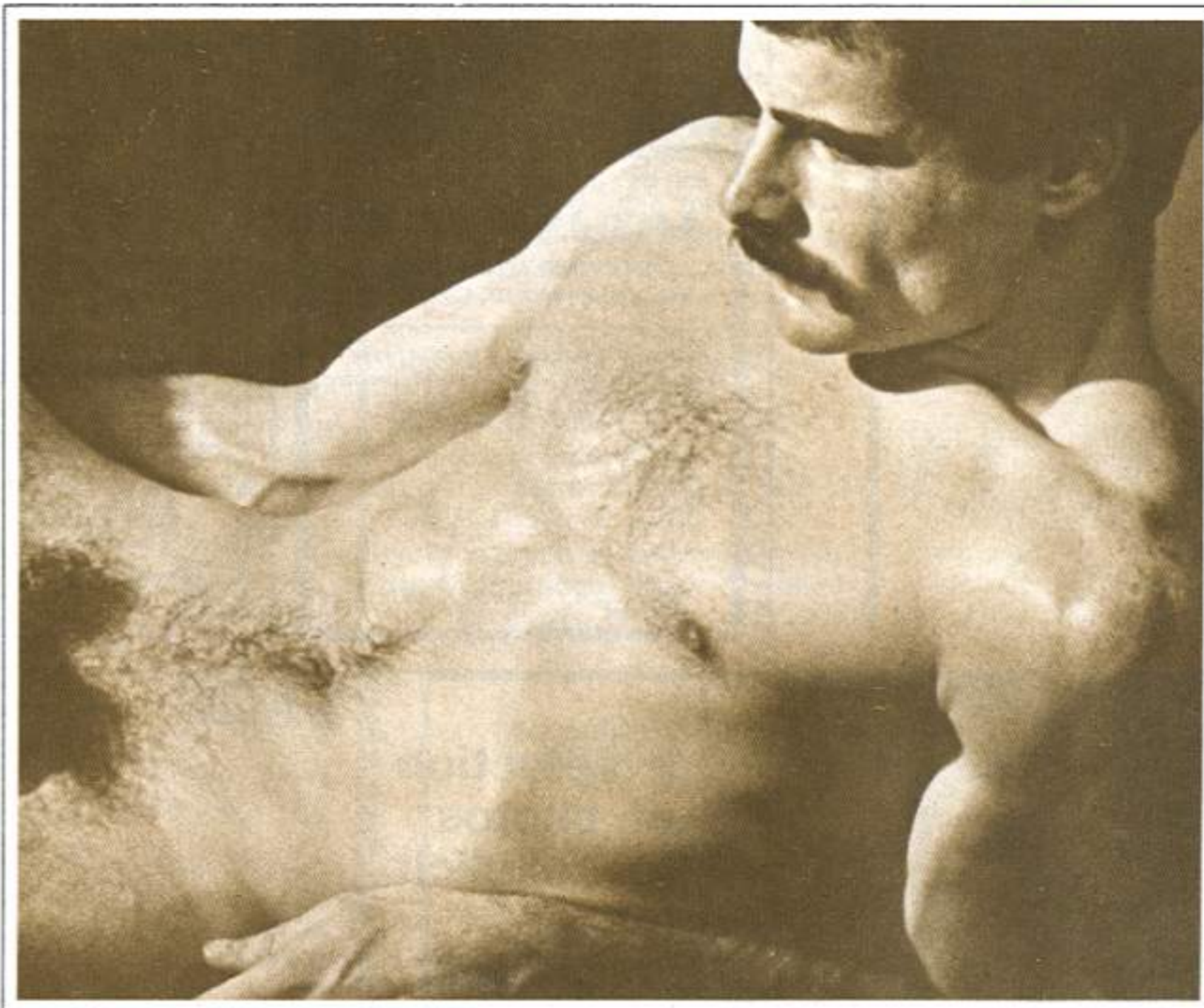
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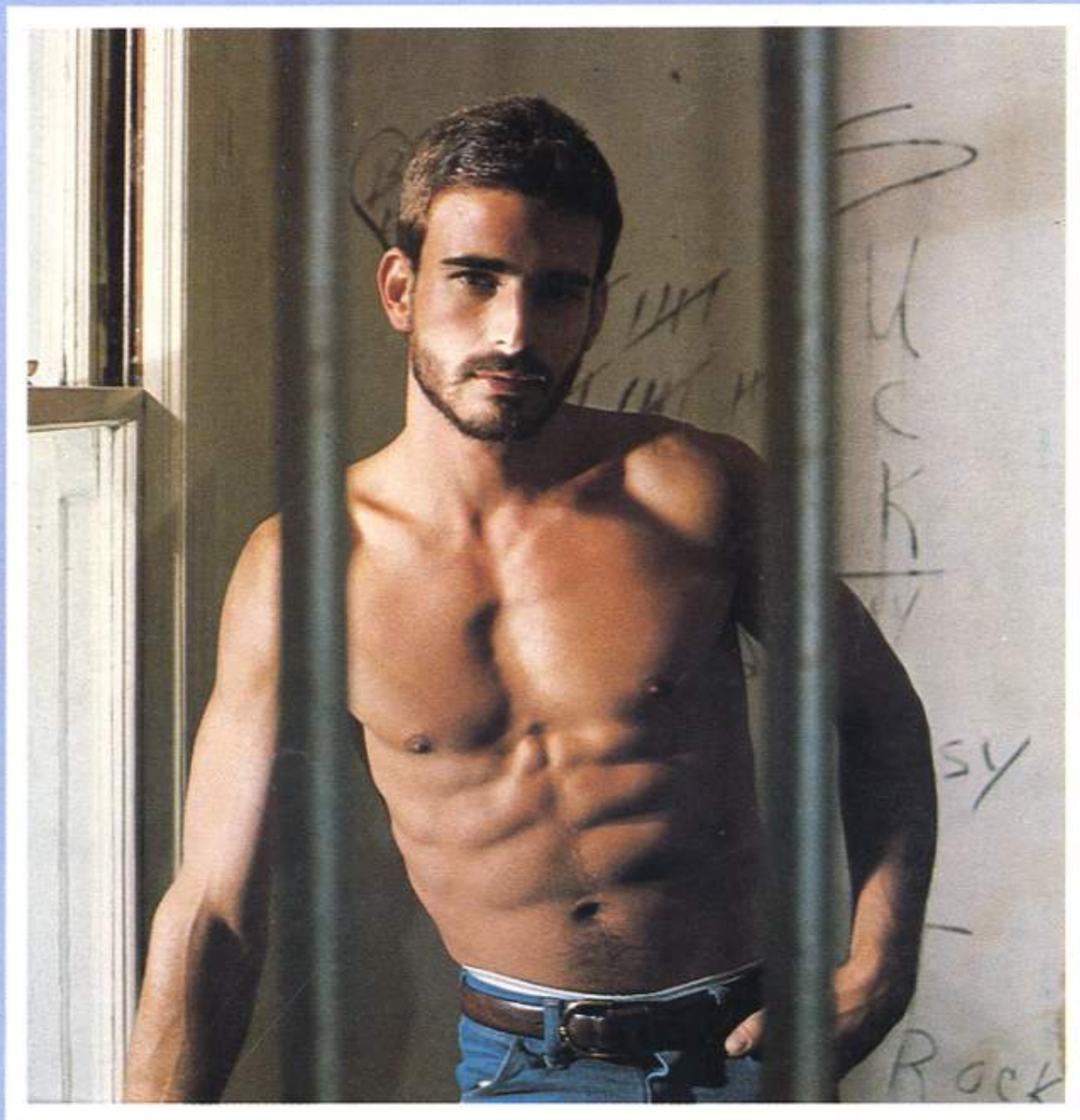
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